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MARCH 1934

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VOL. XIX, No. 111

# The GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE*

MARCH, 1934

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# *What's the best age to* BEGIN WRITING?

THERE are no age limits in writing. Some of Rudyard Kipling's best work was produced before he was twenty-one. And while still in her teens, Louisa M. Alcott began to earn her living with her pen. On the other hand, there are any number of "late starters" who ended by achieving conspicuous success. George Eliot, Emerson Hough and Morgan Robertson all began in their forties. William de Morgan was past sixty when he turned out his first novel. And Joseph Conrad could not even write English until he was thirty-seven.

These examples indicate that writing is one profession in which age need not be considered a liability. It is an asset. The longer you live, the clearer becomes your understanding of life and human nature . . . and the more you have to say.

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# Shadowing the Authors

IRWIN EDMAN (*"Platonic Love"*) is an associate professor of philosophy at Columbia, and a brilliant essayist and poet as well. Philosophy—or perhaps it is poetry—has kept him so young-looking that there is a perennial story on the Columbia Campus about his being mistaken for a new student by officious sophomores, and commanded to don his freshman cap.

Professor Edman's books, particularly *Richard Kane,* have had a wide circulation among college students throughout the country, who appreciate his eager aliveness to the thoughts and problems of today. Philosophy to him is a question of the response to life of vital human beings, rather than a collection of volumes gathering library dust.

The English nature is a hard one to fathom, particularly for a Frenchman. But André Maurois, (*Advice to a Young Frenchman*) having learned from Shakespeare that there are sermons in stones, felt that there must be one or two in Englishmen. The first opportunity to prove his theory came during the war, when he was assigned as liaison officer to the Ninth Scottish Division. His first three novels grew out of the background of this experience.

Like Sienkiewicz, the other Polish patriot of whom he writes, Lladyslas Reymont (*A Torch is Rekindled*) is a winner of the Nobel Prize for literature. The son of a peasant, he won his fame in weaving on that wide literary tapestry, *The Peasants,* the characters and scenes of his boyhood.

John Aubrey (*John Milton*) was born a gentleman, and died a scholar; but he received during the seventy-one years of his life scant credit for being either. "His businesses and affaires," as he relates in his random autobiography, "ran ever kim kam, enmities in abundance against him." After he had lost the last of his property, he lived as hanger-on in great houses, where half the night was spent in drinking. It was only in the early morning, before his hosts got up, that he was able to do his writing. In 1667 he met Anthony Wood, who was preparing a great biographical dictionary, and for the next twenty-five years he supplied Wood with anecdotes of famous people told to himself or by friends and descendants. When he and Wood finally quarreled, he had assembled a vast number of *Brief Lives*—vivid and racy little biographies which brought him fame only after he was long dead. Aubrey seldom questioned the authenticity of the stories he repeated: it was enough for him if they were curious and to the point; and no matter how unvarnished the tale, he set it down for the pleasure it gave him. So it is that John Collier has edited, under the title "Scandals and Credulities of John Aubrey," the best of the *Brief Lives,* of which *John Milton* is one.

"The Bohemian life is charming and terrible," said Henri Murger. The charming side he immortalized in his *Scènes de la Vie de Bohême,* of which *Providence Sends a Dress Coat* is one. The book turned out to be a best-seller after he had let it go for five hundred francs. The next year (1849) he rewrote it into a stage hit, made his fortune, and sailed away from the coasts of Bohemia forever. The terrible side of its life, which he had known only too well in the garrets of Montmartre, then became the target of his satire, to the boundless scorn of his erstwhile comrades. Such ingratitude was all the more unkind since, in this the most romantic year of French romanticism, he had got success from writing up the stories his friends lived out for him. They should nevertheless have been warned by the priggish little introduction to Bohême, where he maintains that artists are poor because they have not a scrap of publicity sense!

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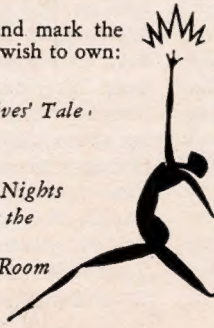

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# Authors and Books

SINCLAIR LEWIS' *Work of Art* is also a labor of love; it is America's castigator-in-chief on an unexpected holiday of kindliness and sympathy toward ordinary, hard-working men. With no malice and very little satire, he tells the story of Myron Weagle, a country boy who grew up to be an efficient hotel-keeper, fired by an ambition to build a perfect inn. This is not to say, however, that Mr. Lewis has buried the hatchet with erring and stupid human nature. He could not have collected such a vast quantity of knowledge about the technicalities of the hotel industry without finding something to jibe at. The wonder is that he has been able to hold himself down to irony and to good-humored (although, it must be admitted, not always very good) wise-cracks. For the business of feeding and lodging people, as Myron Weagle discovered, is complicated and full of unreason. . . . Myron climbed from a job as choreboy in a little Connecticut tavern to manager of a big New York establishment; built his perfect hotel, his work of art; and found himself, after the failure of his great venture, starting life fresh on the Kansas prairie. Myron's stout, stupid little wife, his arrogant brother Ora, who wanted to be a poet and ended in Hollywood, his tippling father, who was "a bad case of hives," these and a score of others are the stuff of a long, absorbing book which might easily have been dull. But Mr. Lewis, whether or not you approve of him, is seldom dull; for he has a flair for riding his horse in two directions at once. While he gallops about on the business of drawing his authentic Americans, he is at the same time trotting round and round Sinclair Lewis. His personality never lurks behind his style—it is his style, and he writes for his own pleasure first. . . . *Work of Art* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is a subtle portrait of the artist as well as a novel of strength and vitality. . . .

THERE IS little enough proof of the proverb that everybody can write at least one book if he tells the truth about himself; but Barbara Peart, "who confesses that she must be eighty or thereabouts," has recorded her life in *Tia Barbarita* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) and has made her one book exceedingly good. Tia Barbarita, the daughter of an aristocratic Irish family, was a spirited, tempestuous and very innocent young lady of sixteen when she was married out of Ireland into the Argentine. She bore children with only drunken peons as midwives. She sold sewing machines in Mexico. She endured or was heroine of insurrections all over Latin America. With equal adroitness she ran ranches, managed hospitals, and entertained nobility. And at the end of sixty-four years she is no less spirited than when she locked her husband out on their wedding night. She has, however, exchanged her former innocence for quiet acceptance of a world she likes but does not care to generalize about. . . . "Of her seven children six are living still. She possesses twenty-one grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren." This strong woman who has adventured into so many strange places will survive as surely through her one book as through her many descendants. . . .

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TWO YEARS AGO Anne Parrish created, in *Loads of Love,* the exasperating Cousin Bessie whose indelible presence still rises to plague us at certain family reunions. And now we shall never be able to set off on another ocean voyage without looking apprehensively about the decks for the score of touristic Americans that Mrs. Parrish has characterized in *Sea Level* (Harper, $2.50). . . . The S.S. "Aurora," bound for a world cruise, carries a load of passengers ripe for an unlimited number of emotional combinations. Charming Mary Mallory; shy, pathetic Alex, who believes he is dying and falls in love with Mary; jealous wives, ambitious mothers, crotchety old gentlemen — these are obvious targets for a novelist's satire. But Anne Parrish's way with a target is never obvious. "As merciless as the mercy of God," she points out human frailties and then deals lovingly with them. Her thrusts are firm but not bitter. . . . Although *Sea Level* is a less clean-cut and memorable book than *All Kneeling* and *The Perennial Bachelor,* it is equally deft and entertaining; and even if it had no virtues at all as a novel, the superb bits of travelogue would bear the story teller's burden. . . .

WHEN Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall wrote *The Mutiny on the Bounty,* they saved up a good half of their thunder, which is now let loose in *Men Against the Sea* (Little, Brown, $2). Captain Bligh of the *Bounty,* together with eighteen of his men who did not mutiny, was set adrift in the ship's small launch, and there the first book left them. The story of their voyage in the overloaded boat, through thirty-six hundred miles of practically unknown sea, is incredible but true. It all happened only a few years after Captain Cook's discovery of the islands ironically named Friendly and the founding of a little Dutch settlement in Timor. Bligh had a hangman's choice between landing among the head-hunting savages of the islands and pushing on to Timor. He pushed, with vigor and determination. That they finally reached a safe harbor alive was a miracle of good luck and hard-headed good sense. And into this retelling of the adventure, their chroniclers have put much excellent and sensible writing. . . .

CHARLES J. FINGER, whose energy has rushed him from Piccadilly to Patagonia and from climbing Rocky Mountains to managing an Ohio railroad, is also an enthusiastic adventurer between the boards of books. In *After the Great Companions* (Dutton, $3), he revisits the reading of his full years and gives a delightful account of his road back. The volume includes not only an abundant flow of gracious criticism and graceful allusion, but an unobtrusive anthology of the incidents and sentences and verses the author has liked and remembered. . . .

UNTIL RECENTLY a book was called modern when it was either confused in method or erotic in material. Now the emphasis is changing. Modern books are those which show our unique urban and industrial world clearly and from the point of view of the future. Such a work is Phyllis Bentley's *A Modern Tragedy* (Macmillan, $2.50). . . . A textile town in Yorkshire is the drab but irresistible scene; and in clean-cut English the author relates the conflict between the sharp practices of Tasker, a factory owner who ends as a bankrupt convict, and his employees, who end as bankrupt agitators. Between these upper and nether economic millstones the promising loves and lives of more than one young man and woman are crushed. But unlike tragedies of an earlier day in which the final curtain falls on nothing except destruction, this modern tragedy closes with a hint of a better and possible world. . . .

"THE CHRONICLE of a vast asylum" is what Esmé Wingfield-Stratford calls his swift and substantial narrative essay, *The Victorian Aftermath* (Morrow, $3.50). England, and the world with her, is dramatized as a mad house growing ever madder. The colorful adventures and misadventures begin when Queen Victoria appropriately rides to her final rest on a gun carriage drawn by sailors. Action is carried forward by poets, imperialists, socialites, Laborites (and laborers), sex-reformers, scientists, and sportsmen. The theme leaps out from behind every orderly anecdote about statesmen and every original observation about tabloids or movies or

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jazz: the gap between man's new self-made environment and his control over it grows wider. Action ends with the death of one type of civilization when, in August, 1914, George V cries out after entering the pointless but inevitable war, "My God . . . What else could we do?" . . Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, intelligent spectator that he is, does not tell us. . . .

BOOKS ABOUT revolutions, like books about love, are generally cut on the bias—a method which lops away facts to keep the threads of theory from raveling. Facts, however, rather than theories are concerned in Roger Shaw's *Handbook of Revolutions* (Review of Reviews, $1). With broad, horizontal strokes, Mr. Shaw slices off clean the top sections of revolutionary movements from the Amazons to Roosevelt; and, by a process of radical simplification, he has transformed a great quantity of information into negotiable form. Here is no collection of dull historical data. Spartacus and his rebels; armored knights who were the armored tanks of the middle ages; the shock troops of Oliver Cromwell—"prayerful and two fisted"—all move at breath-taking speed. The French and Russian revolutions are sheared of their intricacies; and a few of the jigsaw pieces of the Chinese situation fall into place. The *Handbook* is easy narrative as well as a comprehensible background for more detailed inquiry into revolutions. . . .

SO MUCH love of action and people and ideas is packed into Eva Le Gallienne's autobiography *At 33* (Longmans, $3.50), that it is hard to believe the author has lived only thirty-three years. But Miss Le Gallienne has always been driven by a purpose, and driven so far and fast that the telling of it is breathless. Ever since the age of eight, when first she saw Sarah Bernhardt in "The Sleeping Beauty," all her energies have been focussed toward one goal from which she never wavered—the Theater. To be an actress, even a great actress, is, however, not enough. The theater has fallen on evil days, what with real-estate control and high finance; and in an effort to restore it to those who know and cherish it, she has worked with intelligence and courage to build up a successful repertory theater in New York. . . . Miss Le Gallienne is as ardent in her hero worship as in her love of the stage. Bernhardt and Duse served her as goddess and friend, and her stories about them are movingly told. It was Duse who encouraged her to achieve in her acting what she has accomplished also in her book: force and confidence. . . .—M. L. E.

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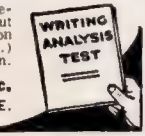


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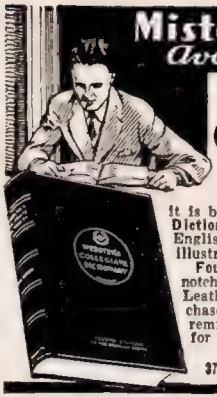

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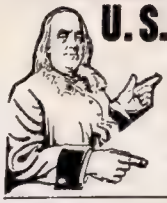

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This survey is made by the GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE for your information. Look over these books on your next visit to your book store. Your bookseller will have them in stock.

(Listed alphabetically by publishers and not by title. Titles repeated from last month, continue to be best sellers.)

## *Fiction*

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA — *By Alice Tisdale Hobart*
(Bobbs-Merrill Co., $2.50) A great novel of young Americans working for an American company on the farthest frontier of Chinese Trade.

THE MOTHER — *By Pearl S. Buck*
(John Day Co., $2.50) "A story of the widest possible appeal to all who wish their fiction to be at once a rendering and an illumination of life."—New York Times.

WORK OF ART — *By Sinclair Lewis*
(Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) Lewis' most popular novel since "Arrowsmith".

A GAY FAMILY — *By Ethel Boileau*
(E. P. Dutton Co., $2.00) "Life begins at forty" for a charming mother, living her life through her three children.

ANTHONY ADVERSE — *By Hervey Allen*
(Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00) "1200 pages of genuine pleasure." —New York Herald Tribune.

BONFIRE — *By Dorothy Canfield*
(Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) A modern novel of Vermont by the Author of "The Deepening Stream".

SEA LEVEL — *By Anne Parrish*
(Harper & Bros., $2.50) A story of men and women in a setting which brings out the best and the worst in them.

PETER ABELARD — *By Helen Waddell*
(Henry Holt & Co., $2.50) The love story of Heloise and Abelard told with great understanding and beauty.

THE THIN MAN — *By Dashiell Hammett*
(Alfred Knopf, $2.00) "It is the best detective story yet written in America".—Alexander Woollcott.

SILENT WORLD — *By Florence Riddell*
(J. B. Lippincott Co., $2.00) A most unusual romance of two people who are deaf.

THE ENORMOUS ROOM — *By E. E. Cummings*
(Modern Library, 95c) A realistic story about the World War revealing the debasement and glory of youth.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL — *By Rearden Conner*
(Wm. Morrow & Co., $2.50) The problems of a young Irish medical student unwillingly caught up in the Irish revolution.

THREE CITIES — *By Sholom Asch*
(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $3.00) "We prophesy it is the only piece of this year's fiction that your grandchildren will read".—Golden Book Magazine.

THE HOSPITAL MURDERS — *By Means Davis*
(Smith & Haas, $2.00) Eight doctors diagnose murder but can't find a cure for it!

L'AFFAIRE JONES — *By Hillel Bernstein*
(Fredk. Stokes Co., $2.50) Humorous satirical adventures of Henry Jones in France.

HAND OF BRONZE — *By Burris Jenkins*
(Willett, Clark, $2.00) A novel of our own time and place—one destined for a very wide and enthusiastic audience.

## *General*

STEPHEN FOSTER, AMERICA'S TROUBADOUR — *By John Tasker Howard*
(Thos. Y. Crowell Co., $3.50) The first authentic story of an "unknown" man whose songs have reached millions.

SOLDIERS WHAT NEXT! — *By Katherine Mayo*
(Houghton Mifflin Co., $3.50) Always a fighter, the author of "Mother India" now attacks the abuses of our pension system and compares the treatment of veterans here and abroad.

MEN AGAINST THE SEA — *By Charles Nordhoff & James N. Hall*
(Little, Brown, $2.00) The epic story of the amzing 3600-mile open-boat voyage of Captain Bligh and eighteen loyal seamen following the "Mutiny on the Bounty".

THE OFFICIAL MIXER'S MANUAL — *Edited by Patrick Gavin Duffy*
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AT 33 — *By Eva Le Gallienne*
(Longmans, Green & Co., $3.50) The record of a life singularly full of achievement, recorded with distinction and charm.

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You will learn that scarlet flags, embattled farmers and dollar diplomacy are by no means modern. The principles for which the legendary Amazons battled have not ceased today to provoke argument, though their mantles, now worn by the feminists, both bear wound stripes and the medals of successful campaigns. Did it ever occur to you that our boy and girl scouts are carrying on a "third sex" revolution, one phase of which resulted in the tragic Children's Crusade of 1212?

Capitalism? Nationalism? We borrowed our national set-up from the French: their doctrine of nationalism; their *vertical* brotherhood of all French citizens. Did you know that Spartacus, who organized a revolt of gladiators against brutal Roman despotism in 73 B.C., was as *red* as Lenin? What are Bolshevists? Yes, their doctrine is internationalism. They advocate a *horizontal* brotherhood of proletarians throughout the world. So very few sensational talkers who predict fire and sword know the whys and wherefores of reigns of terror and headsmen's axes. You will not lay down the HANDBOOK OF REVOLUTIONS until you have read it through.

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Vol. XIX, No. 111

The GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE

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*MARCH, 1934*

# Introducing John Erskine

## By FANNIE HURST

ANY opinion of John Erskine's, whether you agree with it or not, is interesting, because it springs from the sources of a mind rich in both originality and catholicity.

Here is a nimble intellect of quick and graceful gesture, which never permits itself to sag of the weight of didacticism.

For John Erskine is a jolly good intellect not just because he is a jolly good intellect, but because his mental conviviality is backed, but not dominated, by a well-mellowed scholarliness.

I personally do not agree with him in a single selection of the stories he has made for his guest issue of the GOLDEN BOOK, but I see in each and every one, a reflection of this man of parts and parts and parts.

Every choice reflects salty judgments, clear incisive reasons for them, and the blessed quality of a mind both logical and star struck.

I recently heard a man who had studied under him at Columbia University remark: "It wasn't so much what I learned under Erskine, as it was the realization he brought home to me of how snide-minded I was in comparison with him. That consciousness drove me to work."

It would!

It is embarrassing to own a single track mind and then watch the Erskine speedway.

The student who felt himself snide-minded by comparison, probably wasn't at all. But Erskine, who knows his Bach as well as he knows his Beowulf, and who plays Chopin almost as well

as he writes neo-classic romance, is so intellectually ambidextrous that he can keep a galaxy of plates whirring in mid-air.

Only an embarrassment of accomplishments confines him to the ranks of amateur musicians.

It was his success in the educational world which retarded his brilliant entrance into the domain of letters.

Lecture managers elbow for his name on their dotted lines.

The walls of his home are hung with paintings that his own fingers and his own spirit itch to execute and doubtless could, except for the limitations of the twenty-four hour day.

The row of students who have sat at his feet during their undergraduate days still sit there in adult rows. He is a best seller, a raconteur, a wit, an epicure, a Ph.D., a president of an internationally famous music school, an honorary citizen of Beaune, France, a Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, an executive of the American Council of Learned Societies, a poet, a hero (and heroine) worshiper, a traveler with a perpetual nostalgia for beauty left behind, and a zest for that ahead. A merry gentleman. A literary critic with a mind in his heart and a heart in his mind. A lusty laugher. A devastator of ladies' clubs. A professional pianist in amateur's clothing. A fellow with a hungry heart and a greedy mind and an avid appetite for beauty.

An analysis, were there space, of these stories chosen by John Erskine for this month's GOLDEN BOOK, would furnish interesting commentary upon the guest editor. His selections, whether or not they coincide with your own standards of what constitutes the finest flowering of the tenuous art of the short story, reveal many of the facets of a many faceted mind.

# The

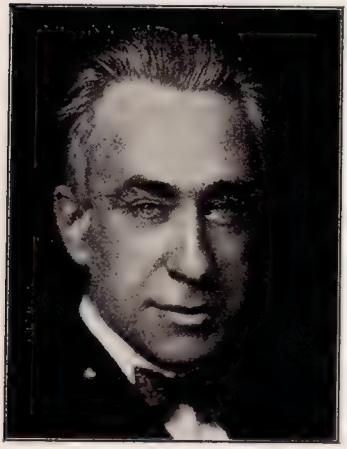
THESE six stories are among my favorites in the shorter form. They are not necessarily the six which I like best. Having the interest of the reader at heart, I have omitted some which have previously been republished in this magazine.

I wanted to include, of course, some of Poe's work, and certainly some of de Maupassant's. Few things in fiction seem to me better than "The Cask of Amontillado," or "Boule de Suif," or "L'Inutile Beauté." A lover of short stories could not overlook Stevenson's "Lodging for the Night," or "The Sire de Maletroit's Door." And Stockton's "Lady or the Tiger?" means less to me than his little tragedy of authorship, "My Wife's Deceased Sister." But these stories have recently appeared in the GOLDEN BOOK, or else their creators have been so often represented that to call on them again might impose monotony.

The six which I decided to offer in this number at least represent my taste, such as it is, even though they are not altogether my first choice.

You will observe that my taste in short stories is old fashioned. The short story for centuries was only a story told in brief compass. It was a condensed novel. It might be, and often was, expanded later into a long story or a play. The name "novel," which we now reserve for the long form, was first employed to designate the short. It meant "news." The short story, from the time of the Bible and of Herodotus

# Guest Editor Takes a Bow



## By JOHN ERSKINE

to the time of Boccaccio, reported an episode of human experience with the brevity of conversation, as though the author were telling the news to the neighbors, and could not keep them too long.

For this reason the older type of short story frequently gives the impression of a summary or condensation, at least while you are reading it. Afterward it expands in your memory to large proportions. When I go back to Irving's account of Rip van Winkle or of Ichabod Crane, I am always surprised that the story as he tells it is so meager. In retrospect it has grown.

I personally like this kind of short story, which seems to me harder to do and more worth doing than the type which came in with Poe. Or perhaps we should say with Coleridge, since "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" are short stories. In this type, whether in verse or in prose, the purpose is to produce a single effect of some kind, an effect which is complete in itself and which cannot be expanded. Poe gave the theory of it when he laid down his principles for the composition of a poem. Mr. Faulkner and other contemporary short story writers follow the formula though their medium is prose. De Maupassant carried the method to perfection. In the stories which I have selected, I suppose the examples of this later kind of prose poem are "Rappaccini's Daughter" and "The Lady or the Tiger?" however far apart the mood of these pieces may be.

The other examples I prize for the self-multiplying richness of their themes. The account of Naaman the Leper, one of the most masterly of all stories, leaves you imaging the motives of the captive girl who taught her enemy how to be cured, and of Gehazi, who drew upon himself a terrible punishment. You wonder what the prophet thought of Naaman when the great captain said he would bow down in the heathen temple but wouldn't mean it. Your mind follows all the characters home, and continues the story.

"Salomy Jane's Kiss" has in it the germ of later "westerns." Here, too, the life indicated is far wider than the scope of the story, and our imagination stretches to what came before, and to what must follow. Bunner's famous story is very slight, but the contents of it are substantial. "Good for the Soul," one of the most profound of American stories, is in essence a novel, told briefly.

# MARCH 1934

Rainy Day, New York, by Levon West — Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

VOLUME XIX MARCH, 1934 NUMBER 111

The Golden Book
MAGAZINE

John Erskine, Guest Editor

# Good for the Soul

By MARGARET DELAND

It was about twelve or thirteen years before Dr. Lavendar startled Old Chester by helping Oscar King elope with that little foolish Dorothea Ferris that, one night, in the rectory study, with Mary and his brother, Joey Lavendar, as witnesses, he married Peter Day. Peter, with a pretty girl on his arm, drifted in out of the windy and rainy darkness, with a license from the Mayor's office in Upper Chester, and a demand that Dr. Lavendar perform the marriage service. Both the man and the woman were strangers to him, and the old minister looked at them sharply for a minute or two—he had misgivings, somehow. But the girl was old enough, and looked perfectly satisfied and intelligent, and the man's face was simple and honest—besides, the license was all right. So he asked one or two grave and kindly questions: "You've thought this well over? You know what a solemn thing marriage is, my friends? You are well assured that you are acting soberly, discreetly, and in the fear of God?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter Day; and the girl, a pretty, sick-looking creature, opened her big brown eyes with a glimmer of interest in them, and said, also: "Yes, sir." So Dr. Lavendar did his duty, and found a surprisingly large fee in his hand, and went back to smoke his pipe and write at least a page on his great work, *The History of Precious Stones.*

That was the last he saw of the un-

known bride and groom for many a long year. Once he heard of a new threshing-machine that was being tried at the Day farm, in the next county, and was interesting two or three farmers in his own parish; but he did not connect the rich and successful farmer of Grafton, a village near Upper Chester, with the man he had married that stormy July night. So, though his neighbors had found them interesting enough, Peter Day's affairs had never come to Dr. Lavendar's ears.

PETER had been commiserated for forty years: His farm was prosperous; it kept pace with all the new machinery, fertilizers were not despised, and there was no waste; the Day heifers had a name all through the State; and a thousand acres of haying-land meant a capital as reliable as government bonds. "I guess he's worth seventy-five thousand dollars if he's worth a cent," his neighbors said; "but the old lady, she won't let on but what they're as poor as poverty." Certainly there was no doubt that Peter Day was prosperous; but, nevertheless, he was commiserated—*he had a mother.*

"The farm is the best farm in Westmoreland County," his neighbors said, "but whether Peter can keep it up when the old lady goes, that's another question."

"He may not keep the farm up, but he can let himself down," Henry Davis, who was the blacksmith, declared; "and I'll be glad of it! Before Peter Day goes to heaven—I guess there's no doubt of Peter's going there in due time?—he ought to know something about the earth. He's acquainted with the Other Place, dear knows, with the old woman!—not that I'd say anything against her now she's on her death-bed." Henry put a hand on the bellows, and a roar of blue flame burst through the heap of black fuel on the forge. "Don't you let on to anybody, but I doubt if Peter'll ever be more 'an three years old. His mother's bossed him every breath he breathed since he was born, and he'll be just real miserable learning to walk alone at forty."

It must be admitted that here was cause for commiseration: All his forty years Mrs. Day had dominated her son's life; she had managed his farm, and he had fetched and carried and improved according to her very excellent judgment. She had formed his opinions—or, rather, she had given him her opinions; she had directed his actions, she had bought his clothes, she had doled out every dollar he spent, and taken scrupulous account of the spending; she had crushed, long ago, any vague thought of marriage he may have had; and she had assured him over and over that he was a fool. A hard, shrewish, hideously plain, marvelously capable old woman, with a temper which in her later years drew very near the line of insanity. Then she died.

The August afternoon that the little train of silent people carried her out of her own door up to the family burying-ground in the pasture (the Days were of New England stock, and had the feeling of race permanence in their blood, which shows itself in this idea of a burying-ground on their own land)—that August afternoon was sunny and still, except for the sudden song of a locust in the stubble, stabbing the silence and melting into it again. Some sumacs were reddening on the opposite hill-side; and the blossoming buckwheat in the next field was full of the murmur of bees; its hot fragrance lifted and drifted on any wandering breath of wind. Peter Day walked behind the coffin in his new black clothes, with his

hat in his hand; then came the friends and neighbors, two by two. A path had been mowed through the thin second crop of grass; but the women's skirts brushed the early golden-rod and the tangling briers in the angles of the snake-fence.

Up in the pasture, where the burial-lot, enclosed by a prim white paling, lay under a great oak, a bird, balancing on a leaning slate headstone, burst into a gurgling laugh of song. The oak dropped moving shadows back and forth on the group of men and women who stood watching silently that solemn merging of living into Life—of consciousness and knowledge and bitterness and spite, of human nature, into Nature. This ending of the mean and pitiful tumult which is so often all that individuality seems to be, this sinking of the unit into the universe, is like the subsidence of a little whirling gust of wind which for an instant has caught up straws and dust and then drops into dead calm. There is a sense of peace about it that is not exactly human; it is organic, perhaps; it only comes where there is no grief. They felt it, these people who stood watching, silently, unbelieving in their hearts that they too would some time go back into sun and shade and rolling world. There was no grief, only curiosity and interest and the sense of peace. When it was over, they walked slowly back again, pausing for some low-voiced talk at the Day doorway, and then leaving Peter, and drawing a longer breath perhaps, and raising their voices to chatter together of the dead woman's temper and meanness and the money she had left.

The little whirl of shrewish wind had fallen into calm; it was "all over," as the saying is—and so much greater is Life than living that it was as though it never had been. Except to Peter Day. The house had the stillness of that grave he had left up in the pasture. He heard some one moving about out in the kitchen, and the clock ticking in the hall. But there was no strident old voice to bid him do this or that; no orders to obey, no fierce and insane fault-finding. The silence was deafening. He sat down in the parlor—the occasion seemed to demand the dignity of the parlor. The chairs had been put back in their places, but the open space in front of the fireplace struck him like a blow; and the lingering scent of the flowers made him feel sick.

He was a short, sturdy-looking man, with a soft black beard, and kind, quiet, near-sighted eyes, which his round spectacles magnified into lambent moons. There was no weakness in his face; but there was patience in every line; just now there was bewilderment.

"Dead?" He was trying, dumbly, to adjust himself to the fact; to understand it, or at least to believe it. He felt something swell in his throat, and very likely he thought it was grief. Habit does much for us in this way; a carping, uncomfortable companionship of forty years is yet a companionship.

Life runs in rough grooves, but they are grooves; and when it leaves them there is a wrench and jolt, and perhaps even a crash—and very often it is all mistaken for grief. Peter, in his simple way, called it grief. As he sat there in his black clothes, looking at that open space where the coffin had stood, he was vaguely conscious that he wished he had his dog Jim beside him; but after forty years of being told that he "could not bring dogs and cattle into the house," and that "he was a fool to want to," he would have found the effort of freedom absolute pain. So he sat still until it grew dusk, trying to

believe that she was dead, thinking about heaven—for he was a religious man—and saying to himself that she was "far better off." But never saying that he was "far better off," too.

Of course, as the weeks passed, he adjusted himself to the difference in his condition; he grew accustomed to certain reliefs. Yet he did not realize that he was free. He was like a horse who slips his halter in a tread-mill, but goes on and on and on. He was not harassed by the goad of the strident voice, but he did the same work, in the same way, in the same harsh and unlovely surroundings—and he did not bring Jim into the house for company! He spent his money on meager essentials of food and fuel, and on the necessary improvements of the farm; but he missed his mother's judgment and shrewd foresight in such matters. He went to church, and slept heavily during the service; but he never went to the church sociables. His mother had despised them, and he was too old to acquire social habits. He made no effort to be intimate with his neighbors. Mrs. Day had quarreled with them all, and would not have their names spoken in her presence if she could help it; so, if Peter had a capacity for friendship, these speechless years had made it dumb. Hence he was singularly isolated, untouched by the interest or the gossip or the knowledge of the life about him.

He spent his days as he had always spent them, following the lines his mother had laid down for him. He went through the usual round of daily work. In the evenings he read his agricultural paper or an old book of sermons. There was no one to tell him to go to bed; and once he fell asleep, his arms stretched on the table in front of him, and wakened in the cold early light, stiff and bewildered, and heavy with fatigue. But there was one point on which Peter Day was perfectly clear: he might, through stupidity or dullness, go on in the tread-mill now that the halter was slipped, but—he was glad to miss the goad!

The final awakening to a knowledge that he was free came some ten months later. It was in June; a hot, sparkling day, when every hand on the farm had twice as much as he could do. Something had gone wrong about the mower; and Peter, with Jim at his heels, went into the village to get the blacksmith to weld a broken rod together. It was a loss of time, this hanging about the blacksmith's shop waiting for the work to be done, and the old habit of uneasiness, because of his mother's rage at any delay, made him tramp about, frowning, and looking up the road as though expecting some messenger sent to bid him hasten.

The shop was dark, except for the red flicker when the smith thrust his pincers into the heap of ashes with one hand and started the bellows with the other. Then a shower of sparks flew up the great black cone of the chimney, and Peter could see his piece of broken iron whiten in the flames. He looked at his watch and walked to the door and back.

"Ain't you 'most done?"

"I ain't. And I won't be for a half-hour," Henry Davis said. "What's the matter with you, Peter, anyway? What's your hurry? It wouldn't kill anybody if you didn't get back till tomorrow. Your other machine's going. There ain't no dyin' need of this here one, anyhow."

"Well, I ain't one to waste time," Peter said. Jim yawned and stretched himself on the bare black earth of the floor. He, at least, was in no hurry.

"Well, whose time are you wastin'?" the smith insisted, good-naturedly. "It's your own, ain't it? I guess you got a right to loaf. There's no one to say you nay," he ended.

"That's so," said Peter. But he still tramped back and forth, until the smith, turning the bar about on his anvil, cried:

"For the Lord's sake, Peter Day, get out! Go up the street and get a shave. Get out o' here, anyway."

Peter laughed, and went, saying that he would be back in ten minutes. "And mind you have that rod done!"

He loitered along, looking at his watch more than once, and coming to a standstill before the window of a grocery-store. He did not go in. All these years the curb of his mother's will had held him away from the shiftless and friendly gatherings about the stove or around the back counter, and it held him yet. So he only looked into the dusty window.

There were wooden rakes stacked at one side, and boxes of cotton lace, and two jars of red and white sticks of candy, and some fly-specked cups and saucers in thick earthen-ware; there were two advertisements of poultry food pasted against the glass, and a print of a new mower. He took these in absently, wondering if the rod was nearly done. And then his eye caught a colored lithograph propped up against a pile of dusty tin-ware: a row of girls, smiling, coquettish, marching, each with slippered foot well advanced, holding out a gay skirt with the thumb and forefinger of one hand, and flirting with the other a huge feather fan across arch and laughing eyes. The flutter of the pink and blue and white skirts, the slender ankles, the invitation and challenge and impertinence of the upward kick, seemed to Peter Day perfectly beautiful. He gazed at the picture, absorbed and entranced. The owner of the shop, standing in the doorway, watched him, grinning.

"You better go see 'em, Mr. Day. They're to be here tonight. The parson's mad, I tell you."

Peter came to himself with a start, and read the announcement of the production in the town-hall, on such a date and at such an hour, of "Sweet Rosy." The notice below the picture set forth:

> The Four Montague Sisters will Perform their Charming, Refined, and Side-splitting Farce, with all Accessories of Magnificent Scenery, Exquisite Music, and Elaborate Costumes. The Ballet is pronounced to be the most Beautiful, in Loveliness of Form and Perfection of Grace, ever seen in America.
>
> YOUTH. GRACE. BEAUTY.
> ADMISSION, 35 CENTS.

"We've never had one of these here shows up here," said the storekeeper; "but of course I've seen 'em. I always go when I'm in the city, because my example can't injure nobody there. Here it's different. Why don't you go and see 'em, Mr. Day?"

Why didn't he? Peter Day went back to the blacksmith's shop for his rod, and walked home "studying." Why shouldn't he go to see the show? He did not ask himself whether there was anything wrong in such shows—he never had asked such questions. There was nothing abstract about Peter. He had simply ducked and winced under his mother's tongue, and accepted her decisions of what was right or wrong, avoiding, by a sort of instinct, the things that roused the furious temper which lay always ready to flash and roar and shake the house down at the most trivial excuse. In ten months he had gotten

more or less used to peace, even if he had not taken advantage of it. But why shouldn't he take advantage of it?

He looked through his round spectacles with absent intentness at Jim, jogging along in the dust in front of him. "I'm going to see them," he said to himself; "why not?"

THE town-hall in Grafton stood in the square; winter rains had washed and washed against its narrow, faded old bricks until the plaster between them had crumbled and their angles and edges had worn down. The white paint on the facings and on the great beam that made the base of the pediment, had flaked and blistered; a crack ran from a second-story window down toward the front door, which sagged a little in its battered white frame. Inside, the wooden steps were so worn that the knots stood out on them:—innumerable town meetings, fairs, lectures, and all such entertainments as this of the Montague Sisters, made much travel over the wide, shallow staircase. The walls were bare, the plaster stained and cracked, even broken in two or three places, and studded with nails for all the different decorations of pine or flags or crape or flowers which had gone up and come down in more than fifty years. There were lanterns in brackets along the walls, and eight lamps in a dusty chandelier cast flickering shadows down on the bare floor and the rows of wooden settees, which, when Mr. Day arrived, were quite empty—such was his anxiety to get a good seat.

The audience came stamping and scuffling in, with a good deal of laughter, and much loud, good-natured raillery, and some cat-cries. Very likely the parson had reason for "being mad." "Sweet Rosy; or, The Other Man" was the play, and there was a suggestiveness in the names of the acts which would have forewarned anybody but Peter. He had no experience in indecencies.

He was tingling with excitement; the sudden and unusual concentration of thought and feeling was not without pain—it was, mentally, like the awaking of a hand or foot which has been asleep.

The curtain rolled up, caught—and displayed a pair of slender ankles, and opposite them two Wellington boots, fiercely spurred—rolled on, and showed a man decorated with stars and sashes and sword, which informed the audience that he was a soldier; and a girl, in fluffy pink skirts, high-heeled pink slippers, low pink satin skin-tight bodice, pink lips, pink cheeks, pink hat and feathers. Her neck and bosom were as white as swan's-down, and glittered with "diamonds," that did not seem any more sparkling than her arch brown eyes, which laughed over her pink fan —laughed and winked, and looked right down at Peter Day in the front seat. Peter's mouth fell open; he looked at his programme, the flimsy sheet rustling in his big hands until his neighbors frowned at him with impatience.

"Bessie Montague." That was her name—Bessie! The soldier, it appeared, was Bessie's brother, who was instructing her about the "Other Man," Mr. Wilson, who was shortly to appear—hampered, indeed, by a Mrs. Wilson; but if Bessie and her sisters, Minnie, Nellie, Mamie, would play their cards properly, the mere incident of the wife would make no difference. They would go to a picnic with the Other Man, and then, and *then,* and THEN!—came a rollicking chorus, with Minnie and Mamie and Nellie dancing round and round, Bessie the gayest of them all, and the Other Man and the Incident

coming on to be hoodwinked, in sober and decent clothes and sanctimonious air. The audience roared at each innuendo; and Peter, smiling and palpitating like a girl, took it all to mean that the four girls wanted the fun of the picnic, and were going to get the old dodger with the hayseed in his hair to give it to them. At least, when he thought about the play at all, that was his construction of it; but he hardly thought of it—the dancing enthralled him. It seemed to him that Mamie and Minnie said things that weren't just modest sometimes, but a girl doesn't understand half the time what words mean; very likely they didn't know why the masculine part of the audience roared so. Nellie had almost nothing to say, and Bessie was the première danseuse, and only joined in the choruses. To Peter, from the first moment, she was the most fascinating figure on the stage. Her dancing and coquetting and pirouetting, her glances and gurgling laughter and gestures, went to his head. He saw nothing else; the tawdry scenery, the soiled cotton velvet and flimsy crumpled satin, the reek of vulgarity, never touched his innocent mind. He looked at her open-mouthed, breathless.

The play was about half over, when it seemed to him that this angel, or fairy, or whatever she was, flagged and began to look tired. Once the soldier frowned, and made a gesture to show that she had done something wrong, and he saw a frightened wince under the smiles and paint on the girl's face. Peter Day ground his teeth. How dared the brute look that way at his sister? That was no way for a brother to act! From that point he only looked at Bessie; he saw her growing white and whiter, though he noticed that the color in her cheek was as bright as ever—which seemed to him a very unhealthy sign.

"It's that way in consumption," he thought. He felt impelled to leap up on the stage and tell her brother he ought to take better care of her; and then her dancing fascinated him so that he forgot her pallor for a while—then noticed it, with sharp compunction.

The last whirl and pigeon-wing, the last kick and flurry of gauze skirts, the last leer—then, standing on one leg, each sister kissed her hand, bit her lip, looked down into the audience and winked, and—it was over!

Peter Day sat like a man in a dream. Somebody cuffed him on the shoulder and said, "Did they put you to sleep?" and there was a guffaw of laughter.

He shook his head silently and got up; he looked about in a dazed way for a minute, and then went stumbling out into the cool night.

As for "Bessie," she sat down on an overturned soap-box behind the scenes and panted.

"You've got a mash, Liz!" one of the girls called out, beginning to wash off the paint.

"Oh, I'm so tired!" she said, faintly. "Oh, this is a dog's life!"

"Guess he's waiting at the side door," Mamie suggested; "he looks good for a supper, anyway. Make him stand up to us all, Liz, will you?"

"Shut up!" the girl said. "I'm nearly dead."

"You'll hear that from Dickinson, I bet," one of the "sisters" informed her; and then, with rough kindliness, brought her a dash of whiskey in a dirty tumbler. "There, brace up! I don't believe he'll say anything. My God, I thought you were going to drop there once! Did you see Johnny Mack glare at you when you

crossed behind? If he'll keep his mouth shut and not complain, I guess you won't hear from it. I wish you didn't have to move on tomorrow, though."

However, they did move on; that is what it means to be "on the road" and have one-night stands. The "Montague Sisters" moved on, and Peter Day moved with them.

The first step into liberty had been taken when he went to the play; then some door seemed to shut behind him; the automatic life stopped short; he felt, for the first time since he was twenty (when his mother had nipped in the bud certain tendencies toward love-making), the consciousness that he had a life of his own. And he began to live it. He announced that he was going away for a week or two.

"What! *now?*" ejaculated one of the hands. "Why, we're that busy—"

"I'm going," his employer said, and set his lips in a dogged way that he had learned under his mother's scoldings; it meant that he had no explanation to give, and no retort; but it meant, too, in this instance, will. So he packed a valise made of Brussels carpet—crimson roses on a cream-colored ground—and said good-bye to Jim, and started.

THE Montague Sisters went to Mercer, and on to two or three smaller places, and then back again on the circuit toward Old Chester. It took nearly three weeks, and Peter Day never missed a performance. The company grew hysterical with laughter over him; the "sisters" played to him, and winked at him, and kicked their high-heeled slippered feet in his direction, and threw kisses to him over their white shoulders that were so dangerously above their bodices; but it was more than a week before he made the acquaintance of the manager and was introduced to them.

"It's a dead mash for Liz," the manager announced. "Say, Liz, can't you get him to give you a theater? Come, now, don't forget the company when you strike it rich." Liz laughed, and groaned, and dropped down on the broken springs of the horse-hair couch in the parlor of the little hotel.

"Somebody'd better give me a grave," she said. "Say, Dickinson, I'm played out." She began to cry, and the manager told her, good-naturedly, not to be a fool.

"I'll send you up something that'll make you feel better," he said. But the cocktail and the kindness only made her cry the more.

"I don't know what's going to become of me," she told the "sisters." "I can't keep this up; there's no use talking!"

Mamie sat down on the table, swinging her legs back and forth, and looking concerned. "Well, now, can't you go home awhile?" she said.

Bessie looked up impatiently. "I haven't any home. I haven't had for six years. I came into this to support mother, and when she—died, I didn't have any home. As for relations, I've got some relations somewhere, but they're too good for the likes of me! No, no!" She got up, the tears dried and her dark eyes sparkling wickedly; the cocktail had brought a little color into her cheeks, and she was as pretty as when she stood before the foot-lights in vivid rouge and snow-white powder. She took two dancing steps. "No—no!—

"I care for nobody,
And nobody cares for me!"

"Except Hayseed," Mamie reminded her, with a thoughtful frown. "He cares, it appears. I say, Liz, I suppose

you *could* lay off, and—"

The girl turned on her savagely. "Now look here; shut up! *He's good.*"

Mamie shrieked with laughter. "Oh, he doesn't bite, doesn't he?"

"He doesn't try to make me bite," the other said, sharply; then suddenly broke down again, and flung up her arms, and said she wished she was dead. "Talk about a home! If I could stop, if I could have a little house of my own, and maybe a garden—well, there! I'm a fool. You needn't tell me; I know it. But I tell you what, Mamie, it's hell; that's what it is, this road business—putting yourself up to be insulted by every man that pays fifty cents to see you dance. I'm dead tired of it. Oh, my God, I wish I was dead!" But even as she said it she burst into a laugh, her brown eyes crinkling up with fun. "Mamie, what do you suppose? He asked me today what my sisters thought of my working so hard. 'Sisters?' I said—I was so tired, I was just dead stupid. 'Sisters?' I says. 'I haven't any sisters.' He looked dumb-struck. Then I caught on."

"He *is* an innocent!" Mamie said.

"He's good," the other answered, with a sob.

She was as inconsequent and unmoral, this little, flashing, suffering, pretty creature, as the sparkle of sunshine on a rippling wave. And she was, just now, almost at the limit of her strength. The simple-hearted man who, through his big steel-rimmed spectacles, looked at her every night from the first row, and came to see her every morning, as silent and as faithful as a dog, saw in her all the beauty and grace and good-nature of which his harmless life had been starved. He thought to himself, over and over, how pleasant she was. He had had little enough pleasantness in his forty arid years, dear knows! so it was easy to recognize it when he saw it.

He was bewildered, and dazzled, and happy, and tumultuously in love. He felt as if he wanted to play with her; to romp, and run, and laugh, as though they were boy and girl. He was getting young, this sober, elderly man, and the warm-hearted, quick-witted little actress, with her peals of laughter, her funny winks, and grimaces, and good-natured raillery, was the cause of it. He never knew how hotly she defended him from the suspicions of the rest of the company; she was so quick to recognize his "goodness" that she turned white with anger when his motives were assailed. When he told her once, blushing, that he was glad she just only danced, because some of the things the other young ladies said weren't just according to his notions, she winced and set her white teeth. "I don't like those jokes," she said; "truly I don't, Mr. Day."

He laughed at that, in his soft, big voice, his eyes beaming at her through his spectacles.

"You! Well, you needn't tell me that, Miss Montague. You don't understand, even. Well, now, a girl seems to me just like one of those white butterflies that's always round milkweed. You know 'em? 'Brides,' the young ones call them. Their wings—you can't hardly breathe on 'em but what they're spoiled! Well, it's like touching their wings to have girls sing trashy songs; and I'm right sorry the other ladies feel obliged to do it."

"Oh, if I ever had time to go to walk in the country and see the 'brides'!" she said, her eyes suddenly wet. "I'm pretty tired of this kind of life."

He made an impulsive gesture, and opened his lips; but he dared not speak. As for her, she went into the hotel parlor, and sat on the horse-hair sofa under the steel engraving of the "Landing of the Pilgrims," and told Mamie she wished she was dead.

Peter Day knew no better than to make his protest to Dickinson, who winked at the barkeeper to call his attention to the joke. "I'm thinking of getting up a Sunday-school play for 'em next season," he said.

PETER was no fool; he did not pursue the subject; but he had his own views. In his cramped, unlovely life, the single exponent of the everlasting feminine had been his mother. Yet he had his ideals: he believed in goodness and in purity in a way that even a man who had known them in their human limitations might not have done. In his grave and simple way, he knew the world was wicked. But he would not have those white-winged creatures whom he revered have even so much knowledge as that.

At the end of the third week the Montague Sisters came to Old Chester; they had two nights here, and it was on the second night that Bessie broke down absolutely, and fainted dead away. They were all very kind to her—the manager and the other "sisters." They were in and out of her room all that night, and Dickinson would have given her all the whiskey the tavern afforded if it would have done any good. But business is business; the troupe was advertised to appear in the next town, and they had to move on. So, with protestations, and most honest anxiety, and the real, practical kindness of leaving some money for her board with the tavern-keeper, they moved on. But Peter Day stayed behind.

He saw her every day for a week; he went up to her room, and washed her little hot face and hands, and fed her with cracked ice, and told her about Jim; and his eyes, behind his magnifying spectacles, beamed like two kindly moons.

"I'm going to marry her," he told the tavernkeeper, "just as soon as she can get out."

It was a week before she could sit up; when she did, in a big wooden rocking-chair, with roses painted on the back, and slippery linen covers tied on the arms, he came and sat beside her and put his hand on hers.

"Miss Montague," he said, his voice trembling, "I am going to ask a—a favor."

"My name isn't Montague," she told him, her eyes crinkling with a laugh; "that's only my stage name."

"Oh!" he said, blankly; "I thought it was. Still, it doesn't matter; because —because, Miss Montague—"

"Donald," she interrupted, smiling.

"Because, Miss Donald, I was going to ask you to—change it."

"Change it? My name?" she said. "You don't mean—"

"I want you to marry me," he said, his hand suddenly closing hard on hers. She drew back with a cry; looked at him with wide eyes; then she put her hands over her face and began to cry, poor child, in a wailing, heart-broken way. To cry—and cry—and cry, while he just put his arms about her and drew her head down on his breast, and stroked her soft, dark, curling hair, soothing her and cuddling her, and saying: "There—there! I frightened you. Never mind; it's only me. It's only Peter. There, there, there!"

She tried to say: "No; oh *no!* he must not think of it. He—he didn't know her. Oh no—*no!* She was not

good enough. No, she couldn't, she couldn't!"

But he gathered her up in his arms, and put his cheek down against her hair, and said, "There, there; it's all right, and I'll get the license."

She was so weak that suddenly she fainted, and Peter was like a madman until young Dr. King had been rushed in, and had said it was all right, and she would be none the worse the next morning. Which, indeed, she was not. Something had braced her; perhaps it was the human kindness that went to her heart like wine.

"I'll be good to him; I'll make it up to him," she said, crying peacefully to herself. "Oh, I will be good to him; and I'm so tired—tired—*tired.* And I'll do everything for him. And I can rest; for all my life, I can just rest."

So that was how it came about that, the evening of the first day she was able to go out, Peter took her, carried her almost, to Dr. Lavendar's study, where they were reminded that marriage was not to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly—but soberly, discreetly, and in the fear of God.

Of course it is perfectly obvious how a "sober and discreet" marriage of this nature must end. The elderly, simple-minded, plain countryman, and the little actress whose past had never been laid under her neighbor's eyes—what could happen, says the wise world, but disaster and pain?

And yet neither befell.

He took her home, this gentle, passionate, pitying husband, and nursed her, and petted her, and played with her. All the checked and stunted youth in him blossomed out. He told her his thoughts—for in his slow way he had thoughts. He let her see his simple adoration of the ideals which she embodied—gentleness, and prettiness, and purity. He was jealous to shield her from every rough wind, from every cruel knowledge; all the love of all his bleak unlovely life was poured into her lap. And she was very "pleasant" with him. She felt toward Peter that warm-hearted admiration which begins in appreciation and ends in love. He was so good to her—that was the first thing the wife felt; and then, he was so good!

She laughed at him and sang to him, and even put on her pink dress and danced for him sometimes. And she brought Jim into the very parlor itself! At first, very likely, it was all part of the play of life to her. She could appreciate, if Peter could not, the stage setting, so to speak—the bare, ugly parlor, with its landscape-papered walls and faded photographs of dead relatives hanging in oval black frames very near the ceiling; the lustres on the high wooden mantel-piece; the big Bible on the crocheted mat of the center-table; the uncomfortable horse-hair sofa, and the rosewood chairs standing at exact angles in the windows; and Peter, with Jim's head on his knee, sitting, gaping at her—gaping at the incongruous, joyous, dancing figure, with the pink skirt twirling over pink gauze petticoats! At first the fun of the contrast was a keen enjoyment; but after a while—

However, that came later.

MEANWHILE she *rested.* Sometimes on his knee, with her head on his shoulder, while he tried to read his agricultural paper, but had to stop because she teased him into laughter; sometimes on a little couch out under the trees, on the sunny side of the house, where she could see Peter working in the garden. She found not only rest but intense interest in this garden, which, to be sure, was rather commonplace. There were clumps of

perennials in the borders, upon which each year the grass encroached more and more; and there were shrubs, and some seedlings sown as the wind listed, and there were a dozen ragged old rose-bushes. But Bessie Day threw herself into taking care of all the friendly, old-fashioned fragrance, heart and soul, and body too, which made her tired and strong and happy all together. She used to lie awake those summer nights and plan the garden she was going to have next year; and she pored over seedmen's catalogues with a passionate happiness that made her bright face brighter and brought a look of keen and joyous interest into her eyes.

That was the first year; the second, the ballet dress was put away, for there was a baby; and by-and-by there were two babies—a young Peter and a young Donald. And then a little girl that the father said must be named Pleasant. It was then that Bessie got dissatisfied with her own name, and insisted that she be called Elizabeth. So the old name, like the old pink satin dress and fan and high-heeled slippers, was put away in the past. Sometimes Peter talked about them, but Elizabeth would scold him and say she was tired of them, and she wouldn't allow them to be mentioned. "I'll steal your spectacles, Peter, if you tease me," she would threaten, gayly; "I go to church, nowadays, and the minister says it isn't right to dance—though I don't know that I just agree with him," she would add, a little gravely.

"ANYTHING you ever did was right—right enough for a minister to do himself!" Peter would declare, stoutly.

"I wouldn't like to see the parson in pink petticoats," Elizabeth would retort, her eyes twinkling with fun.

She always went to church with Peter, and he kept awake to look at her pretty face in her Sunday bonnet; and later, when the children were old enough to come, too, he had his hands full to keep the boys in order, and not let them read their library books during the sermon. Elizabeth, in her best lavender silk, which had little sprigs over it, and an embroidered white crêpe shawl, and a bonnet with soft white strings, sat at the top of the pew, with Pleasant's sleepy head against her shoulder, looking so cheerful and pretty that it was no wonder Peter looked oftener at her than at the parson.

As for the neighbors, social life came slowly, because of Peter's long indifference to it; but it came, and people said they liked Mrs. Day because she was so different from other folks—"always real pleasant," her neighbors said. "I never heard Peter's wife say a hard word about anybody," Henry Davis said once; "and when a woman's got a smart tongue, like she has, they most always say funny things about other folks that make you laugh, but would hurt the folks' feelings if they heard 'em. But Mrs. Day she's just pleasant all the time."

So the placid years came and went, and by-and-by Peter's wife was no longer slight; but she was as light on her feet as a girl, and her face was as bright and pretty as ever, and her laugh was like the sunny chuckle of a brook; her children and her garden and her husband filled her life, and she made theirs.

It was nearly ten years before that shadow, of whose coming the world would have had no doubt, fell, little by little, into the dark bright eyes and across the smiling lips. Fell, and deepened and deepened.

"You're not well, wife?" Peter said,

anxiously.

"Nonsense!" she said, smiling at him.

But when he left her, her face settled into heavy lines.

"If you don't look better tomorrow," Peter threatened, "I'll have the doctor."

"The doctor!" his wife cried, laughing. "Why, I am perfectly well."

And, indeed, the doctor could not discover that she was ill in any way. "Then why does she look so badly?" Peter urged, blinking at him with anxious eyes.

"OH, she's a little overtired," the doctor assured him, easily. "I think she works too hard in that garden of hers. I think I'd put a stop to that, Mr. Day."

And having done his worst, this worthy meddler with the body departed, to prescribe physical exercise for a brain-worker at the point of exhaustion. But Peter was grateful for some positive instructions.

"The children and I will take care of the garden, and you can just look on. What you need is rest."

So, to please him, she tried to rest; but the shadow deepened in her eyes, and the fret of thought wore lines in her smooth forehead. She shook her head over Peter's offer to take care of the garden.

"What! trust my precious flowers to a mere man?" she cried, with the old gayety, and burlesque anger. "Indeed I won't!"

The garden Peter had made for her was a great two-hundred-foot square, sunk between four green terraces; it was packed with all sorts of flowers, and overflowing with fragrance; all the beds were bordered with sweet-alyssum and mignonette, and within them the flowers stood, pressing their glowing faces together in masses of riotous color—the glittering satin yellow of California poppies, the heavenly blue of nemophila; crimson mallow, snow-white shining phlox; sweet-peas and carnations, gilly-flowers and bachelor's-buttons, and everywhere the golden sparks of coreopsis; there were blots of burning scarlet, sheets of orange and lilac and dazzling white. Elizabeth used to sit down by some border to weed, smiling at her flowers, putting her fingers under some shy sweet face, to raise it, and look down into it, rejoicing in the texture and color and perfume—and then, suddenly, her pleasant eyes would cloud and her energy flag, and she would sit there, absent and heavy, the pain wearing deep into her forehead.

By the time another year had come her whole face had changed; her eyes so rarely crinkled up with fun that one had a chance to see how big and sad and terror-stricken they had grown, and her mouth took certain pitiful lines, and seemed always about to open into sad and wailing words. Another year—they had been married twelve years now—had certainly brought this husband and wife nearer to that dreadful verge of disaster, which the sober looker-on must surely have prophesied on that night when the man and woman stood up to be married in Dr. Lavendar's study.

It was in June that Elizabeth Day said to her husband, gayly, that she had a plan. "Now don't scold, Peter, but listen. I suppose you will say I'm crazy; but I have a notion I want to go off and take a drive, all by myself, for a whole day."

"I'll drive you," he said, "anywhere you want."

"No," she said, coming and sitting on his knee; "no; let me go by myself. I'll tell you: I think I'm a little nervous, and I've a notion to take a drive by myself. I think maybe I'll feel better

for it."

"Well," he said, wistfully, "if you want to; but I'd like to go with you."

But she would not listen to that; and she was so cheerful at the very prospect of her drive—"just real senseless glad!" her husband called it, anxiously—that he began to think that perhaps she was right, and it would do her good.

"LIKE giving a sick person what they've got a longing for," he told himself. "I know mother told me how she knew of a child that was geting over scarlet-fever, and wanted a pickle, and teased and teased for it; and they gave it to her and she got well. Very likely Elizabeth just has a kind of craving to ride round for a day. Well, she shall. Mercy! she shall have just anything in the Lord's world, if I can get it for her! I wish the buggy wasn't so shabby. I must be getting a new one for her."

Still, when the moment came for her to start, he was anxious again.

"Suppose you take one of the children along for company?" he said, as he helped her into the buggy. (Oh, how light she was! What a thrill and tremor he felt in her hand when his big fingers closed over it!) "Take Pleasant," he entreated. And she agreed, with a sigh.

"I don't mind, if you want me to, Peter."

So Pleasant, uttering shrieks of joy, ran for her hat, and began to climb up to join her mother, too excited to wait for her father's helping hand.

Elizabeth Day gathered up the reins and gave a little flickering look up at the front of the house—at the two boys sitting on the porch steps—at her husband standing beside the buggy, stretching over the wheels to tuck the duster around her feet. It was early—she had stipulated for an early start—the dew stretched like a cobweb over the grass, and in the border a cloud of scarlet poppies were beaded with drops like silver; the honeysuckle at the end of the porch was pouring its fragrance from curved and polished horns. She had planted that honeysuckle twelve years ago. How happy she had been then! Now, faithful wife, tender mother, modest, careful housewife—*good*, too, she thought to herself, humbly—she was not happy. Oh, most miserable, most miserable!

How strange it is that the tree whose fruit is suffering and pain, is the knowledge of good as well as of evil! Perhaps the single knowledge of either would not mean anything; or perhaps there cannot be knowledge of one without knowledge of the other. Here is a great mystery: we poor little creatures cannot understand that He both makes peace and creates evil for his own purposes—for sin is the prerogative of God. This poor girl, in her pure and placid life here on the farm, had eaten of this tree, and the anguish of the knowledge of goodness had fallen on her. She groaned under her breath, looking at the dear house and at the dear love. . . .

Elizabeth shook the reins and nodded, smiling: "Good-bye boys, don't bother father; be good children. Good-bye, Peter."

"When will you be back?" her husband said, his hand on the bridle—the horse backed and fretted, and his wife scolded good-naturedly.

"I'll never get off! Come! go on, Captain. Oh, well, then—tonight, maybe."

"Tonight!" Peter echoed, blankly. "Well, I should say so! Pleasant, take care of mother;" and he let her start, but stood looking down the road, watching the hood of the buggy jogging up and down, until the light dust hid it.

Elizabeth leaned back in her seat and drew a great breath of relief. Pleasant, smiling all over her little round face, looked up at her.

"Mother, may I hold the reins?" she said.

"Take the ends of them," Elizabeth said; "mother will keep her hands in front of yours, for fear Captain should take a notion to run."

Pleasant, beaming, and crinkling her eyes up as her mother had done before her, shook and jerked at the ends of the reins, saying, "Get up, there!" and clucked as she had heard her father do; then, squaring her elbows, she braced her feet against the dashboard. "If Captain was to run, Mother, this is the way I'd stop him," she said, proudly.

"Yes, dear child," the mother answered, mechanically. She drove without any uncertainty or hesitation as to her route, and carefully sparing her horse as one who has a long journey before her. It was growing warmer; the dew had burned off, and the misty look of early morning had brightened into clear soft blue without a cloud. There was a shallow run beside the road, which chattered and chuckled over its pebbly bed, or plunged down in little waterfalls, a foot high, running over stones smooth with moss, or stopping in the shadows under leaning trees, and spreading into little pools, as clear and shining and brown as Pleasant's eyes.

"It would be nice to wade, wouldn't it, Mother?" the child said; and the mother said again, mechanically,

"Yes, dear."

But she did not look at the run, which by-and-by widened into a creek as it and the road went on together; and when Captain began to climb a long, sunny slope, she only knew the difference because the sweating horse fell into an easy walk. Pleasant chattered without ceasing.

"It's nice to come with you, Mother. Where are we going? Mother, I think I must have been unusually good, don't you, for God to let me have this ride, and hold Captain's reins? I wonder if Captain knows I've got the ends of the reins? He doesn't *try* to run, you see; I guess he knows he couldn't, with me to help you hold him. Oh, look at the bird sitting on the fence! Well, I'm glad I've been good lately—or else, probably, I wouldn't have come with you. Donald was bad yesterday; he pulled the kitty's tail very hard; so I notice God didn't let him come. I never pull the kitty's tail," Pleasant ended, virtuously. Then she said, "Get up, Captain!" and jerked the reins so hard that her mother came out of her thoughts with a start.

"Don't, Pleasant! Don't pull so, dear."

"Mother, when you were a little girl, did you ever go and drive with your mother, like me?"

"Yes, Pleasant."

"Was she nice—was she as nice as you?"

"A great deal nicer, Pleasant."

"My!" said Pleasant. "I suppose she let you drive altogether—not just with the ends of the reins?"

ELIZABETH did not answer. Pleasant slipped off the seat and leaned over the dash-board to pat Captain; then tried sitting sidewise with her legs under her.

"This is the way the cat sits; I never understood before what she did with her back legs. The tail is easy; she just lays it over her front legs." Then she slid down again to sit on the floor of the buggy and hang her head over the

wheel to see the tracks in the dust. Elizabeth came out of her dream at this, and bade the child get up on the seat.

"Where are we going?" Pleasant said, climbing up joyfully; but she had to repeat her question before her mother heard it.

"To Old Chester, dear child."

"Oh, that's miles and miles away!" Pleasant said, excitedly; and turned and knelt down on the seat so that she could clasp her mother's neck with both little warm, loving arms. "Oh, I am glad we're going so far away; it's so interesting to take a long journey. I was afraid you would be turning round pretty soon. Who are you going to see, Mother?"

"I'm going to see a minister who lives there, Pleasant."

Pleasant looked serious, as befitted the mention of a minister.

"Why are you going to see a minister?"

"Pleasant, you must not ask so many questions! I never knew a little girl talked so much."

Pleasant looked troubled, and drew a long breath. "Well, Mother, it's my thoughts. If I didn't have so many thoughts, I wouldn't talk. Do you have thoughts, Mother?"

ELIZABETH laughed. "Well, yes, Pleasant, I do."

"Well, you see!" cried Pleasant, triumphantly. "Tell me a few of your thoughts, please, Mother."

"Oh, my dear child, do be quiet!" the mother entreated. "Oh, my *God!*" she said, under her breath. There was something in her face that did silence the child, for a time at least. Elizabeth drew up at a spring under the trees by the road-side, and brought out a lunch-basket and gave the little girl something to eat. She did not eat herself, but sat absently flecking at a weed with her whip, and watching Captain plunging his nose down into the trough. Pleasant climbed out to get a drink, putting her lips against the mossy wooden pipe from which a single sparkling thread of water fell into the great hollowed log. They could hear some one whetting a scythe in a field higher up on the hill, above the woods. The sunshine sifted down through the thick foliage, and the yellow flower of the jewel-weed, just on the edge of the trough, caught it, and glittered like a topaz. Captain stamped a little among the wet stones and mud, and pulled at the reins; and Elizabeth said, "Well, go 'long, Captain."

The horse started in a steady jogging trot, keeping carefully on the shady side of the road. A fresh wind had sprung up, and along the horizon a few white clouds had heaped themselves into shining domes, but the sky was exquisitely and serenely blue. The creek had widened into a little narrow river, deep and brown, and fringed with sycamores; men were haying in the meadows and in the orchards on the hill-sides, and the hot smell of newly cut grass was in the air.

Elizabeth Day drew up beside a milepost, and leaned out of the buggy, trying to read the nearly effaced figures. "It's only three miles more, Pleasant," she said, breathlessly.

"Shall we get some dinner in Old Chester?" Pleasant asked, with anxiety.

"Why, my dear child, you've just had some dinner. Still, there is more in the basket, if you want it. You can eat it while I get out and visit with the minister. You must be a good girl, Pleasant, and wait outside in the buggy. I'll hitch Captain."

"I'll hold the reins," Pleasant de-

clared; "he won't try and run if you hitch him and I hold the reins. Captain is a good old horse—good Captain! good boy!" she continued, hanging over the dash-board to stroke his black tail. Captain switched it, with mild impatience, and Pleasant drew back, offended; then tried sliding off the seat: "But the dash-board gets in the way of my knees," she complained. Her mother did not notice her. The little warm body pressing against her, the sudden embraces, the bubbling words, the overflowing activity and restlessness, were like the touch of foam against a rock.

"MOTHER," Pleasant began, "one of my thoughts was, whose little girl would I be if you hadn't married father? Would I live with him, or would I live with you? It's very interesting to have thoughts like that," said Pleasant.

"It's very foolish," Elizabeth said, sharply; and again the child was silenced, looking sidewise at her mother, not knowing whether she had been naughty or not.

It was nearly twelve when they reached Old Chester. Pleasant was quite cheerful again, and bubbling over with questions.

Mrs. Day was pale, and her whole body tingled and trembled. How familiar it all was: The stone tavern with the wide porch—that had been her window, the one in the corner. She had sat there, in the painted rocking-chair, when Peter told her he wanted to marry her. And that was the church; right beyond it was the minister's house. She remembered that they had walked across the green in front of the church to go to the rectory. It suddenly came over her, in a wave of terror, that he might be dead, that old man! She took out the whip, and struck Captain sharply; he leaped forward, and the jerk fairly knocked the breath out of Pleasant, who was in the middle of a question. Elizabeth felt, poor woman, that she could not bear one instant's more anxiety; if he were *dead*—oh, what should she do? He had been an old man, she remembered.

Captain went briskly down the street, and Elizabeth was so weak with misery and apprehension she could scarcely stop him at the parsonage gate.

"Will you be quiet, Pleasant, and not get out?" Elizabeth said. She got the oat-bag from the back of the buggy, and then pulled the weight from under the seat and fastened the catch into Captain's bit. He put his soft nose against her wrist, and she stopped, trembling, to pat him.

Then she went up the path between the garden borders: she and Peter had walked along that path. Oh dear, she was beginning to cry! She could not speak to the minister if she was going to cry. She had to wait and wipe her eyes and let the tremor and swelling of her throat subside before she rang and asked if she might see Dr. Lavendar.

"He's goin' to have his dinner in about fifteen minutes," Mary said, shortly. She did not mean to have the rectory meals delayed by inconsiderate people arriving at twelve o'clock. "And she'll worry the life out of him, anyhow," Mary reflected: Mary had seen too many tragic faces come to that door not to recognize this one.

"Who's there?" demanded Dr. Lavendar from the study; and then came peering out into the hall, which was dusky, because the vines hung low over the lintel, letting the light filter in green and soft across the threshold. When he saw the strange face he came forward to welcome her. He had on a flowered dressing-gown, and his spec-

tacles had been pushed back and rested on his white hair, which stood up very stiff and straight. "Come in," he said, abruptly; and Mary, feeling herself worsted, retired, muttering, to the kitchen.

Mrs. Day followed the minister into the study, but when he closed the door behind her and pointed to a chair, and said, cheerfully, "And what can I do for you, ma'am?" she could hardly find her voice to answer him.

She was conscious of a sense of relief that the room did not look as it did the night that she and Peter had stood up to be married. The furniture had been moved about, and there was sunshine instead of lamplight, and through the open window she could see Pleasant hanging over the dash-board stroking Captain, who was tossing his feed-bag up to get at his oats.

"I suppose you don't remember me, sir?" she said.

"I'm afraid I don't," he confessed, smiling. "An old man's memory isn't good for much, you know."

She tried to smile too, but her face felt stiff.

"You married us, sir; my name is Day. Peter Day is my husband."

Dr. Lavendar reflected. "Day? The name is familiar, but I don't recall—Let me see; when was it?"

"It's twelve years ago next month, sir," Elizabeth said, and added that she had come from Grafton, and, with a little pride in her voice, that her husband was well known in Upper Chester. "Why you must have heard of Peter Day!" she said.

But Dr. Lavendar did not commit himself. He hoped Mr. Day was well? And was that little girl in the buggy hers? Had she other children? And all the while he looked at her with his kind, shrewd old eyes, that were always beaming with his good opinion of his fellow-men—an opinion that grew out of his belief that the children of his Father could not be so very bad, after all!

"I came to see you," Elizabeth began, in a wavering voice, "because—because I thought you would give me some advice."

"I find it's easier for me to give advice than for people to take it," he answered, good-humoredly; but now she did not even try to smile.

"I'm in great trouble, sir; I—I thought you were the only person who could help me. I've thought of coming to see you for the last year."

"Have you had any dinner?" demanded Dr. Lavendar, looking at her over his spectacles.

"No; I don't want any, sir. I only want—"

"You want food," he declared, nodding his head; and called Mary, and bade her bring in dinner. "Yes, you must have some food; the advice of one empty stomach to another isn't to be trusted. Come! you'll feel better for a cup of tea." Then he stopped, and put his veined old hand on her arm: "You haven't the worst trouble in the world," he said; "be sure of that."

Afterward she wondered what he meant. What trouble could be worse than hers? But he said no more about trouble. He called Pleasant, and he made his two visitors sit down with him; he talked about his bee-hives, and promised to show Pleasant his precious stones, and let her give his shaggy little dog Danny a crust of bread. Then he asked her whom she was named after.

"Why, after mother!" said Pleasant, astonished that he did not know. "Mother's front name is Elizabeth, but father says he named me Pleasant be-

cause mother's eyes were pleasant, and her voice was, and her face was, and her—"

"Pleasant, you must not talk so much," Elizabeth protested, much mortified. "My husband is such a kind man, sir, he says things like that," she explained.

But Pleasant, excited by the strangeness of the occasion, could not be restrained; she was bubbling over with information—Captain, and her two brothers, and mother's garden, and father's dog Jim, that had a grave in the orchard, and a really marble tombstone that said, "Jim—a good friend." "He died before I was born, so I don't remember him very well," she said; but father had given mother a new dog, named Fanny; and he had given her, Pleasant, a duck, for her own, which hatched chickens. "And their own mother can't make 'em swim!" Pleasant informed her hearer, excitedly. "Father said I mustn't try and teach 'em (though I would just as leave), because it would worry mother. Would it worry you, mother?"

"Pleasant, dear, I think you had better run out and sit in the buggy now—"

"For fear Captain will run away?" suggested Pleasant, eagerly.

"She talks a great deal, sir," Elizabeth apologized. "She's our only little girl, and I'm afraid we spoil her."

Perhaps Dr. Lavendar had gained what he wanted from the child; he made no protest at her dismissal, and she went frolicking out to climb up into the buggy and sit in the sun, chattering to Captain, and weaving three long larch twigs together to make a wreath.

Mrs. Day and the minister went back into the study. Her heart was beginning to beat heavily. She sat down where she could look through the open window and see Pleasant, and the light fell on her pretty, worn face. She was rolling up the corner of her pocket-handkerchief, and then spreading it out on her knee and smoothing it with shaking fingers. She did not once raise her eyes to his face.

"It's this way, sir: I wanted to ask you—I thought I'd come and ask you, because you married us, and you are a stranger to us (and you are a minister) —oh, I thought I'd ask you what—I must do."

Dr. Lavendar was silent.

"There's something I've got on my mind. It's just killing me. It's something my husband don't know. If he wasn't just the best husband in the world, it wouldn't kill me the way it does. But there never was anybody as good as Peter—no, not even a minister is any better than him. We've been married twelve years, and I ought to know. Well, it ain't only that he's just the kindest man in the world—it's his being so good. He isn't like other men. He don't have the kind of thoughts they do. He don't understand some things—not any more than Pleasant does. Oh, Peter is so good—if he only wasn't so good!"

She was red and then white; she held her shaking lip between her teeth, and looked out at Pleasant.

"It seemed as if you could help me if I told you; and yet now it seems as if there wasn't any help anywhere."

"There is help, my friend."

She seemed to grasp at his words.

"Oh, sir, if you'll tell me what to do— Well, it's this: you see, you married Peter and me suddenly; he didn't really know anything about me; he fell in love with me, seeing me in a play. Well, before I met Peter—that's what I want to tell you—"

"Do not tell me."

"Don't tell you?" She looked at him in a bewildered way.

"Is there any reparation to make? Is there anything to be set right?"

"No," she said, with a sob; "oh *no!* nothing can make it right."

"Then it is not necessary for me to know, to advise you. Let us say, for the sake of argument, that it's the worst thing that could be. Now, my dear Mrs. Day, the worst thing that could be differs for every one of us. It might be murder for one person; it might be a lie for another person; it might be the preaching of the gospel for somebody else. But say it's your worst. Do you doubt your husband's forgiveness?"

"I don't think he'd even call it forgiveness," she said, after a pause, twisting and untwisting the corner of her handkerchief with trembling fingers. "Peter just—loves me; that's all. But it would—oh, would *hurt* Peter so!"

"You have a good husband, I am sure of that," he said, quietly. "And your question, as I understand it, is, shall you tell him some grievous fault, committed before you knew him? I can say at once"—Elizabeth looked ghastly—"that you ought to have told him before you married him."

"So I ought to tell him now?" she said, in a whisper.

"Do you want to tell him?"

"Oh, sometimes it seems as if I would die if I didn't," she said. "It would be such a relief. I think, if he knew it, I could forget it. I lie awake nights, thinking and thinking and thinking how I can tell him, till my mind's sore, it seems to me. I think to myself that I'll tell him as soon as he wakes up." She stopped, and swallowed once or twice, and pressed her lips together as though to force back tears. "And then, again, I feel as though I would die if I told him. Why, Peter thinks I am about perfect, I believe. It sounds foolish to say that, but it's true, sir. It would be like—like I don't know what—like stabbing him. I don't mean he'd be unkind to me, or anything like that. It isn't that that scares me. But it would be like putting a knife into him. But perhaps that's part of my punishment," she ended, wretchedly.

"Mother," Pleasant called from the garden path, "may I go and see the minister's bees?"

Dr. Lavendar went to the window and told her cheerfully that she might. "But you must not touch the hives, remember," he cautioned her.

Then he came and sat down again at his table. He took off his spectacles and put them into a little shabby leather case; then he passed his hand over his eyes once or twice.

"'Part of your punishment.' You would not wish to escape any part of it, of course? There is a great satisfaction in punishment."

A quick understanding came into her face.

"I know what you mean. I've thought sometimes I'd like to be a Catholic and have penances; I could beat myself to death, and call it happiness!" she ended, passionately.

"Yes; you must not shirk your punishment," he said, slowly. "But there's one thing we must find out: does your husband deserve any punishment?"

"Peter!" she cried. "Why, he never did anything wrong in his life!"

"Then have you any right to make him share your punishment? You say that if he knew this old sin of yours, you could forget it; but would he forget it? You would pay a great price for forgetfulness, my dear friend, if you brought him into the shadow in which you walk. Have you ever thought you

might be selfish in not being willing to bear this weight alone?"

*"What?"* she said, breathlessly—"not tell him?"

"Listen," he said, with a sudden stern dignity; he was the priest, instead of the kindly old man: "you have sinned long ago. I don't know how—I don't want to know. But it is passed, and there is no reparation to make. You have sinned, and suffered for your sin; you have asked your Heavenly Father to forgive you, and He has forgiven you. But still you suffer. Woman, be thankful that you can suffer; the worst trouble in the world is the trouble that does not know God, and so does not suffer. Without such knowledge there is no suffering. The sense of sin in the human soul is the apprehension of Almighty God. Your salvation has drawn nigh unto you! Now take your suffering; bear it, sanctify it, lift it up; let it bring you nearer to your Savior. But do not, do not, put it on shoulders where it does not belong. Do not stab your husband's heart by weakly, selfishly—*selfishly*, mind you!—telling him of a past with which it is too late now for him to concern himself."

She drew a long breath. "But you don't know what it was. If you knew—"

"It does not matter what the sin was. All that matters is, what your love is."

"But I am afraid—oh, I am afraid that in my heart I don't want to tell him. Oh, I may be deceiving myself if I call it a duty not to tell him!"

"No, you are not deceiving yourself. You don't want to tell him because it is your instinct to spare him. Perhaps, too, you have the instinct to spare yourself, in his eyes. But silence does not really spare you—don't you know that? It only spares him! Silence is agony to you sometimes. Well, then, bear the agony for his sake. Don't you love him enough for that? You talk about penance—my friend, such silence will be worse than any penance of the Romish Church!"

She clung to his hands, crying now unrestrainedly. "And I am not to keep thinking, 'Shall I tell Peter?' I'm not to keep thinking I'm deceiving him?"

"My child, you are not deceiving him. He thinks you are a good woman: *you are*. Look back over these years and see what wonderful things the Lord hath wrought in you. Go down on your knees and thank Him for it. Don't deny it; don't be afraid to own it to yourself—that would be ingratitude to your Father in heaven. Instead, thank Him that you are *good!* And now listen: I charge you bear the burden of silence, because you love your husband, and he is good."

Elizabeth looked at him, rapt, absorbed.

"I am not to be afraid that it is for my own wicked fear that I am not telling him? No, it isn't that, it isn't that! I know it isn't. For his sake—for his sake—"

"Yes, for his sake."

But he looked at her pityingly. Would this comfort of deliberately chosen pain be temporary? "Try," he said, "and think that you stand between him and pain; take all the misery yourself; be glad to take it. Don't let it reach him."

"If I think of it that way," she said, breathlessly. "I—I can *love* it!"

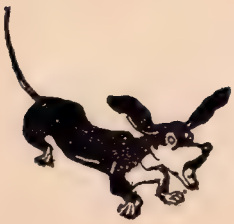
"Think of it that way always."

He made her sit down again, and went out to find Pleasant, leaving her with the peace of one solemnly elated at the recognition of the cross on which she must agonize for the happiness of some other soul.

"Suppose," said Dr. Lavendar, watching the buggy pulling up the hill—"suppose I hadn't found her a good woman, and a good wife, and a good mother—should I have told her to hold her tongue? Well, I'm thankful it wasn't that kind of a question! Lord, I'm glad Thou hast all us puzzled people in Thy wise keeping. Come, Danny, let's go and see the bees."

◆ ◆

# An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog



By OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Good people all, of ev'ry sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked ev'ry day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighb'ring streets
The wond'ring neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To ev'ry Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

# So They Say

*Drawing by William B. O'Brian*

SENATOR BULOW: of South Dakota, answers his critics — "A certain number of fleas is good for a dog."

ALLAN MONKHOUSE: British literary critic — "We are confronted nowadays with talented writers experimentally disguised as geniuses; if you are pretty good in a novel or fantastic way, there is a good chance you may be overestimated."

J. V. MOLDENHAWER: pastor, First Presbyterian Church, New York — "Evil is so terrible because you cannot tell at the outset where it will end."

RAYMOND MOLEY: defines his position — "I don't agree with Al Smith, but at the same time I'm not attacking him."

REP. CHARLES V. TRUAX: combines the best features of Marie Antoinette and Nebuchadnezzar — "My friends, you may 'hooray' if you please. That is what they did in the French House of Deputies when Louis XVI told the people to eat grass."

DEAN INGE: is still gloomy — "Would the world have lost much if all the period between 500 and 1100 A.D. had been blotted out?"

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE: Dean of Barnard College, coats the pill for freshmen — "To those who take examinations too seriously I would say that they are agreeable, pleasant episodes and not very important anyway."

HELEN DEAN FISH: after looking at pictures of famous writers — "It is comforting to think that probably Irvin Cobb, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis and G. K. Chesterton will continue to be read despite benefit of photography."

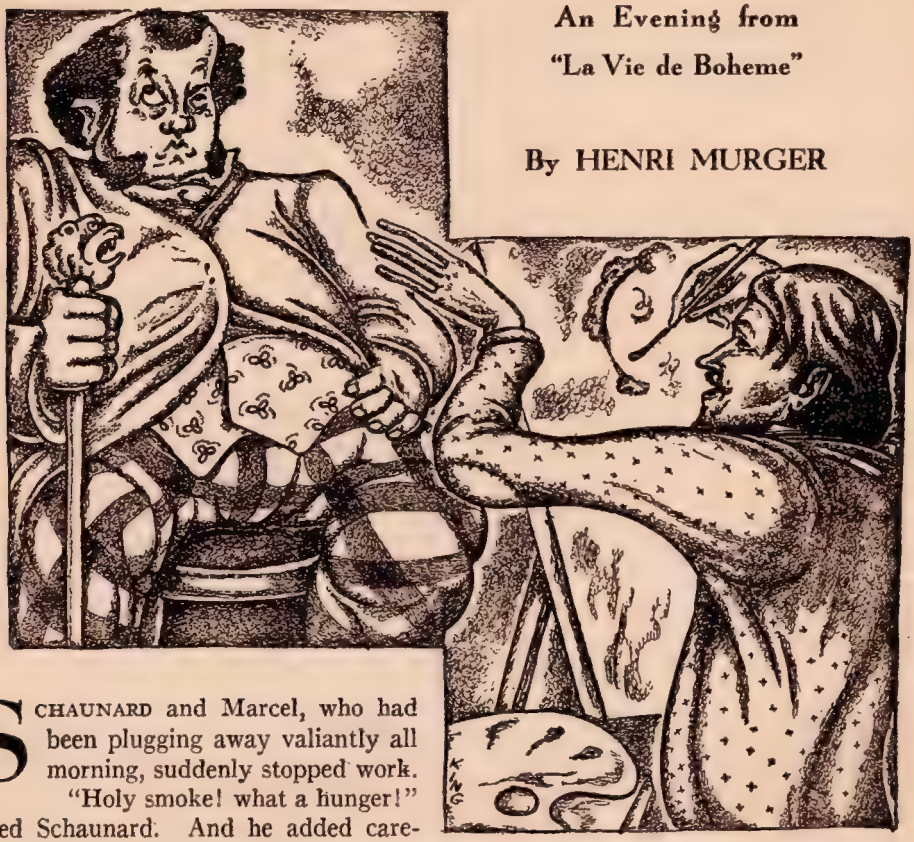
SIR PHILIP GIBBS: on Britain's vicious circle — "The English aristocracy is committing suicide out of sheer benevolence. . . . The Conservatives are really Socialists. The working classes are really Conservatives."

HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS: — "What garlic is to salad, insanity is to art."

# Providence Sends a Dress Coat

**An Evening from "La Vie de Boheme"**

By HENRI MURGER



*Drawings by Alexander King*

SCHAUNARD and Marcel, who had been plugging away valiantly all morning, suddenly stopped work.

"Holy smoke! what a hunger!" cried Schaunard. And he added carelessly, "Aren't we going to have any breakfast today?"

Marcel seemed amazed at this exceedingly inopportune question.

"Since when have we eaten breakfast two days running?" he asked. "Yesterday was Thursday—" and he finished the answer by tracing with his maul-stick the Church commandment:

"On Friday thou shalt eat no meat,
Nor any kindred thing."

Schaunard found nothing to say in reply and returned to his picture which represented a plain inhabited by a red tree and a blue tree clasping branches —obvious allusion to the delights of friendship, which was not lacking in philosophical effect.

At this instant the porter knocked on the door, bringing a letter for Marcel.

"Three sous," he said.

"Are you sure?" replied the artist. "All right, you can owe it to us." And he closed the door in his face.

Marcel opened the letter, and at the first line began to leap about the studio like an acrobat, roaring at the top of his voice this romantic ditty which indicated joy unconfined:

"There once were four brave lads in
our street,
Who fell so sick they could not eat.
They caried them off to the hospital—
Tal—tal!

"Well, so then—" Schaunard took up the tune:

"They put them in all in one big bed;
Two at the foot and two at the head.

"And well we know it!"

Marcel continued:

"Then came a Sister of Charity—
Tee—tee!"

"If you don't shut up," said Schaunard, who saw symptoms of mental aberration, "I'll play you the *allegro* from my symphony on the Influence of Blue in the Arts." And he approached the piano.

The threat had the effect of cold water dropped in a boiling pot. Marcel calmed down as if by magic.

"Look here." He handed the letter over.

It was an invitation to dine with a deputy, enlightened patron of the arts and particularly of Marcel, who had done a painting of his country house.

"For today," said Schaunard. "Too bad the ticket isn't good for two people. But wait a minute! You can't—you daren't go. I seem to remember that your deputy belongs to the government party. Your principles forbid you to eat bread dipped in the sweat of the people."

"Bah!" cried Marcel. "My deputy is left-center; he voted against the government the other day. Besides he is going to get me a commission, and he's promised to introduce me to high society. What's more, I don't care if it is Friday. I'm as hungry as Ugoline, and I intend to eat. So there!"

"THERE are other difficulties," replied Schaunard, who could not help being a little jealous of his friend's good fortune. "You can't dine out in a red flannel shirt and slippers."

"I'll borrow clothes from Rodolphe or Colline."

"Young idiot—don't you remember that it's past the twentieth? At this time of the month their clothes are hocked and super-hocked."

"By five o'clock tonight I shall have at least a dress coat," declared Marcel.

"It took me three weeks to find one when I went to my cousin's wedding; and that was the first of January."

"Well then, I'll go as I am," answered Marcel, pacing back and forth. "It shan't be said that a miserable question of etiquette kept me from making my first bow to society."

"Without shoes?" Schaunard remarked unkindly.

Marcel dashed out in a state of agitation impossible to describe. Two hours later he returned loaded with a stiff collar. "That's all I could find," he said piteously.

"It was hardly worth the trouble," said Schaunard, "when we had enough paper in the house to make a dozen."

"But confound it! we *must* have some things!" cried Marcel, tearing his hair. And he began a long investigation of every corner of the room. After an hour's search he realized a costume consisting of:

A pair of plaid trousers, a gray hat,

a red tie, one black glove, one glove formerly white.

"That makes two black gloves in a pinch," said Schaunard. "But you're going to look like the solar spectrum in the rest of it. Still, for such a colorist as you are—"

Marcel was trying on the shoes. Alas! they were both for the same foot. The artist in desperation spied in the corner an old shoe that served as a holder for their empty bladders. He seized it.

"One is pointed and the other square," his companion remarked ironically.

"It won't show when I've shined them."

"Right. Now all you need is a dress coat."

"Oh," cried Marcel, "for a dress coat I would give ten years of my life and my right hand, I swear."

Another knock at the door. Marcel opened it.

"Monsieur Schaunard?" inquired a stranger, hesitating at the threshold.

"At your service," replied the painter inviting him in.

"Sir," said the stranger, whose honest face branded him a provincial, "my cousin has often told me of your talent for painting portraits; and since I am just about to take a trip to the Colonies, as a delegate of the sugar refiners of the city of Nantes, I should like to leave my family something to remember me by. And so I have come to see you."

"Holy providence!" cried Schaunard. "Marcel—a seat for Monsieur. . . ."

"Blancheron," said the stranger. "Blancheron of Nantes, delegate of the sugar industry, former mayor of V . . ., captain of the national guard, and author of a pamphlet on the sugar question."

"I am deeply honored," said the artist with a low bow to the traveling delegate of the sugar industry. "How would you like your portrait?"

"In miniature—like this," replied Blancheron pointing to an oil portrait; for the delegate, like a great many others, considered everything miniature that was not big as a house. Schaunard had the man's number, especially when he added that he wanted his portrait painted with the very best colors.

"I never use any others," said Schaunard. "How large do you want the portrait?"

"As big as that." Blancheron pointed to a half-length canvas. "But how much will it cost?"

"Sixty francs with hands; fifty without."

"The devil! my cousin said thirty."

"It depends on the season. Colors are much more expensive at some times of the year."

"Dear me; just like sugar."

"Exactly."

"Fifty francs then," said Blancheron.

"You are making a mistake. For ten francs more you can have hands, and I'll put in them your pamphlet on the sugar question, which will give a fine effect."

"By Jove, you're right!"

"Holy smoke!" cried Schaunard to himself. "If he goes on I'll blow up and hurt him with the pieces."

"Did you see?" he whispered to Marcel.

"See what?"

"He has a black coat."

"I get you. Leave it to me."

"Well, Sir," said the delegate, "When do we start? There is no time to waste, for I sail soon."

"I have to take a little trip myself. I'm leaving Paris day after tomorrow. So if you like we'll begin at once. One good sitting will do wonders."

"But it is almost night," protested Blancheron. "You can't paint by candle light."

"My studio is equipped for work at any hour. If you will take off your coat and sit down we can start."

"Take off my coat! What for?"

"Didn't you say that the portrait is for your family?"

"Yes. . . ."

"Well then, you should be painted in your home clothes—in a dressing gown. Besides, it is customary."

"But I haven't a dressing gown here."

"But I have—for just such an occasion." Schaunard presented his client with a ragged garment so decorated with paint spots that the honest provincial hesitated.

"A very odd piece of clothing," he said.

"And very precious," answered the painter. "A Turkish vizier gave it to Horace Vernet, and he gave it to me. I am his pupil."

"Then you are a pupil of Vernet?"

"Yes, Sir, I am proud to be," said the artist, and murmured to himself, "Wretch that I am, I deny my gods and my masters!"

"That is a great honor, young man," replied the delegate, putting on the dressing gown of such noble origin.

"Hang up Monsieur's coat in the wardrobe," said Schaunard with a significant wink at his friend.

"I say," murmured Marcel, "He's too good. If you could only keep a piece of him!"

"I'll try! But look here—get dressed and run along. Be back by ten o'clock; I'll keep him till then. Bring me something in your pocket."

"I'll bring you a pineapple," said Marcel as he disappeared. He dressed hastily. The coat fitted him like a glove. Then he left by the back door of the studio.

Schaunard set to work. When M. Blancheron heard the clock strike six, he remembered that he had not dined. He made the fact known to the painter.

"Neither have I, but as a favor to you I'll get along without it this evening, although I had an invitation in the Faubourg St. Germain," said Schaunard. "We can't stop now—it might spoil the resemblance." And he went on working. "By the way," he broke off suddenly. "We could have dinner here without being disturbed. There is an excellent restaurant downstairs that would send us up whatever we want." Schaunard waited for the effect of his plurals.

"Agreed," said Blancheron. "And in return I hope you will do me the honor of keeping me company."

Schaunard bowed. "Come, come," he said to himself, "he's a good fellow—a real god-send." "Will you order?" he asked his Amphytryon.

"I'd be obliged if you would take care of that," the other answered politely.

"So much the worse for you, my lad," chanted the painter as he leaped down the stairs four at a time. Taking a stand at the counter, he drew up a bill of fare that made the restaurant's Lucullus grow pale.

"Claret? And who is going to pay for it?"

"Probably not I," said Schaunard, "but an uncle of mine whom you'll find upstairs—a regular gourmet. So try to do yourself proud. See that we have

it in a half-hour—and served on porcelain."

At eight o'clock M. Blancheron felt the need of pouring out into a friendly ear all his ideas about the sugar industry, and he recited to Schaunard the pamphlet he had written. The latter accompanied him on the piano.

At ten o'clock M. Blancheron and his friend danced the *galop* and called each other by their first names.

At eleven they swore never to part and to make wills in each other's favor.

At midnight Marcel came in and found them with arms locked about each other. They burst into tears. The floor was half an inch deep in water. Marcel stumbled against the table and saw the splendid remnants of the superb feast.

He shook the bottles: they were utterly empty.

He attempted to rouse Schaunard, but the latter threatened to kill him if he separated him from M. Blancheron, whom he was using for a pillow.

"Ingrate!" muttered Marcel, drawing from his pocket a handful of nuts. "After I brought him something for dinner."

## Conversation

The ideas of the average decently informed person are so warped, and out of perspective, and ignorant, and entirely perverse and wrong and crude, on nearly every mortal subject, that the task of discussing anything with him seriously and fully and to the end is simply appalling.—Arnold Bennett.

The conversation of authors is not so good as might be imagined: but, such as it is (and with rare exceptions) it is better than any other.
—William Hazlitt.

God has given us speech in order that we may say pleasant things to our friends and tell bitter truths to our enemies.—Henrich Heine.

There are but three subjects of conversation: I am I, you are you, and others are strangers.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Conversation on the telephone is halfway between art and life. We speak to the image we have formed of the listener.—André Maurois.

Most of the people one has at a dinner table are drums. A rub-a-dub-dub on them is the only way to get a sound. When they can be persuaded to do it upon one another, they call it conversation.—George Meredith.

# "Platonic Love"

**A Popular Fallacy Is Punctured by a Brilliant Young Professor of Philosophy in This Article Written Specially for the Golden Book**

By IRWIN EDMAN

PLATONIC love, as popularly conceived, is the grossest libel on Plato. It is what Plato might have thought about love had he been a mid-Victorian preacher and mid-Victorian poet combined instead of a genius typical of a civilization obsessed by the form and fire of beauty. When the average layman, even the moderately informed one, talks about Platonic love, he talks as if it were a feeble form of friendship between a young man and young woman taking philosophy courses together. He thinks of it as if it were the cool and abstract admiration of one thin and bloodless mind for another thin and bloodless mind, both sexless. All this is so rank a travesty upon the philosopher who of all philosophers most passionately celebrated the divine madness of love (the phrase is Plato's own) that one is hard put to it to know how "Platonic love" ever came to invoke the name of Plato.

For the fact of the matter is Plato is far nearer to Freud than he is to George Eliot or Christina Rossetti. Freud could not recognize more insistently than Plato the basis of even the most lyrical flights of love as originating in sex and in the senses. For it must be remembered that Plato, for all the attempts to bowdlerize and Christianize him in translation, was a pagan and a poet, and like any genuine poet, "obedient to his five senses." He was indeed so much the artist and dramatist of the agonies and exultations of the human soul that he could not even state his philosophy in a treatise like a professor. He himself says in his famous Seventh Epistle that philosophy cannot be written; it is a matter of contagion, of the soul itself catching the flame. And all the works of Plato that we have are dialogues, little dramas in which the participants are Socrates, ugly, hypnotic and wise, and the most glamorous and gifted group of youths in European literature, the Parthenaic frieze become

blushing, conversational, and alive.

The dialogues, throughout, especially when they refer to the human themes of love and friendship—central ones for Plato—are filled with a poet's recorded and communicated sense of the sensuously enchanting surface of the world. One might almost say that in Plato the senses are the beginning of wisdom. For it is by the senses that the soul is awakened to beauty, and it is the soul hungering for beauty and for its permanent possession that defines the nature of love. So far is Plato from thinking of love as coolly intellectual that he explicitly calls it a Divine Madness. It is an inspired ecstacy which only the vulgar, says Plato, will mistake for mere frenzy. It is a madness that is a blessing, not an evil, for it makes the soul one with the beauty for which it longs. But the beginning is in the senses and in sensuous intimacy. Plato was a philosopher, not a fool.

In the two great dialogues in which the theme of love is discussed, the *Phaedrus* and the *Symposium*, Plato, through his hero, Socrates, insists that to whatever exaltation and mystical height love may rise, at least in this earthly life it originates in the body. And it must not be forgotten where and under what circumstances Socrates' famous speech on love in the *Symposium* takes place. The *Symposium* is a supper party at which a celebrated group of the wits and best minds of Athens gather, to toast the triumphal success of the young tragedian Agathon.

When, after eating, they turn to their wine, it is agreed that there shall be no compulsory drinking, since most of the company have not yet recovered from the drinking at the party of the previous night. (It is the founder of the alleged theory of "Platonic love" who is writing!) They will even dismiss the flute girl, "to play to the women inside," and entertain themselves—the advice comes from a member of the party who is a physician—with conversation. Everything else, however trivial, has been praised, but not love, the greatest god of them all.

All present praise love after their own fashion. Erinymachus gives a kind of physiology of love, Phaedrus, the man of letters, speaks of the nobility of love, Pausanias tries to distinguish between love, heavenly and earthly. Aristophanes, after recovery from the hiccups, in his character as a humorist declares that the gods have divided humans in half; love is our hunt for our other half. Agathon, in whose honor the party is taking place, pours all possible bouquets of lavish rhetoric upon the glories of love. It remains for Socrates to speak. And there is possibly no speech in the history of European literature that is more famous or one that has had more perverse interpretations. But that eloquent discourse in which Plato has Socrates speak of love has precious little "Platonic love" in it.

Love is not, according to Socrates, all the fair things that previous speakers have described it to be. There is a deeper truth about it, and Socrates says he heard it in youth from Diotima, the wise woman of Mantaneia. Love, so the story runs, has Poverty for his mother and Plenty for his father, and shows the traits of both his progenitors. His father begot him when he was drunk with the nectar of the gods. Love knows but does not possess the beautiful. All love is a longing for the beautiful, and a longing that it may be perennially ours.

We desire (again the language is Plato's) birth in beauty. For human beings are mortal and cannot possess

even beauty eternally. They can at best create it vicariously, through generation, reproduction in the flesh, in physical children; reproduction in the form of creation in art or thought or social institutions. Physical love itself is a passion for eternity, which is cunningly and indirectly attained through physical reproduction. But the union of love may generate noble thoughts and deeds and ideas. The fruit of physical passion may be something other than physical children. Plato nowhere denies sex or the senses. He simply points out what in the twentieth century Freud equally insists upon, that sexual passion may flower into subtler companionships, be sublimated, as the Freudian jargon runs, into ideal companionship, into the passionate devotion of two lovers for the world of their common ideals as well as for each other. One begins to see here where the modern popular notion of Platonic love can claim a modicum of support in Plato. But the difference must be noted as well as the resemblance. The lovers through their passion for each other come to have common passions and participate in ideal interests. They may come to have a common ecstacy for art, for social reform, for ideas. But it is their passion for each other that is the origin and the nourishment of the glamor with which love gilds the world they share together. It is their love for each other as well as the music of Beethoven that aureoles a concert for two lovers sitting by each other's side. Their love for each other, rooted in sex and in the senses, comes to light up the whole world of experience they traverse as one. And if one (or both) of them is a genius, as in the case of the Brownings, their love may have fruits in poetry or music or art as well as in physical children. Lovers—not "Platonic lovers"—in all times and places—have known what Plato was talking about.

If they have not known from this much and this part of Socrates' speech, they have surely recognized the truth and poetry of what follows. For what have gone before, as Diotima, the prophetess, said to Socrates, are only the lesser mysteries of love in which only the profane may enter. The inner mystery is what has come to be called the ladder of love in Plato, the steps by which the soul progresses in love. The substance of this eloquent passage in Socrates' speech dominated centuries later the imagination of Dante, and of poets writing in the English tongue from Milton to Shelley and to Elinor Wylie and Edna St. Vincent Millay in our own time and country. It is the hymn of love that begins in the rapt passion for one beautiful body, then comes to recognize and adore beauty in all bodies, in all objects, in institutions, even in ideas. As Edna St. Vincent Millay was to write nearly two thousand years later, "Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare."

Love begins in the senses, and rises lifted by the energy and glamor of physical passion, to a mystical absorption in that ideal Good, which is what the lover really loves in his beloved. Love ascends, like Shelley's skylark, into the empyrean and chants a hymn to the ideal. Love, Plato seems to suggest—and experience confirms him—may be idealized, intellectualized, even generalized. But Plato knew as well as Freud where love began. He knew better than Freud (and this is what gives him his immortal appeal to poets) where the glamor and energy of physical love could carry the lover, what unearthly fruits of the spirit this most lyrical of earthly passions could

give birth to. Earth's climax may be the rose, but without the earth to nourish it, the rose would not exist.

Plato maintains the same sensible equipoise between poetry and common sense in discussing the relations between lovers. In the intimacies of love, he says, the good are a law unto themselves. All he counsels is moderation, not repression. But while Plato is no "Platonic lover," he is at the same time equally far from being a vulgar sensualist. Bodily intimacy is the first step in love. It is not the whole of it. Intimacy without imagination, sensuality without companionship, physical excitement without fellowship, these quench and kill, rather than liberate and glorify the soul. Plato had more good sense on the the subject than "Platonic lovers" and libertines combined. He knew the power of physical love to enslave as well as to exalt, to brutalize as well as to humanize. He knew to what fine and to what base uses the physical stimulus and the physical momentum of sexual energies may be turned. He never denies the body's rapture. But out of the mutual ecstacy of sexual union, there may be generated the conversations of two souls who from feeling at one with and about each other may come to feel at one in the world and about the highest or deepest things. Lovers' bodies touch each other; their conversation may touch eternity.

It must further be remembered that Plato is a poetic mind trying to express in myth and metaphor the intransigeant compulsion of the acutest and most full blooded of human emotions. He is trying to account for the note of excess not to be borne and of nostalgia not to be defined which accompanies any more than casual stirring of the affections. In the *Phaedrus* he accounts for that excess and that nostalgia by a myth. The soul in falling in love is remembering. It is recalled by an earthly beauty, by the beautiful face of a creature fated to fade and to die, of a beauty unfading and immortal the soul had seen before birth. This Platonic doctrine of reminiscence has deeply colored English poetry, especially Wordsworth. A whole theory of metaphysics lies behind it. But it need not be taken too literally. It is Plato's way of saying that there is something about human love and the human beauty by which love is stirred that is not quite sufficient to account for the immortal longings, the inexpressible homesickness, the sense "of having been died for, though I know not when, having been longed for, though I know not where," that the lover feels about his beloved.

No earthly human being could be so utterly beautiful as to stir the beholder with a homesickness for Heaven. No human love could be explained in its intensity on purely human terms. Beauty here and now is the incarnation, fragmentary and imperfect, of beauty remembered, and love is a hushed inarticulate looking backward to that world of shining ideality where the soul was once at home. Such ideas are the expressions of a poet trying to utter the unutterable, of a lover trying to find reasons for the intensity of his feeling and the glamor with which he invests the object of his devotions.

But even here Plato's feet do not leave the ground, however far into the clouds his eyes may gaze. Love may be that of a glory recalled, but it is physical beauty that recalls the glory. Memories of eternity are stirred by the beautiful body here and now in space and time, and the longing for perfection is stimulated by that imperfect but lovely being who gilds the world of

present things with a passionate remembrance of Heaven.

Bodily love between two human beings was for Plato the most potent source of all idealism. It was the soil in which the rose of heavenly absorption came to flower, the earth in which the skylark was nourished and from which it rose to sing its song.

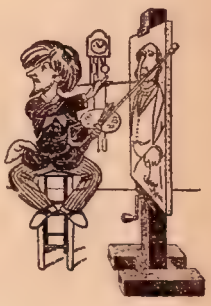
Plato was not the author of the anaemic abstraction that has become known as "Platonic love."

*Drawings by Caran d'Ache*

## The Most Unkindest Cut

Well, sir, if you have seen a horse, I mean his head, sir, you may say you have seen Wordsworth, sir.—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

A Pussy blinking on a sunny lawn.—GEORGE MOORE *of Keats.*



Both I and Theodore have originality, John Cowper has genius.
—LLEWELYN POWYS *of his brothers.*

Charles Lamb I sincerely believe to be in some considerable degree insane. A more pitiful, ricketty, gasping, staggering, stammering Tomfool I do not know. Poor Lamb! Poor England, when such a despicable abortion is named genius!
—THOMAS CARLYLE.

If it's Richard, then I prefer Wagner—if it's Strauss, then I prefer Johann.
—JOHANNES BRAHMS.

Within his skull, wolf-hounds are constantly racing at break-neck speed.
—TURGENIEV *of Tolstoi.*

He indulges in musical moans over spilt milk.
—LESLIE STEPHENS *of Matthew Arnold.*

A puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man hobbled about with us, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest.
—CARLYLE *of Coleridge.*

A wingless angel with an old maid's temperament.
—JAMES HUNEKER *of George Bernard Shaw.*

# A Resign

Postoffice Divan,
Laramie City, Wy., Oct. 1, 1883.

To The President of The United States:

Sir:

I beg leave at this time to officially tender my resignation as postmaster at this place, and in due form to deliver the great seal and the key to the front door of the office. The safe combination is set on the numbers 33, 66, and 99, though I do not remember at this moment which comes first, or how many times you revolve the knob, or which direction you should turn it at first in order to make it operate.

There is some mining stock in my private drawer in the safe, which I have not yet removed. This stock you may have, if you desire it. It is a luxury, but you may have it. I have decided to keep a horse instead of this mining stock. The horse may not be so pretty, but it will cost less to keep him.

You will find the postal cards that have not been used under the distributing table, and the coal down in the cellar. If the stove draws too hard, close the damper in the pipe and shut the general delivery window.

Looking over my stormy and eventful administration as postmaster here, I find abundant cause for thanksgiving. At the time I entered upon the duties of my office the department was not yet on a paying basis. It was not even self-sustaining. Since that time, with the active co-operation of the chief executive and the heads of the department, I have been able to make our postal system a paying one, and on top of that I am now able to reduce the tariff on average-sized letters from three cents to two. I might add that this is rather too too, but I will not say anything that might seem undignified in an official resignation which is to become a matter of history.

Through all the vicissitudes of a tempestuous term of office I have safely passed. I am able to turn over the office today in a highly improved condition, and to present a purified and renovated institution to my successor.

Acting under the advice of Gen. Hatton, a year ago, I removed the feather bed with which my predecessor, Deacon Hayford, had bolstered up his administration by stuffing the window, and substituted glass. Finding nothing in the book of instructions to postmasters which made the feather bed a part of my official duties, I filed it away in an obscure place and burned it in effigy, also in the gloaming. This act maddened my predecessor to such a degree, that he then and there became a candidate for justice of the peace on the Democratic ticket. The Democratic party was able, how-

ever, with what aid it secured from the Republicans, to plow the old man under to a great degree.

It was not long after I had taken my official oath before an era of unexampled prosperity opened for the American people. The price of beef rose to a remarkable altitude, and other vegetables commanded a good figure and a ready market. We then began to make active preparations for the introduction of the strawberry-roan two-cent stamps and the black-and-tan postal note. One reform has crowded upon the heels of another, until the country is today upon the foam-crested wave of permanent prosperity.

Mr. President, I cannot close this letter without thanking yourself and the heads of the departments at Washington for your active, cheery and prompt cooperation in these matters. You can do as you see fit, of course, about incorporating this idea into your Thanksgiving proclamation, but rest assured it would not be ill-timed or inopportune. It is not alone a credit to myself. It reflects credit upon the administration also.

I need not say that I herewith transmit my resignation with great sorrow and genuine regret. We have toiled on together month after month, asking for no reward except the innate consciousness of rectitude and the salary as fixed by law. Now we are to separate. Here the roads seem to fork, as it were, and you and I, and the cabinet, must leave each other at this point.

You will find the key under the door-mat, and you had better turn the cat out at night when you close the office. If she does not go readily, you can make it clearer to her mind by throwing the canceling stamp at her.

If Deacon Hayford does not pay up his box-rent, you might as well put his mail in the general delivery, and when Bob Head gets drunk and insists on a letter from one of his wives every day in the week, you can salute him through the box delivery with an old Queen Anne tomahawk, which you will find near the Etruscan water-pail. This will not in any manner surprise either of these parties.

Tears are unavailing. I once more become a private citizen, clothed only with the right to read such postal cards as may be addressed to me personally, and to curse the inefficiency of the postoffice department. I believe the voting class to be divided into two parties, viz: Those who are in the postal service, and those who are mad because they cannot receive a registered letter every fifteen minutes of each day, including Sunday.

Mr. President, as an official of this Government I now retire. My term of office would not expire until 1886. I must, therefore, beg pardon for my eccentricity in resigning. It will be best, perhaps, to keep the heart-breaking news from the ears of European powers until the dangers of a financial panic are fully past. Then hurl it broadcast with a sickening thud.

—*Bill Nye*

# The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc

SOME years after the death of the Maid of Orleans, her judges in their zeal to show posterity how correctly they had acted, edited a record of the trial. The presiding judge was Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais and tool of the English, who had sworn that if ever Jeanne fell into their hands they would burn her.

After the Maid was captured by the Burgundians, on May 22, 1430, the English purchased her for a considerable price and guarded her in a castle at Rouen, in an iron cage, attached at first by the neck, feet and hands, then later by handcuffs. During the three long trials, which lasted almost five months, Jeanne fought for her life while Cauchon tried to catch her in traps baited with pious exhortations. She emerges a figure of heroic simplicity and strength from the records with which the conscientious Bishop sought to weigh her down.

Following is a series of excerpts from the trial records, translated from the Latin and old French.

## *Accusation*

The clergy declare you to be a traitor, perfidious, cruel, desiring human bloodshed, seditious, an instigator of tyranny, a blasphemer of God's commandments and revelations . . . that you have given occasion for scandal that you have blasphemed; that you have erred from the faith. . . . The clergy affirm that if you had the revelations and saw the apparitions of which you boast in such a manner as you say, then you are an idolatress, an invoker of demons, an apostate from the faith, a maker of rash statements, a swearer of an unlawful oath.

## *Jeanne Is Required to Take the Oath*

We first of all required the aforementioned Jeanne to speak the simple and absolute truth on the questions put to her, and to make no reservation to her oath; and we thrice admonished her to do this. The said Jeanne answered: "Give me leave to speak" and then said: "By my faith, you could ask things such as I would not answer." . . . And she said that there was a saying among little children, "Men are sometimes hanged for telling the truth." . . .

## *Jean Is Examined*

Then at our instruction master Jean Beaupère began to examine her. Asked whether since Saturday she had heard her voice she answered: "Yes, truly, many times." Asked what the voice said to her, she answered: "It told me to answer you boldly." . . .

Asked if in her youth she had learned any craft, she said yes, to sew and spin;

Translated by
W. P. BARRETT

*Drawings by Frank Rennie*

and in sewing and spinning she feared no woman in Rouen. She added too, that as long as she was at home with her father she saw to the ordinary domestic tasks; and that she did not go to the fields to look after the sheep and other animals. Afterward she declared that at the age of thirteen she had a voice from God to help her and guide her. And the first time she was much afraid. And this voice came toward noon, in summer, in her father's garden. . . . Asked what instruction this voice gave her for the salvation of her soul, she said it taught her to be good and to go to church often; and it told her that she must come to France. . . .

Asked if God ordered her to wear a man's dress she answered that the dress is a small, nay, the least thing. Nor did she put on man's dress by the advice of any man whatsoever; she did not put it on, nor did she do aught, but by the command of God and the angels.

Asked whether it seemed to her that this command to assume male attire was lawful, she answered: "Everything I have done is at God's command; and if He had ordered me to assume a different habit, I should have done it, because it would have been His command." . . .

Asked whether she had a horse when she was taken, she answered that she was riding a horse then, a demi-charger. Asked who had given her this horse, she answered her king, or his people from the king's money, gave it to her; she had five chargers from the king's money, not counting her hacks, which were more than seven. Asked whether she had any other riches from her king, besides these horses, she answered that she asked nothing of her king except good arms, good horses, and money to pay the people of her household.

Asked whether she had no treasure, she answered that the ten or twelve thousand worth she had was not much to carry on a war with, very little indeed. . . .

Asked whether her own party firmly believed her to be sent from God, she answered: "I do not know whether they do, and I refer you to their own opinion; but if they do not, nevertheless I am sent from God."

Asked if she did not know the feeling of members of her party when they kissed her feet and her hands and her garments, she answered that many came to see her gladly, but they kissed her hands as little as she could help; but the poor folk gladly came to her, for she did them no unkindness, but helped them as much as she could. . . .

Asked whether it was for any merit of hers that God sent her His angel, she answered that he came for a great purpose, in hope that the king would believe the sign, and men would cease opposing her, and to help the good people of Orleans; and he came also for the merits of her king and the good Duke of Orleans. Asked why he had come to her rather than to another, she answered that it pleased God so to do by a simple maid, to drive back the king's enemies. . . .

Asked whether she had not said before the town of Paris: "Surrender this town, in Jesus' name!" she answered no, but she had said: "Surrender it to the king of France."

Asked if God hated the English, she answered that of God's love or His hatred for the English, or of what He would do to their souls, she knew nothing, but she was certain that excepting those who died there, they would be driven out of France, and God would send victory to the French and against the English. . . .

Asked if she had leave from God or from her voices to escape from prisons whenever it pleased her, she answered: "I have often asked for it, but so far I have not obtained it." Asked whether she would go now, if she saw her opportunity, she answered that if she saw the door open she would go; and it would be God's permission. And she firmly believes that if she saw the door open, and her keepers and the other English unable to resist, she would take it as her permission, and that God had sent her aid; but without leave she would not go, unless she made a forcible attempt to discover whether God was pleased, giving as reason this proverb in the French tongue: *Aide toy, Dieu te aidera* (help thyself and God will help thee). And this she said so that if she escaped none could say she did so without leave. . . .

And beyond this the voices told her . . . "Take everything peacefully; have no care for thy martyrdom; in the end thou shalt come to the Kingdom of Paradise." And this her voices told her simply and absolutely, that is, without faltering. And her martyrdom she called the pain and adversity which she suffers in prison; and she knows not whether she shall yet suffer greater adversity, but therein she commits herself to God.

## *From the Detailed Articles of the Charges*

"And the better and more easily to accomplish her plan, the said Jeanne required the said Captain to have a male costume made for her, with arms to match; which he did, reluctantly, and with great repugnance, finally consenting to her demand. When these garments and these arms were made, fitted and completed, the said Jeanne put off and entirely abandoned woman's clothes; with her hair cropped short, and round like a young fop's, she wore shirt, breeches, doublet, with hose joined together and fastened to the said

doublet by 20 points, long leggings laced on the outside, a short mantle reaching to the knees, or thereabouts, a close-cut cap, tight-fitting boots and buskins, long spurs, sword, dagger, breast-plate, lance and other arms in the style of a man-at-arms, with which she performed actions of war and affirmed that she was fulfilling the commands of God as they had been revealed to her." . . . Asked whether she took this dress and these arms and other uniform of war by God's command, she answers: "I refer as formerly to what I have already said in reply to this." . . .

"The said Jeanne, by consulting demons and employing spells, sent for a certain sword hidden in the church of Ste. Catherine de Fierbois, which she had maliciously and deceitfully hid or had hidden in this church, so that by misleading princes, nobles, clergy, and common folk, she might more easily induce them to believe that it was by revelation that she knew the sword was there, and they might more readily put absolute faith in her sayings." To this she answers . . . that she had a sword from the church of Ste. Catherine de Fierbois that she sent for when at Tours or Chinon; it was in the earth behind the altar, and immediately afterward the sword was found, all rusted. Asked how she knew the sword was there, she replied she knew through her voices, and said she had never seen the man she sent to fetch it. She wrote to the clergy asking if it was their pleasure she should have this sword, and they sent it to her. She thought it was not buried deep behind the altar; she did not know exactly whether it was in front or behind the altar, yet she thought it was behind. As soon as the sword was found, she added, the priests rubbed it and the rust fell off at once without effort. . . . She loved the sword, since it had been found in the church of Ste. Catherine whom she loved. . . .

"The said Jeanne, usurping the office of angels, said and affirmed she was sent from God, even in things tending openly to violence and to the spilling of human blood, which is absolutely contrary to holiness, and horrible and abominable to all pious minds."

To this Jeanne answers that she first asked for peace, but if peace was not agreed to, she was quite prepared to fight. . . .

"And Jeanne was required and admonished to speak the truth on many different points contained in her trial, which she had denied or to which she had given false replies . . . and she was told that if she did not confess them truthfully she would be put to the torture, the instruments of which were shown to her all ready in the tower. There were also present by our instruction men ready to put her to the torture in order to restore her to the way and knowledge of truth, and by this means to procure the salvation of her body and soul which by her lying inventions she exposed to such grave perils."

To which the said Jeanne answered in this manner: "Truly if you were to tear me limb from limb and separate my soul from my body, I would not tell you anything more: and if I did say anything, I should afterward declare that you had compelled me to say it by force." . . .

Seeing the hardness of her heart and her manner, we the said judges, fearing that the torments of torture would be of little profit to her decided to postpone their application until we had received more complete advice on the question. On Saturday following . . . we took counsel of the assessors and . . . concluded that it was neither neces-

sary nor expedient to submit her to the torture. . . .

### *Jeanne Recants*

On Thursday, we, the said judges, repaired in the morning to a public place, in the cemetery of the abbey of Saint-Ouen at Rouen, where the said Jeanne was present before us on a scaffold or platform. First we had a solemn sermon pronounced by master Guillaume Erart, for the admonition of the said Jeanne and of the great multitude of people present. . . .

When the sermon was over he addressed Jeanne in these terms: "Behold my lords your judges who have repeatedly summoned and required you to submit all your words and deeds to Our Holy Mother Church, showing and pointing out to you that in the opinion of the clergy many things are to be found in your words and deeds which it is good neither to affirm nor uphold."

To which Jeanne replied: "I will answer you. . . . Let all that I have said and done be sent to Rome to our Holy Father the Pope to whom after God I refer myself. As for my words and deeds, they were done at God's command." . . .

Asked whether she would revoke all her words and deeds which are disapproved of by the clergy, she answered: "I refer me to God and to our Holy Father the Pope."

Then she was told that this would not suffice, that it was not possible to seek Our Holy Father the Pope at such a distance. . . . Therefore she must needs submit to Our Holy Mother Church, and hold as true all that the clergy and other authorities had said and decided concerning her words and deeds. Whereupon she was admonished by three admonitions.

Then, as this woman would say no more, we the said bishop began to read the final sentence. When we had already completed the greater part of the reading, Jeanne began to speak, and said she would hold all that the Church should ordain, all that her judges should say and decree and would obey our ordinance and will in all things. She said repeatedly that inasmuch as the clergy had pronounced that her revelations and apparitions were not to be upheld or believed, she would not maintain them; but would refer in all things to her judges and our Holy Mother Church.

Then in the presence of the aforenamed and before a great multitude of people and clergy, she made and pro-

*They rubbed the sword and the rust fell off at once without effort.*

*"Men are sometimes hanged for telling the truth," she said in answer.*

nounced her recantation and abjuration, according to the formula of a certain schedule written in French which was then read, which she uttered with her own lips and signed with her own hand. . . .

And lastly, after we the judges had received her recantation and abjuration, we the said bishop pronounced our definitive sentence: ". . . According to the form appointed by ecclesiastical sanctions we unbind you by these presents from the bonds of excommunication which enchained you, on condition that you return to the Church with a true heart and sincere faith. . . . But inasmuch as you have rashly sinned against God and the Holy Church, we finally and definitely condemn you for salutary penance to perpetual imprisonment, with the bread of sorrow and water of affliction, that you may weep for your faults and never henceforth commit anything to occasion weeping."

In the afternoon of the same day we repaired to the prison where Jeanne then was. We explained to her how God had on this day been most merciful to her; how it was right that she, Jeanne, should humbly submit to and obey the sentence and should altogether abandon her errors and her former inventions. . . . Moreover she was told that she must put off her male costume and take woman's dress, as the Church had commanded.

Jeanne answered that she would willingly wear woman's dress, and in all things obey and submit to the clergy. She was given woman's dress which she put on immediately she had taken off the male costume: she desired and allowed her hair, which had hitherto been cut short round the ears, to be shaved off and removed.

## *The Trial For Relapse*

On Monday following, we the said judges repaired to Jeanne's prison to observe her state and disposition. . . . Now because the said Jeanne was wearing a man's dress, a short mantle, a hood, a doublet and other garments used by men (which at our order she had recently put off in favor of woman's dress), we questioned her to find out when and for what reason she had resumed man's dress and rejected woman's clothes. Jeanne said she had but recently resumed man's dress and rejected woman's clothes. . . .

Asked for what reason she had assumed male costume, she answered that it was more lawful and convenient for her to wear it, since she was among

men, than to wear woman's dress. She said she had resumed it because the promises made to her had not been kept, which were to permit her to go to Mass and receive her Savior, and to take off her chains. . . .

As we her judges had heard from certain people that she had not yet cut herself off from her illusions and pretended revelations, which she had previously renounced, we asked her whether she had not since Thursday heard the voices of Ste. Catherine and Ste. Margaret. She answered yes.

Asked what they told her, she answered that they told her God had sent her word of the great pity of this treason by which she consented to abjure and recant in order to save her life; that she had damned herself to save her life. . . . She said that what she had declared and recanted on Thursday was done only for fear of the fire. . . . She recanted nothing which was not against the truth. She said she would rather do penance once for all, that is die, than endure any longer the suffering of her prison. She said that whatever they had made her deny she had never done anything against God or the faith: she did not understand what was in the formula of abjuration. She said she did not mean to revoke anything except at God's good pleasure. If the judges wished, she would once more wear woman's dress, but for the rest she would do no more.

After hearing these declarations we left her to proceed further according to law and reason.

[*The judges' idea of law and reason was to hand Jeanne over to the secular power, "praying this same secular power on this side of death and the mutilation of her limbs to moderate its judgment, and if true signs of repentance appear to permit the sacrament of penance to be administered." Two days later on May 30, 1431, she was burned at the stake.*]

## Jazz—An Early Protest

THE degenerate music which now prevails, degrading all the arts connected with it, and more especially that of dancing, has divided itself from the ancient style, which was altogether divine, and becoming associated with triflers and vulgar poets, has obtained possession of our theaters, where it excites such an extravagant admiration that it is enabled to exercise a complete tyranny on the stage. But at the same time it has lost the approbation of those also, who by their wisdom and their virtue ought to be considered the best judges of what is decorous and proper.—PLUTARCH.

*Charles A. Wilkinson, in "The Woodcut Annual for 1925."*

# The Western Islands

By JOHN MASEFIELD

"ONCE there were two sailors; and one of them was Joe, and the other one was Jerry, and they were fishermen. And they'd a young apprentice-feller, and his name was Jim. And Joe was a great one for his pot, and Jerry was a wonder at his pipe; and Jim did all the work, and both of them banged him. So one time Joe and Jerry were in the beerhouse, and there was a young parson there, telling the folks about foreign things, about plants and that. 'Ah,' he says, 'what wonders there are in the West!'

"'What sort of wonders, begging your pardon, sir?' says Joe. 'What sort of wonders might them be?'

"'Why, all sorts of wonders,' says the parson. 'Why, in the West,' he says, 'there's things you wouldn't believe. No, you wouldn't believe; not till you'd seen them,' he says. 'There's diamonds growing on the trees. And great, golden, glittering pearls as common as pea-straw. And there's islands in the West. Ah, I could tell you of them. Islands? I rather guess there's islands. None of your Isles of Man. None of your Alderney and Sark. Not in them seas.'

"'What sort of islands might they be, begging your pardon, sir?' says Jerry.

"'Why,' he says (the parson feller says) 'ISLANDS. Islands as big as Spain. Islands with rivers of rum and streams of sarsaparilla. And none of your roses. Rubies and ame-thynes is all the roses grows in them parts. With

golden stalks to them, and big diamond sticks to them, and the taste of pork-crackling if you eat them. They're the sort of roses to have in your area,' he says.

"'And what else might there be in them parts, begging your pardon, sir?' says Joe.

"'Why,' he says, this parson says, 'there's wonders. There's not only wonders but miracles. And not only miracles, but sperrits.'

"'What sort of sperrits might they be, begging your pardon?' says Jerry. 'Are they rum and that?'

"'When I says sperrits,' says the parson feller, 'I mean ghosts.'

"'Of course ye do,' says Joe.

"'Yes, ghosts,' says the parson. 'And by ghosts I mean sperrits. And by sperrits I mean white things. And by white things I mean things as turn your hair white. And there's red devils there, and blue devils there, and a great gold queen a-waiting for a man to kiss her. And the first man as dares to kiss that queen, why he becomes king, and all her sacks of gold become his.'

"'Begging your pardon, sir,' said Jerry, 'but whereabouts might these here islands be?'

"'Why, in the West,' says the parson. 'In the West, where the sun sets.'

"'Ah,' said Joe and Jerry. 'What wonders there are in the world.'

"Now, after that, neither one of them could think of anything but these here western islands. So at last they take their smack, and off they go in search of them. And Joe had a barrel of beer in the bows, and Jerry had a box of twist in the waist, and pore little Jim stood and steered abaft all. And in the evenings Jerry and Joe would bang their pannikins together, and sing of the great times they meant to have when they were married to the queen. Then they would clump pore little Jim across the head, and tell him to watch out, and keep her to her course, or they'd ride him down like you would a main tack. And he'd better mind his eye, they told him, or they'd make him long to be boiled and salted. And he'd better put more sugar in the tea, they said, or they'd cut him up for cod-bait. And who was he, they asked, to be wanting meat for dinner, when there was that much weevilly biscuit in the bread-barge? And boys was going to the dogs, they said, when limbs the like of him had the heaven-born insolence to want to sleep. And a nice pass things was coming to, they said, when a lad as they'd done everything for, and saved, so to speak, from the workhouse, should go for to snivel when they hit him a clip. If they'd said a word, when they was hit, when they was boys, they told him, they'd have had their bloods drawed, and been stood in the wind to cool. But let him take heed, they said, and be a good lad, and do the work of five, and they wouldn't half wonder, they used to say, as he'd be a man before his mother.

"So the sun shone, and the stars came out golden, and all the sea was a sparkle of gold with them. Blue was the sea, and the wind blew, too, and it blew Joe and Jerry west as fast as a cat can eat sardines.

"And one fine morning the wind fell calm, and a pleasant smell came over the water, like nutmegs on a rum-milk-punch. Presently the dawn broke. And, lo and behold, a rousing great wonderful island, all scarlet with coral and with rubies. The surf that was beating on her sands went shattering into silver coins, into dimes, and pesetas, and francs, and fourpenny bits. And the

flowers on the cliffs was all one gleam and glitter. And the beauty of that island was a beauty beyond the beauty of Sally Brown, the lady as kept the beerhouse. And on the beach of that island, on a golden throne, like, sat a woman so lovely that to look at her was as good as a church-service for one.

" 'That's the party I got to kiss,' said Jerry. 'Steady, and beach her, Jim, boy,' he says. 'Run her ashore, lad. That's the party is to be my queen.'

" 'You've got a neck on you, all of a sudden,' said Joe. 'You ain't the admiral of this fleet. Not by a wide road you ain't. I'll do all the kissing as there's any call for. You keep clear, my son.'

"Here the boat ran her nose into the sand, and the voyagers went ashore.

" 'Keep clear, is it?' said Jerry. 'You tell me to keep clear? You tell me again, and I'll put a head on you—I'll make you sing like a kettle. Who are you to tell me to keep clear?'

" 'I tell you who I am,' said Joe. 'I'm a better man than you are. That's what I am. I'm Joe the Tank, from Limehouse Basin, and there's no tinker's donkey-boy'll make me stand from under. Who are you to go kissing queens? Who are you that talk so proud and so mighty? You've a face on you would make a Dago tired. You look like a seasick Kanaka that's boxed seven rounds with a buzz-saw. You've no more manners than a hog, and you've a lip on you would fetch the enamel off a cup.'

" 'If it comes to calling names,' said Jerry, 'you ain't the only pebble on the beach. Whatever you might think, I tell you you ain't. You're the round turn and two-half hitches of a figure of fun as makes the angels weep. That's what you are. And you're the right-hand strand, and the left-hand strand, and the center strand, and the core, and the serving, and the marling, of a three-stranded, left-handed, poorly worked junk of a half begun and never finished odds and ends of a Port Mahon soldier. You look like a Portuguese drummer. You've a whelky red nose that shines like a port sidelight. You've a face like a muddy field where they've been playing football in the rain. Your hair is an insult and a shame. I blush when I look at you. You give me a turn like the first day out to a first voyager. Kiss, will you? Kiss? Man, I tell you you'd paralyze a shark if you kissed him. Paralyze him, strike him cold. That's what a kiss of yours'd do.'

" 'You ought to a been a parson,' said Joe, 'that's what you'd ought. There's many would a paid you for talk like that. But for all your fine talk, and for all your dandy language, you'll not come the old soldier over me. No, nor ten of you. *You* talk of kissing, when there's a handsome young man, the likes of me, around? Neither you nor ten of you. To hear you talk one'd think you was a Emperor or a Admiral. One would think you was a Bishop or a King. One might mistake you for a General or a Member of Parliament. You might. Straight, you might. A General or a Bishop or a King. And what are you? What are you? I ask you plain. What are you?—I'll tell you what you are.'

" 'YOU'RE him as hired himself out as a scarecrow, acos no one'd take you as a fo'c's'le hand. You're him as give the colic to the weather-cock. You're him as turned old Mother Bomby's beer. You're him as drowned the duck and stole the monkey. You're him as got the medal give him for having a face that made the bull tame. You're——'

" 'Now don't you cast no more to me,'

said Jerry. 'For I won't take no lip from a twelve-a-shilling, cent-a-corner, the likes of you are. You're the clippings of old junk, what the Dagoes smokes in cigarettes. A swab, and a wash-deck-broom, and the half of a pint of paint'd make a handsomer figger of a man than what you are. I've seen a coir whisk, what they grooms a mule with, as had a sweeter face than you got. So stand aside, before you're put aside. I'm the king of this here island. You can go chase yourself for another. Stand clear, I say, or I'll give you a jog'll make your bells ring.'

"Now, while they were argufying, young Jim, the young apprentice-feller, he creeps up to the queen upon the throne.

"She was beautiful, she was, and she shone in the sun, and she looked straight ahead of her like a wax-work in a show. And in her hand she had a sack full of jewels, and at her feet she had a sack full of gold, and by her side was an empty throne ready for the king she married. But round her right hand there was a red snake, and round her left hand there was a blue snake, and the snakes hissed and twisted, and they showed their teeth full of poison. So Jim looked at the snakes, and he hit them a welt, right and left, and he kissed the lady.

"And immediately all the bells and the birds of the world burst out a-ringing and a-singing. The lady awoke from her sleep, and Jim's old clothes were changed to cloth of gold. And there he was, a king, on the throne beside the lady.

"But the red snake turned to a big red devil who took a hold of Joe, and the blue snake turned to a big blue devil, who took a hold of Jerry. And 'Come you here, you brawling pugs,' they said, 'come and shovel sand.' And Joe and Jerry took the spades that were given to them. And 'Dig, now,' said the devils. 'Heave round. Let's see you dig. Dig, you scarecrows. And tell us when you've dug to London.' "

# The Two

*Boris Artzybasheff*

By HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

Translated by Olga Erbsloh Muller

She bore the cup filled to the brim,
Her mouth was like its ruby rim.
So light and certain was her tread
No drop from out the cup was shed.

So light and steady was his hand!
He held with half unmindful reining
The proud, young horse beneath him straining,
Compelled it quivering to stand.

But when from out her waiting hand
The brimming cup he would have taken
They found it both a task indeed
And trembled both and were so shaken
That neither hand the other's found
And purple wine bestained the ground.

The Surprise Selection in Guest-Editor Erskine's list—and One that Is as Sound as It Is Surprising

# Naaman, the Leper

Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valor; but he was a leper.

And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife.

And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy.

And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel.

And the king of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment.

And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.

And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha.

And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come

again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.

But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper.

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned, and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?

Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came and stood before him: and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant.

But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused.

And Naaman said, Shall there not then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord.

In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing.

And he said unto him, Go in peace. So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought; but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him.

So Gehazi followed after Naaman. And when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, Is all well?

And he said, All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.

And Naaman said, Be content, take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him.

And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house: and he let the men go, and they departed.

But he went in, and stood before his master. And Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither.

And he said unto him, Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants?

The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

One of the World's Choice Gossips Tells of a Rare Phenomenon—a Boy Wonder who Grew up to be a Great Man

# John Milton

By JOHN AUBREY

Mr. John Milton was of an Oxfordshire familie. His grandfather was a Roman Catholic of Holton, in Oxfordshire, near Shotover.

His father was brought-up in the University of Oxon, at Christ Church, and his grandfather disinherited him because he kept not to the Catholique religion. So therupon he came to London, and became a Scrivener (brought up by a friend of his; was not an apprentice), and gott a plentiful estate by it, and left it off many yeares before he dyed.—He was an ingeniose man; delighted in musique; composed many songs now in print, especially that of *Oriana*. I have been told that the father composed a song of fourscore parts for the Lantgrave of Hess, for which his Highnesse sent a meddall of gold, or a noble present. He dyed about 1647; buried in Cripplegate Church, from his house in the Barbican.

His son John was borne the 9th of December, 1608, *die Veneris*, half an hour after 6 in the morning, in Bread Street, in London, at the Spread Eagle, which was his house (he had also in that street another howse, the Rose; and other houses in other places).

He went to School to old Mr. Gill, at Paule's Schoole. Went at his owne chardge only, to Christ's College in Cambridge at fifteen, where he stayed eight yeares at least. Then he travelled into France and Italie (had Sir H. Wotton's commendatory letters). At Geneva he contracted a great friendship with the learned Dr. Deodati of Geneva:—*vide* his Poems. He was acquainted with Sir Henry Wotton, Ambassador at Venice, who delighted in his company. He was severall yeares beyond Sea, and returned to England just upon the breaking-out of the Civill Warres.

From his brother, Christopher Milton:—when he went to schoole, when he was very young, he studied very

hard, and sate-up very late, commonly till twelve or one a clock at night, and his father ordered the mayde to sitt-up for him, and in those yeares (10) composed many copies of verses which might well become a riper age. And was a very hard student in the University, and performed all his exercises there with very good applause. His first tutor there was Mr. Chapell; from whom receiving some unkindnesse (whipt him) he was afterwards (though it seemed contrary to the Rules of the College) transferred to the tuition of one Mr. Tovell, who dyed Parson of Lutterworth.

He went to travell about the year 1638 and was abroad about a year's space, chiefly in Italy. Immediately after his return he took up a lodging at Mr. Russell's, a Taylour, in St. Bride's Churchyard, and took into his tuition his sisters two sons, Edward and John Philips, the first 10, the other 9 years of age; and in a year's time made them capable of interpreting a Latin authour at sight, *etc.* And within three years they went through the best of Latin and Greek poets. As he was severe on one hand, so he was most familiar and free in his conversation to those whome most sowre in his way of education. N. B., he mad his nephews songsters, and sing, from the time they were with him.

His first wife (Mrs. Powell, a Royalist) was brought up and lived where there was a great deale of company and merriment, dancing, *etc.* And when she came to live with her husband, at Mr. Russell's, in St. Bride's Churchyard, she found it very solitary; no company came to her; oftimes heard his nephews beaten and cry. This life was irkesome to her, and so she went to her parents at Fost-hill. He sent for her, after some time; and I thinke his servant was evilly entreated: but as for matter of wronging his bed, I never heard the least suspicions; nor had he, of that, any Jealousie.

Two opinions doe not well on the same boulster; she was a Royalist, and went to her mother to the King's quarters, neer Oxford. I have perhaps so much charity to her that she might not wrong his bed: but what man, especially contemplative, would like to have a young wife environ'd and storm'd by the Sons of Mars, and those of the enemi partie? He parted from her and wrote the Triplechord about divorce.

Hath two daughters living: Deborah was his amanuensis (he taught her Latin, and to read Greeke to him when he had lost his eie-sight).

He had a midde wife, whose name was Katharin Woodcock. No child living by her.

He married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, the year before the Sicknesse: a gent. person, a peacefull and agreable humour.

His sight began to faile him at first upon his writing against Salmasius, and before 'twas fully compleated one eie absolutely failed. Upon the writing of other bookes, after that, his other eie decayed. His eie-sight was decaying about 20 yeares before his death. His father read without spectacles at 84. His mother had very weake eies, and used spectacles presently after she was thirty yeares old.

He was a spare man. He was scarce so tall as I am—*quaere,* quot feet I am high: resp., of middle stature.

He had abroun hayre. His complexion exceeding faire—he was so faire that they called him the Lady of Christ's College. Ovall face. His eie a darke gray.

He had a delicate tuneable voice, and

had good Skill. His father instructed him. He had an Organ in his howse; he played on that most. Of a very cheerfull humour.—He would be cheerfull even in his Gowte-fitts, and sing.

He was very healthy and free from all diseases; seldome tooke any physique (only sometimes he tooke manna): only towards his latter end he was visited with the Gowte, spring and fall.

He had a very good Memorie; but I believe that his excellent method of thinking and disposing did much to helpe his Memorie.

He pronounced the letter R (*littera canina*) very hard—a certaine signe of a satyricall Witt—from John Dreyden.

His widowe haz his picture, drawne very well and like, when a Cambridge schollar, which ought to be engraven; for the pictures before his bookes are not at all like him.

His exercise was chiefly walking. He was an early riser (*Scil.* at 4 a clock *manè*); yea, after he lost his sight. He had a man read to him. The first thing he read was the Hebrew Bible, and that was at 4 h. *manè*, ½ h. plus. Then he contemplated.

At 7 his man came to him again, and then read to him again, and wrote till dinner; the writing was as much as the reading. His (2) daughter, Deborah, could read to him Latin, Italian and French, and Greeke. Maried in Dublin to one Mr. Clarke (sells silke, *etc.*); very like her father. The other sister is Mary, more like her mother.

After dinner he used to walke three or four houres at a time (he alwayes had a garden where he lived); went to bed about 9.

Temperate man, rarely dranke between meales. Extreme pleasant in his conversation, and at dinner, supper, *etc.;* but satyricall.

All the time of writing his *Paradise Lost,* his veine began at the Autumnall Aequinoctiall, and ceased at the Vernall (or thereabouts: I believe about May); and this was 4 or 5 yeares of his doeing it. He began about 2 yeares before the King came-in, and finished about three yeares after the King's restauracion.

In the 4th booke of *Paradise Lost* there are about six verses of Satan's exclamation to the sun, which Mr. E. Philips remembers about 15 or 16 yeares before ever his poem was thought of, which verses were intended for the beginning of a Tragoedie which he had designed, but was diverted from it by other businesse.

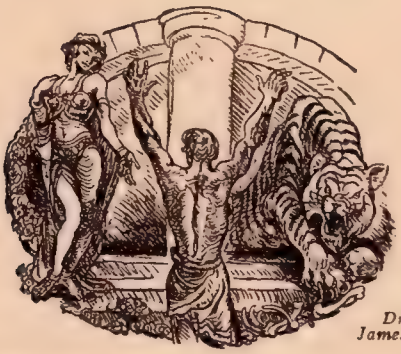
He was visited much by the learned; more than he did desire. He was mightily importuned to goe into France and Italie. Foraigners came much to see him, and much admired him, and offer'd to him great preferments to come over to them; and the only inducement of severall foreigners that came over into England, was chiefly to see Oliver Protector, and Mr. John Milton; and would see the hous and chamber wher he was borne. He was much more admired abrode then at home.

His familiar learned acquaintance were Mr. Andrew Marvell, Mr. Skinner, Dr. Pagett, M.D.

John Dreyden, esq., Poet Laureate, who very much admires him, went to him to have leave to putt his *Paradise Lost* into a Drama in rhymne. Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tagge his verses.

His widowe assures me that Mr. T. Hobbs was not one of his acquaintance, that her husband did not like him at all, but he would acknowledge him to be a man of great parts, and a learned man. Their interests and tenets did run counter to each other; *vide* in Hobbes *Behemoth.*

# The Lady, or the Tiger?



*Drawing by James Daugherty*

By FRANK STOCKTON

In the very olden time, there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid and untrammeled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing; and, when he and himself agreed upon any thing, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight, and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and

develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheater, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

WHEN a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena—a structure which well deserved its name; for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheater. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial, to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased: he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But, if the accused person opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects; and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection: the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood, side by side; and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady: he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of

one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty; and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan; for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom; and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion; and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king. In after-years such things became commonplace enough; but then they were, in no slight degree, novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges, in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else thought of denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of; and the king would take an æsthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

THE appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena; and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors—those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king: but he did not think at all of that royal personage; his eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature, it is probable that lady would not have been there; but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth, that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done—she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms, that lay behind those doors, stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady.

Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them; but gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her.

OFTEN had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the

moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity? And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right. The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door—the lady, or the tiger?

◆ ◆

*The fickleness of the women I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me.*—G. B. Shaw.

By ANDRE MAUROIS

# Advice to a Young Frenchman Starting for England

You are going to dwell in a far country, remote not in miles (it is a shorter journey than from Paris to Lyons) but in ideas and customs. You are going to dwell in a difficult, mysterious land. During the first days you will think: "The attempt is hopeless; I shall never know them; they will never understand me; the gulf is too wide to be bridged." Rest easy. It can be bridged. Tell yourself that, once they have adopted you, they will be your staunchest friends. Read Lawrence's book *Revolt in the Desert,* and you will see how that Englishman went back alone into a dangerous desert to hunt for a nameless Arab left behind by the caravan. Such is the friendship of the best among them. I put it to the test during the War. It is worthy of being won, even at the cost of some effort. Think also that in spite of this apparent difficulty you need but observe a few rules in order not to affright them.

## Clothes

Just two principles. Dress as they do; dress simply. As they do—because they are conformists. If you go golfing in riding-breeches, or if you turn up to dine at a regimental mess in knickerbockers, you will shock and sadden them. But you will shock them far more if you have the bad taste to be overdressed. Here, let no clothes be too perfect, no boots too new. Miss Harrison, in her *Reminiscences of a Student's Life,* tells of the pleasure she experi-

enced on seeing the Duke of Devonshire come to receive the degree of doctor *honoris causa* at Cambridge in boots so "holy" that his socks showed through. "By those socks," she says, "I knew him for truly ducal." Do not think you should dress like the Englishman abroad. In London the Englishman ceases to be abroad; follow his lead and dress as in Paris.

### Conversation

So long as you have not found your depth, speak little. Nobody will take your silence amiss. When you have held your tongue for three years, they will think: "This is a nice quiet young fellow." Be modest. An Englishman will tell you: "I've got a little place in the country"; when he invites you down, you will discover the little place to be a mansion with three hundred rooms. If you are world's champion at tennis, say: "Yes, I play a pretty fair game." If you have crossed the Atlantic all by yourself, say: "Yes, I do a little sailing." If you have written books, say nothing. They will, themselves, find out your qualities in time, and will say to you laughingly: "I have heard thing's about you"; they will be pleased with you. If you are treated unjustly (this will happen; unjust they occasionally are), go straight to them and explain wherein you think them in the wrong. The chances are they will admit it. They are keen on playing the game. If France is attacked in your presence, counter-attack brutally; you will go up one.

A golden rule: never ask questions. I lived six months in the same tent as an Englishman and shared his tub; he never inquired whether I was married, what I did in peace time, or what books I was reading. If you must tell your secrets, you will be listened to with polite indifference. Beware of confidences regarding others. Tittle-tattle exists here as elsewhere, but it is both uncommoner and more serious. There is no mean between silence and scandal. Prefer silence.

Do not imagine your intellectual worth will bring you any prestige (except in a very small set in London and at the Universities). One thing only matters: your character. I do not think you can so much as conceive the contempt in which Englishmen of a certain type hold literary culture. You are going to a country where a man will frankly say to an author: "Books? I have never read a single one. When I try, I at once realize that nothing I read sticks. . . . So, what's the use?" However, they leave you free to read and chaff you gently if you do, much as one might chaff a collector of rhinoceros-horns. But they find the rhinoceros-taste more intelligible.

Last night I was endeavoring to converse with a young Englishman who had just finished his second year at Cambridge about the distinguished professors I know there. He had not even heard their names. "Of course," he said, "I took up rowing at once, and if you go in for it seriously, you live in a very restricted circle." Whereupon he inveighed against the latest generation, complaining that they had been spoiled by dancing and the light car and shirked working for their colleges. "Working" took me aback coming from his lips. I questioned him. He meant rugger. I felt reassured.

Side by side with the "athletic" you must get to know the "aesthetic" type. The classification is due to Jean Fayard: it is correct. In the small intellectual set to which I have referred, you will long feel at a disadvantage. Cultivated Englishmen are rare, but their culture is

exquisite; their epigrams are swift and subtle, their taste fastidious and sound. They are contemptuous and delightful, a dangerous blend for your vanity. You will yearn to please them but will find it difficult to strike the right note. Seek for it in a mixture of nonchalance and precosity. Write an essay on cocktails, another on the Chinese poets. Between them and you, supposing you read them aright, Proust may prove a solid bond. He is the one great Frenchman who comes near them. As for your reading, they will be your guides. I recommend you Forster, Virginia Woolf, David Garnett, and all the Sitwells. Maurice Baring's novels will furnish you with a true picture of this Racinian side of English society.

When you want to convince them, do not argue too well. Being a Frenchman, you will imagine you have scored completely having demonstrated that you are right. It leaves them cold whether logic shows them to be right or wrong. On the contrary, they mistrust too perfect reasoning. At Geneva, when our delegates handed them the protocol of disarmament, they rejected it because it was clear. "It will never work," they said. What they like is a policy which has stood the test of time, ancient maxims, and rooted habits. To induce them to do something new, show them that they have been doing it all along. Put your logic out to grass during your whole stay.

### Activity

Do not work too much. Above all do not be what they call "fussy." Wait till you are asked to do things. Do not with intemperate eagerness rush to meet your task. "Are they idlers?" you ask. Yes, somewhat; but their main idea is that the desire to do too much smacks of pride. See how they walk; rather slowly, with strides too long. Thus it is that they go ahead in life. They are not fond of hustling fate. In the army they always told me never to refuse a mission, but never to ask for one. They are ambitious like all men, but they are not bad at concealing it.

### Justice

Do no murder in England. You will be hanged for it. With a French jury, provided you have a little imagination, a romantic face, and clever counsel, you can save your neck without much trouble. The twelve English jurors will listen with wrathful astonishment to the story of your sentimental pains and will cause you to be hanged by the neck until you be dead. It is true that a Frenchwoman arraigned for murder was acquitted by them; but then she had merely killed an Egyptian. Be prudent. Avoid their courts of law. Their judges are terrible and will hold you guilty before you have opened your mouth. Their barristers cross-examine with such diabolical skill that, in order to escape the hail of questions, you will confess to having taken Nelson's column. Bear in mind that respect for the law is greater here than elsewhere. In English, "Keep off the grass" does not mean *"Marchez sur ce gazon."*

### Food

Before setting out you will have been told that food in England is bad. True, cooks and chefs are not up to the French mark. But if you know how to lay out your hunger wisely, you will manage to feed to perfection. Here there are two meals that are first-class: breakfast and tea; one that is middling: lunch; one that is bad: dinner. Reserve your appetite for the two former. Learn to experience new pleasures: porridge, haddock, marmalade. At lunch feed on the

great red joint of beef or admirable rosy ham. Manfully thrust the pudding far from you saying firmly, "I don't care for sweets." In England every second shop is a "sweet" shop and yet Englishmen despise sweets. Leave them to children and women.

Adopt the beverages of the country. Of whisky they will tell you it is a "clean drink." That is true; it will leave your head clear, your tongue straight, and your body warmed. Their beers are good, but beware of drinking them as you would our beers of Northern France. During the War the Tommies would say to me wistfully: "You can't get boozed on French beer!" Perhaps it is true. But do not forget that a Frenchman can get tipsy on English beer. Accept their champagne; they know it well. Train yourself to drinking a cocktail before dinner, several wines during the dinner, port after dinner, whisky at ten P.M.; you will make small headway in their esteem if you remain a water-drinker. Disraeli when negotiating with Bismarck forced himself to smoke although it made him ill. "In such circumstances," he said, "the man who does not smoke seems to be keeping watch on the other." Moreover you will take to it, and their port—very dry—is capital. But, above all, rejoice in the beholding of things. You will love the landscapes which look as if they have been painted by Constable or Gainsborough. You will love the gardens, which are a trifle wild, and the thick close-cropped lawns. You will love London which, amid its gray-gold haze, with the red smudges of its motor-buses and the dark smudges of its policemen, is like a huge Turner. You will love its theaters with their comfortable stalls, pretty attendants, and short intervals.

You will love its book-shops, appetizing and multicolored as its shops full of exotic fruits, and especially will you love the books . . . only say it not.

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# Brahma

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

# Love in Old Cloathes

## A Don Quixote of the Brave Eighties Goes Forth to Victory and Romance

By H. C. BUNNER

New Yorke,
1st Aprile, 1883.

The worste of my ailment is this, that it groweth not Less with much nursinge, but is like to those fevres which the leeches Starve, 'tis saide, for that the more Bloode there be in the Sicke man's Bodie, the more foode is there for the Distemper to feede upon.—And it is moste fittinge that I come backe to this my Journall (wherein I have not writt a Lyne these manye months) on the 1st of Aprile, beinge in some Sort myne owne foole and the foole of Love, and a poore Butt on whome his hearte hath play'd a Sorry tricke.—

For it is surelie a strange happenninge, that I, who am ofte accompted a man of the Worlde, (as the Phrase goes,) sholde be soe Overtaken and caste downe lyke a Schooleboy or a countrie Bumpkin, by a meere Mayde, & sholde set to Groaninge and Sighinge, &, for that She will not have me Sighe to Her, to Groaninge and Sighinge on paper, which is the greter Foolishnesse in Me, that some one maye reade it Here-after, who hath taken his dose of the same Physicke, and made no Wrye faces over it; in which case I doubte I shall be much laugh'd at.—Yet soe much am I a foole, and soe enamour'd of my Foolishnesse, that I have a sorte of Shamefull Joye in tellinge, even to my Journall, that I am mightie deepe in Love withe the yonge Daughter of Mistresse French, and all maye knowe what an Angell is the Daughter, since I have chose Mrs. French for my

Mother in Lawe.—(Though she will have none of my choosinge.)—and I likewise take comforte in the Fancie, that this poore Sheete, whereon I write, may be made of the Raggs of some lucklesse Lover, and maye the more readilie drinke up my complaininge Inke.—

This muche I have learnt that Fraunce distilles not, nor the Indies growe not, the Remedie for my Aile.—For when I first became sensible of the folly of my Suite, I tooke to drynkinge & smoakinge, thinkinge to cure my minde, but all I got was a head ache, for fellowe to my Hearte ache.—A sorrie Payre!—I then made Shifte, for a while, withe a Bicycle, but breakinge of Bones mendes no breakinge of Heartes, and 60 myles a Daye bringes me no nearer to a Weddinge.—This being Lowe Sondaye, (which my Hearte telleth me better than the Allmanack,) I will goe to Churche; wh. I maye chaunce to see her.—Laste weeke, her Eastre bonnett vastlie pleas'd me, beinge most cunninglie devys'd in the mode of oure Grandmothers, and verie lyke to a coales Scuttle, of white satine.—

2nd Aprile.

I trust I make no more moane, than is just for a man in my case, but there is small comforte in lookinge at the backe of a white Satine bonnett for two Houres, and I maye saye as much. —Neither any cheere in Her goinge out of the Churche, & Walkinge downe the Avenue, with a Puppe by the name of Williamson.

4th Aprile.

Because a man have a Hatt with a Brimme to it like the Poope-Decke of a Steam-Shippe, and breeches lyke the Case of an umbrella, and have loste money on Hindoo, he is not therefore in the beste Societie.—I made this observation, at the Clubbe, last nighte, in the hearinge of Williamson, who made a mightie Pretence to reade the Spirit of the Tymes.—I doubte it was scurvie of me, but it did me muche goode.

7th Aprile.

The manner of my meetinge with Her and fallinge in Love with Her (for the two were of one date) is thus.—I was made acquainte withe Her on a Wednesdaie, at the House of Mistresse Varick, ('twas a Reception,) but did not hear Her Name, nor She myne, by reason of the noise, and of Mistresse Varick having but lately a newe sett of Teethe, of wh. she had not yet gott, as it were, the just Pitche and accordance.—I sayde to Her that the Weather was warm for that season of the yeare.—She made answer She thought I was right, for Mr. Williamson had saide the same thinge to Her not a minute past. —I tolde Her She muste not holde it originall or an Invention of Williamson, for the Speache had beene manie yeares in my Familie.—Answer was made, She wolde be muche bounden to me if I wolde maintaine the Rightes of my Familie, and lett all others from usinge of my propertie, when perceivinge Her to be of a livelie Witt, I went about to ingage her in converse, if onlie so I mightie looke into Her Eyes, wh. were of a coloure suche as I have never seene before, more like to a Pansie, or some such flower, than anything else I can compair with them.—Shortlie we grew most friendlie, so that She did aske me if I colde keepe a Secrett.—I answering I colde, She saide She was anhungered, having Shopp'd all the forenoone since

Breakfast.—She pray'd me to gett Her some Foode.—What, I ask'd.—She answer'd merrilie, a Beafesteake.—I tolde Her that that *Confection* was not on the Side-Boarde; but I presentlie brought Her such as there was, & She beinge behinde a Screane, I stoode in the waie, so that none mighte see Her, & She did eate and drynke as followeth, to witt—

iii cupps of Bouillon (which is a Tea, or Tisane, of Beafe, made verie hott & thinne)
iv Alberte biscuit
ii éclairs
i creame-cake

together with divers other small cates and comfeits whereof I know not the names.

So that I was grievously afeared for Her Digestion, leste it be over-tax'd. Saide this to Her, however addinge it was my Conceite, that by some Processe, lyke Alchemie, whereby the baser metals are transmuted into golde, so the grosse mortall foode was on Her lippes chang'd to the fabled Nectar & Ambrosia of the Gods.—She tolde me 't was a sillie Speache, yet seam'd not ill-pleas'd withall.—She hath a verie prettie Fashion, or Tricke, of smilinge, when She hath made an end of speakinge, and layinge Her finger upon Her nether Lippe, like as She wolde bid it be stille.—After some more Talke, wherein She show'd that Her Witt was more deepe, and Her minde more seriouslie inclin'd, than I had Thoughte from our first Jestinge, She being call'd to go thence, I did see Her mother, whose face I knewe, & was made sensible, that I had given my Hearte to the daughter of a House wh. with myne owne had longe been at grievous Feud, for the folly of oure Auncestres.—Havinge come to wh. heavie momente in my Tale, I have no Patience to write more to-nighte.

22nd Aprile.

I was mynded to write no more in this journall, for verie Shame's sake, that I shoude so complayne, lyke a Childe, whose toie is taken from him, butt (mayhapp for it is nowe the fulle Moone, & a moste greavous period for them that are Love-strucke) I am fayne, lyke the Drunkarde who maye not abstayne from his cupp, to sett me anewe to recordinge of My Dolorous mishapp.—When I sawe Her agayn, She beinge aware of my name, & of the division betwixt oure Houses, wolde have none of me, butt I wolde not be putt Off, & made bolde to question Her, why She sholde me suche exceedinge Coldness.—She answer'd 't was wel knowne what Wronge my Grandefather had done Her G.father.—I said, She confounded me with My G.father—we were nott the same Persone, he beinge muche my Elder, & besydes Dead.—She wolde have it, 't was no matter for jestinge.—I told Her I wolde be resolv'd, what grete Wronge this was.—The more for to make Speache than for mine owne advertisement, for I knewe wel the whole Knaverie, wh. She rehears'd, Howe my G.father had cheated Her G.father of Landes upp the River, with more, howe my G.father had impounded the Cattle of Hern.—I made answer, 't was foolishnesse, in my mynde, for the third Generation to so quarrell over a Parsel of rascallie Landes, that had long ago beene solde for Taxes, that as to the Cowes, I wolde make them goode, & their Produce & Offspringe, if it tooke the whole Washington Markett.—She however tolde me that the French family had the where withal to buye what they lack'd in Butter, Beafe & Milke, and likewise in

*Veale,* wh. laste I tooke muche to Hearte, wh. She seeinge, became more gracious &, on my pleadinge, accorded that I sholde have the Privilege to speake with Her when we next met.—Butt neyther then, nor at any other tyme thereafter wolde She suffer me to visitt Her. So I was harde putt to it to compass waies of gettinge to see Her at such Houses as She mighte be att, for Routs or Feasts, or the lyke.—

But though I sawe Her manie tymes, oure converse was ever of this Complexion & the accursed G.father satt downe, and rose upp with us.—Yet colde I see by Her aspecte, that I had in some sorte Her favoure, & that I mislyk'd Her not so gretelie as She wolde have me thinke.—So that one daie, ('t was in Januarie, & verie colde,) I, beinge moste distrackt, saide to Her, I had tho't 'twolde pleasure Her more, to be friends w. a man, who had a knave for a G.father, than with One who had no G.father att alle, lyke Williamson (the Puppe).—She made answer, I was exceedinge fresshe, or some such matter. She cloath'd her thoughte in phrase more befittinge a Gentlewoman.—Att this I colde no longer contayne myself, but tolde Her roundlie, I lov'd Her, & 't was my Love made me soe unmannerlie.—And w. this speache I att the leaste made an End of my Uncertantie, for She bade me speake w. Her no more.—I wolde be determin'd, whether I was Naught to Her.—She made Answer She colde not justlie say I was Naught, seeing that whatever She mighte bee, I was One too manie.—I saide, 't was some Comforte, I had even a Place in Her thoughtes, were it onlie in Her disfavour.—She saide, my Solace was indeede grete, if it kept pace with the measure of Her Disfavour, for, in plain Terms, She hated me, & on her intreatinge of me to goe, I went.—This happ'd att the house of Mistresse Varicke, wh. I first met Her, who (Mistresse Varicke) was for staying me, that I might eate some Ic'd Cream, butt of a Truth I was chill'd to my Taste allreadie.—Albeit I afterwards tooke to walkinge of the Streets till near Midnight.—'Twas as I saide before in Januarie & exceedinge colde.

20th Maie.

How wearie is this dulle procession of the Yeare! For it irketh my Soule that each Monthe shoude come so aptlie after the Month afore, & Nature looke so Smug, as She had done some grete thinge.—Surelie if she make no Change, she hath work'd no Miracle, for we knowe wel, what we maye look for.—The Vine under my Window hath broughte forth Purple Blossoms, as itt hath eache Springe these xii Yeares.—I wolde have had them Redd, or Blue, or I knowe not what Coloure, for I am sicke of likinge of Purple a Dozen Springes in Order.—And wh. moste galls me is this, I knowe howe this sadd Rounde will goe on, & Maie give Place to June, & she to July, & onlie my Hearte blossom not nor my Love growe no greener.

2nd June.

I and my Foolishnesse, we laye Awake last night till the Sunrise gun, wh. was Shott att 4½ o'ck, & wh. beinge hearde in that stillnesse from an Incredible Distance, seem'd lyke as 'twere a Full Stopp, or Period putt to this Wakinge-Dreminge, whereas I did turne a newe Leafe in my Counsells, and after much Meditation, have commenc't a newe Chapter, wh. I hope maye leade to a better Conclusion, than them that came afore.—For I am nowe

resolv'd, & havinge begunn wil carry to an Ende, that if I maie not over-come my Passion, I maye at the least overcom the Melanchollie, & Spleene, borne thereof, & beinge a Lover, be none the lesse a Man.—To wh. Ende I have come to this Resolution, to depart fm. the Towne, & to goe to the Countrie-House of my Frend, Will Winthrop, who has often intreated me, & has instantly urg'd, that I sholde make him a Visitt.—And I take much Shame to myselfe, yet I have not given him this Satisfaction since he was married, wh. is nowe ii Yeares.—A goode Fellowe, & I minde me a grete Burden to his Frends when he was in Love, in wh. Plight I mockt him, who am nowe, I much feare me, mockt myselfe.

3rd June.

Pack'd my cloathes, beinge Sundaye. The better the Daie, the better the Deede.

4th June.

Goe downe to Babylon to-daye.

5th June.

Att Babylon, att the Cottage of Will Winthrop, wh. is no Cottage, but a grete House, Red, w. Verandahs, & builded in the Fashion of Her Maiestie Q. Anne. —Found a mighty Housefull of People. —Will, his Wife, a verie proper fayre Ladie, who gave me moste gracious Reception, Mistresse Smithe, the ii Gresham girles (knowne as the Titteringe Twins), Bob White, Virginia Kinge & her Mother, Clarence Winthrop, & the whole Alexander Family.—A grete Gatheringe for so earlie in the Summer.—In the Afternoone play'd Lawne-Tenniss.—Had for Partner one of the Twinns, against Clarence Winthrop & the other Twinn, wh. by beinge Confus'd, I lost iii games.—Was voted a Duffer.—Clarence Winthrop moste unmannerlie merrie. He call'd me the Sad-Ey'd Romeo, & lykewise cut down the Hammocke wherein I laye, allso tied up my Cloathes wh. we were att Bath. —He sayde, he Chaw'd them, a moste barbarous worde for a moste barbarous Use.—Wh. we were Boyes, & he did this thinge, I was wont to trounce him Soundlie, but nowe had to contente Myselfe w. beatinge of him iii games of Billyardes in the Evg., & w. daringe of him to putt on the Gloves w. me, for Funne, wh. he might not doe, for I coude knocke him colde.

10th June.

Beinge gon to my Roome somewhatt earlie, for I found myselfe of a peevish humour, Clarance came to me, and prayed a few minutes' Speache.—Sayde 't was Love made him so Rude & Boysterous, he was privilie betroth'd to his Cozen, Angelica Robertes, she whose Father lives at Islipp, & colde not containe Himselfe for Joye.—I sayinge, there was a Breache in the Familie, he made Answer, 't was true, her Father & His, beinge Cozens, did hate each other moste heartilie, butt for him he cared not for that, & for Angelica, She gave not a Continentall.—But, sayde I, Your Consideration matters mightie Little, synce the Governours will not heare to it.—He answered 't was for that he came to me, I must be his allie, for reason of oure olde Friendship. With that I had no Hearte to heare more, he made so Light of suche a Division as parted me & my Happinesse, but tolde him I was his Frend, wolde serve him when he had Neede of me, & presentlie seeing my Humour, he

made excuse to goe, & left me to write downe this, sicke in Mynde, and thinkinge ever of the Woman who wil not oute of my Thoughtes for any change of Place, neither of employe.—For indeede I doe love Her moste heartilie, so that my Wordes cannot saye it, nor will this Booke containe it.—So I wil even goe to Sleepe, that in my Dreames perchaunce my Fancie maye do my Hearte better Service.

12th June.

She is here.—What Spyte is this of Fate & the alter'd gods! That I, who mighte nott gett to see Her when to See was to Hope, muste nowe daylie have Her in my Sight, stucke lyke a fayre Apple under olde Tantalus his Nose.—Goinge downe to the Hotell today, for to gett me some Tobackoe, was made aware that the French familie had hyred one of the Cottages roundabouts.—'T is a goodlie Dwellinge Without—Would I coude speake with as much Assurance of the Innsyde!

13th June.

Goinge downe to the Hotell againe To-day for more Tobackoe, sawe the accursed name of Williamson on the Registre.—Went about to a neighboringe Farm & satt me downe behynd the Barne, for a ½ an Houre.—Frighted the Horned Cattle w. talkinge to My Selfe.

15th June.

I wil make an Ende to this Businesse. —Wil make no longer Staye here—Sawe Her to-day, driven Home fm. the Beache, about 4½ of the after-noone, by Williamson in his Dogge-Carte, wh. the Cadde has broughten here.—Wil betake me to the Boundlesse Weste—Not that I care aught for the Boundlesse Weste, butt that I shal doe wel if haplie I leave my Memourie among the Apaches & bringe Home my Scalpe.

16th June.

To Fyre Islande, in Winthrop's Yacht—the Twinnes w. us, so Titteringe & Choppinge Laughter, that 't was worse than a Flocke of Sandpipers.—Found a grete Concourse of people there, Her amonge them, in a Suite of blue, that became Her bravelie.—She swimms lyke to a Fishe, butt everie Stroke of Her white Arms (of a lovelie Roundnesse) cleft, as 't were my Hearte, rather than the Water.—She bow'd to me, on goinge into the Water, w. muche Dignitie, & agayn on Cominge out, but this Tyme w. lesse Dignitie, by reason of the Water in Her Cloathes, & Her Haire in Her Eyes.—

17th June.

Was for goinge awaie To-morow, but Clarence cominge againe to my Chamber, & mightilie purswadinge of me, I feare I am comitted to a verie sillie Undertakinge.—For I am promis'd to Help him secretlie to wedd his Cozen. —He wolde take no Deniall, wolde have it, his Brother car'd Naughte, 't was but the Fighte of theyre Fathers, he was bounde it sholde be done, & 't were best I stoode his Witnesse, who was wel lyked of bothe the Braunches of the Family.—So 't was agree'd, that I shal staye Home to-morrowe fm. the Expedition to Fyre Islande, feigning a Head-Ache, (wh. indeede I meante to do, in any Happ, for I cannot see Her againe,) & shall meet him at the little Churche on the Southe Roade.—He to drive to Islipp to fetch Angelica, lykewise her

Witnesse, who sholde be some One of the Girles, she hadd not yet made her Choice.—I made this Condition, it sholde not be either of the Twinnes.—No, nor Bothe, for that matter.—Inquiringe as to the Clergyman, he sayde the Dominie was allreadie Squar'd.

NEWE YORK, THE BUCKINGHAM HOTELL,
19th June.

I am come to the laste Entrie I shall ever putt downe in this Booke, and needes must that I putt it downe quicklie, for all hath Happ'd in so short a Space, that my Heade whirles w. thynkinge of it. The after-noone of Yesterdaye, I set about Counterfeittinge of a Head-Ache, & so wel did I compasse it, that I verilie thinke one of the Twinnes was mynded to Stay Home & nurse me. —All havinge gone off, & Clarence on his waye to Islipp, I sett forth for the Churche, where arriv'd I founde it emptie, w. the Door open.—Went in & writh'd on the hard Benches a ¼ of an Houre, when, hearinge a Sounde, I look'd up & saw standinge in the Doorwaye, Katherine French.—She seem'd muche astonished, saying You Here! or the lyke.—I made Answer & sayde that though my Familie were great Sinners, yet had they never been Excommunicate by the Churche.—She sayde, they colde not Putt Out what never was in. —While I was bethynkinge me wh. I mighte answer to this, she went on, sayinge I must excuse Her, She wolde goe upp in the Organ-Lofte.—I enquiring what for? She sayde to practice on the Organ.—She turn'd verie Redd, of a warm Coloure, as She sayde this.—I ask'd Do you come hither often? She replyinge Yes, I enquir'd how the Organ lyked Her.—She sayde Right well, when I made question more curiously (for She grew more Redd eache moment) how was the Action? the Tone? how manie Stopps? Whereat She growinge gretelie Confus'd, I led Her into the Churche, & show'd Her that there was no Organ, that Choire beinge indeede a Band, of i Tuninge-Forke, i Kitt, & i Horse-Fiddle.—At this She fell to Smilinge & Blushinge att one Tyme.—She perceiv'd our Errandes were the Same & crav'd Pardon for Her Fibb.—I tolde Her, if She came Thither to be Witness at her Frend's Weddinge, 'twas no greate Fibb, 'twolde indeede be Practice for Her.—This having a rude Sound, I added I thankt the Starrs that had bro't us Together. She sayde if the Starrs appoint'd us to meete no oftener than this Couple shoude be Wedded, She was wel content. This cominge on me lyke a last Buffett of Fate, that She shoude so despitefully intreat me, I was suddenlie Seized with so Sorrie a Humour, & withal so angrie, that I colde scarce Containe myselfe, but went & Sat downe neare the Doore, lookinge out till Clarence shd. come w. his Bride.—Looking over my Sholder, I sawe that She wente fm. Windowe to Windowe within, Pluckinge the Blossoms fm. the Vines, & settinge them in her Girdle.—She seem'd most tall and faire, & swete to look uponn, & itt Anger'd me the More.—Meanwhile, She discours'd pleasantlie, asking me manie questions, to the wh. I gave but shorte and churlish answers. She ask'd Did I nott Knowe Angelica Roberts was Her best Frend? How longe had I knowne of the Betrothal? Did I thinke 'twolde knitt the House together, & Was it not Sad to see a Familie thus Divided?—I answer'd Her, I wd. not robb a Man of the precious Righte to Quarrell with his Relations.—And then, with meditatinge on the goode Lucke of Clarence, & my owne harde Case, I had such a sudden

Rage of peevishness that I knewe scarclie what I did. Soe when she ask'd me merrilie why I turn'd my Backe on Her, I made Reply I had turn'd my Backe on much Follie.—Wh. was no sooner oute of my Mouthe than I was mightilie Sorrie for it, and turninge aboute, I perceiv'd She was in Teares & weepinge bitterlie. Whereas my Hearte wolde holde no More, & I rose upp & tooke Her in my arms & Kiss'd & Comforted Her, She makinge no Denyal, but seeminge greatlie to Neede such Solace, wh. I was not Loathe to give Her.—Whiles we were at This, onlie She had gott to Smilinge, & to sayinge of Things which even this paper shal not knowe, came in the Dominie, sayinge He judg'd We were the Couple he came to Wed.—My swete Kate, alle as rosey as Venus's Nape, was for Denyinge of this, butt I wolde not have it, & sayde Yes.—She remonstrating w. me, privilie, I tolde Her She must not make me Out a Liar, that to Deceave the Man of God were a greavous Sinn, that I had gott Her nowe, & wd. not lett her Slipp from me, & did soe Talke Her Downe, & w. such Strengthe of joie, that allmost before She knewe it, we Stoode upp, & were Wed, w. a Ringe (tho' She Knewe it nott) wh. belong'd to My G.father. (Him that Cheated Hern.)—

Wh. was no sooner done, than in came Clarence & Angelica, & were Wedded in theyre Turn.—The Clergyman greatelie surprised, but more att the Largeness of his Fee.

This Businesse being Ended, we fled by the Trayne of 4½ o'cke, to this Place, where we wait till the Bloode of all the Frenches have Tyme to coole downe, for the wise Mann who meeteth his Mother in Lawe the first tyme, wil meete her when she is Milde.—

And so I close this Journall, wh., tho' for the moste Parte 'tis but a peevish Scrawle, hath one Page of Golde, whereon I have writt the laste strange Happ whereby I have layd Williamson by the Heeles & found me the sweetest Wife that ever

* * *

stopp'd a man's Mouthe w. kisses for writinge of Her Prayses.

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## How They Kept Up the Quality

*Heinrich Kley*

JOHN DE BRYHELESWORTH, who prosecuted for the King and the Commonalty of the City of London, said that the same John Ryghtwys and John Penrose sold red wine to all who came there, unsound and unwholesome for man, in deceit of the common people, and in contempt of our Lord the King, and to the shameful disgrace of the officers of the City; to the grievous damage of the Commonalty, etc. The judgment was that the said John Penrose shall drink a draught of the same wine which he sold to the common people; and the remainder of such wine shall then be poured on the head of the same John; and that he shall forswear the calling of a vintner in the City of London for ever, unless he can obtain the favor of our Lord the King as to the same.—Riley's *Memorials* (1364).

# The New Learning

## Renaissance, American Style

By WILLIAM BOLITHO

THE curious incident of the "Einstein riot"—the press of 4,000 people to see a film on the Einstein theory at the American Museum, which led to some disorder, and the breaking of a showcase in the Amerindian section in the great hall—is worth a little more than the jocular comment it got from the leader writers. Even in itself the presence of so many people so ardently interested to see a purely scientific exposition of a theory notoriously abstruse and complicated is, at lowest, sympathetic. Things like this hardly happen anywhere else but in New York. You would not get a crowd like that in the South Kensington Museum for such a show. It is another of the fascinating little differences that make New York.

The comment as well as the episode has, however, a lot behind it. Alexander the Great bitterly reproached Aristotle, his tutor, "for publishing to outsiders the esoteric parts of philosophy." There is undeniably a snobbery, or more accurately an exclusivity, or still more precisely a "snootiness," about philosophy which, as in the case cited, however, is felt rather by the mere alumnus than by the professor and scientist. It is one of those feelings which are complicated, which have never been reasoned about, and yet which every one perfectly well understands.

In analysis it is easy to see that this disparagement of the desire to know attaches to its mode only. No one, except a wild boar of the marshes, sneers at learning. But a great number of amiable people not only laugh at, but are intensely irritated by, any short cut. One more obscure manifestation of the Puritan instinct, which it is much easier to find in white races than any inordinate passion for pleasure. The Alpinist, and thousands who would never dream of crawling up crags themselves, too, feel that way about the crowd that take the funicular. It is wrong, a little bit funny

and a little bit degrading, they feel, to want only the view, and not the climb.

Which climbless view is precisely what the 4,000 came to get. I myself am heartily with them. In fact, if I had seen the announcement, and if I did not suspect I had already seen the film in Paris six or seven years ago, I should have gone myself. The first task of the true sophisticate is to eradicate his sense of sin, not to repress it into twisted coils in the depths of his subconsciousness. I had a classical education, and while I confess I faintly despise people who have to read Virgil and Homer in translation—I also despise the feeling—I neither intend to abstain from my intellectual share of all that is being thought and done in other fields that interests me, nor, most decidedly, to take up an honest study of the elements of mathematics and the natural sciences. That is to say, I won't climb, but I will see the view. Or try to.

THE dishonest rejoinder is that the real reason why going to Einstein films is deplorable is that no such film can give you any true idea of the theory, and that we will only go away either disappointed, or with a false impression, which will be extremely bad for our minds. But is not that the scientist's, the man's who made the film, and even our own, business?

The American public has always, that is to say for the virtual eternity of the last sixty years, been reproached as a whole for its exasperating desire to know, without learning, about things that are not its specialty. Of recent years this forbidden lust has, so far from dying out, shown formidable signs of great increase. The search for predigested knowledge, which wore out the tired smile of Europe, produces now the amazed stare. "Story of Philosophy" sells by hundreds of thousands, biographies clutter the bookseller's list, and are more successful than a love story in England, or a book of lay sermons in Germany, and not one of them pretends to be uncoördinated and unselective of facts.

Nothing seems too abstract or highly specialized for the Americans to want to have it explained. Millikan's researches go on the front page; the latest paleontographical pictures are in the Sunday rotogravures. With a barbaric innocence that has never even heard that there are subjects that a man must never even think about, still less dare to confess his ignorance by willingness to learn, the radio is jammed with lectures on etiquette, so frank in their treatment of the right behavior at a dinner party that it brought a hot blush to my forehead this morning at 11 o'clock. This people want to know—everything; and in the only possible manner of such an enterprise, easily, simply, preferably by pictures.

I hope they will never be snubbed or scared out of it.

For there was one other epoch of such a sacred, hydroptic thirst for knowledge, the indulgence of intellectual curiosity, which is the only pleasure in life that lasts and increases to the end, and that was the Renaissance. If you tell me that the Renaissance differed and was more noble because it was primarily eager for the grammar crumbs, and not the summary, bread, I would answer: Sir, you have read Browning, and yet you know nothing about the Renaissance. One of the epicenters of that great convulsion was, notably, the desire of men like Bacon to shear away learning from the hands of a sect, to bring knowledge into the open, out of the temples and speakeasies of learning, where no one, since the

Greeks died could penetrate without an initiate's ticket.

This is the only part of the democratic hypothesis I unreservedly admire or understand.

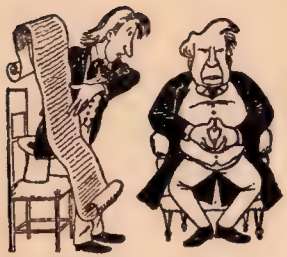
And this was not the end of the matter. It was this appetite and its very partial satisfaction that was the alternating dynamo of that glory, that civilization, on whose mere savings we have been living until now. I know that Shakespeare was never forgiven for not having been to a university, that his encyclopaedism of erudition, gained no one knows how, is still felt vaguely illicit. He was in an age and a people—like ours—who rioted to hear about things they had no right to be concerned in.

# The Coalition Poet Laureate

ENGLAND today is governed by a coalition cabinet of the labor, liberal and conservative parties. Yet John Masefield, appointed only by the earlier labor administration, is sole poet laureate.

Should not a coalition government have coalition poets laureate? Mr. Masefield would remain as the representative of labor; Alfred Noyes would presumably represent the liberals, and Kipling the conservatives.

THE GOLDEN BOOK offers the following as a sample coalition poem:



*Caran d'Ache*

By

**R. T. WOMBAT**

I MUST go down to the sea again
When it's lilac time in Kew,
For a woman is only a woman, men,
And a boot is only a shoe.

Oh the white foam and the salt sea,
And lilac time in Kew,
Are sisters under the skin to me,
And I hope they are to you.

So all I ask is the white spray,
And the ocean's surge and swell,
And I'm on my way to Mandalay,
With a lilac in my lapel.

**A Bizarre Bit of Reminiscence in which the Polish Nobel Prize Winner Tells How He Lost His Job and Made His Career.**

# A Torch Is Rekindled

By LADISLAS REYMONT

Translated by Mme. K. Zuk-Skarszewski

I OCCUPIED a position on the Warsaw-Vienna railway, a position so important that my salary was just sufficient to pay for my tea and cigarettes. For the rest I had recourse to credit at the station buffet, and to borrowing. My berth was a wretched one, the conditions horrible, and there were no prospects of advancement. I lived in a village adjoining the line, and from morning till night I had to superintend work on the railway. The little room I occupied in a peasant's hut was close to the pigstye, and under my window was the finest muck-heap in the whole of Poland; my boots were always full of holes, my clothes were shocking, and my appetite never satisfied.

But with all this I was twenty, hardy and healthy, and possessed an unshaken faith in ideals. I sometimes even went so far as to indulge in dreams of an increase in salary, or of transfer from the line to the office. But dreams they remained, as my chief and the dignitaries on the line were prejudiced against me, and showed me no cordiality. And no wonder, for I was suspected of writing poetry—worse even, of malicious contributions to a progressive publication concerning conditions on the railway. Worst of all, I had let my hair grow into a long, splendid mane, I wore spectacles, and I subscribed for *Truth*. That sufficed to render me an object of scorn. My reputation was gone, and my position depended solely on the good will of my chief. I had neither friends nor protectors. I was very wretched, so I took refuge from the frightful reality in a marvelous realm of wild, intoxicating, maniacal dreams—dreams of fame and of conquering the world. Of course no one had any inkling of this. I was terribly shy. More than anything else I feared ridicule and contemptuous glances. And I was particularly afraid of women. I preferred to dream of them at a distance. And they made fun of me—I had a very poor position and I wrote poetry. I was indeed an object of scorn and ridicule. Perhaps that is why I was never invited anywhere. My colleagues kept me at a distance.

"Be careful," I once overheard, "he is collecting types; he'll be describing you!"

It was true that I wrote poetry, that

I was guilty of dramas, that I scribbled novels, but that I was able, or wished to collect types was a vile insinuation. I, who despised the world and people, and regarded reality as a stupid, wretched nightmare, unworthy of consideration, I —stoop to describe the foul gutters of Life! Besides, to be frank, I never possessed the gift of observation, and moved among people gropingly, with unseeing eyes.

Scarcely had I gotten over this episode when something happened that was infinitely more painful. On my part of the line one of the workmen was killed by a train. It happened during a terrible snow-storm. As in duty bound, I wrote a report to the authorities. My chief sent it back to me with the annotation, in red pencil:

"I return the novel, and must ask you for a precise report of the accident. You would do better to occupy yourself with your work instead of with literary exercises." The admonition was deserved. I was frightfully unhappy. And in addition I was again on everybody's tongue. My unfortunate report, caricatured, distorted, and with many supplements, was exposed to the eyes of the world and made the round of the stations, to the delight of the employees. They made merry at my cost. I was in despair. In vain I protested; nobody would believe me.

Just at that time I met at the buffet in Skierniewice a member of the railway "intelligentzia," a man who was supposed to be an anarchist because he read Bakunin, and always had his pockets full of Russian pamphlets, published abroad. He was the pride of our part of the line. It is true that he spent more time at the buffet than in the office, but he knew everything, and passed judgment on everything with great cocksureness. I told him of my trouble, and he condescendingly patted me on the back.

"As an official report it is execrable, and as a novel it is magnificent . . . rubbish!" he informed me without ceremony, and gave me a rambling lecture on literature. I listened humbly and with devout attention, and after awhile I screwed up my courage to the point of placing before him a cup of coffee. He pushed it aside disdainfully; he preferred a glass of "neat" with bitters. He drank several glasses, began to use the familiar "thou" and to help himself very liberally to my cigarettes. Finally I read to him my cycle of sonnets, and begged him to give me his candid opinion thereon.

"A masterpiece!" he growled, and I blushed like a girl who hears for the first time a declaration of love. "Copy it out on a nice sheet of gilt-edged paper, tie it round with pink ribbon, and take it to Auntie Kizzie for her birthday. It will just do for that." He burst out laughing and went away.

I paid for six large glasses of "neat" with bitters, and slunk home like a whipped cur. Not yet satisfied, he went about telling everyone that I had read to him somebody else's verses, pretending they were my own. He gave his word of honor that this was true. That was too much for me. I thrashed him in the presence of many witnesses, and forced him to retract his lie. It caused a tremendous scandal. This incident was the means of strengthening my acquaintance with one of the higher officials on the line, Mr. W., a really good and educated man. He was very kind to me, and sympathized with my ambition to be transferred from the line to the office.

"The chief is prejudiced against you, it is true, but perhaps we might be able

to do something through his lady friend," he said. "But the question is, how to go about it?"

I was silent. I had never even dreamed of the existence of such ways of approach as "lady friends."

"We shall simply have to do the same as all the superintendents—even the workmen: send her from time to time some eggs, butter, or a hare. . . ."

I followed the advice, and although it cost me a great effort, I managed to show this obligatory munificence. I was especially generous with game. Among my workmen there happened to be several experienced poachers, and the Imperial forests were close to the line. I sent partridges, I sent pheasants, I sent teal; but not until she had received from me a magnificent wild boar did she request me to call. Trembling, I presented myself, and was received very graciously. She made rather a queer impression on me. No longer young, with a tubby figure, passably good-looking still, dark, with gold rings in her ears, painted, singularly quick in her movements, she looked like an ex-actress. She gave me tea, and invited me to sit beside her on a small sofa and tell her all my troubles. She was curious about everything, even my verses, of which she had heard something. I had to recite them. She was quite affected, and begged me to write something for her album and bring it to her as soon as possible. I went away enchanted with my reception, and full of hope. Soon after, I took her one of my beloved poems, an interpretation of Chopin's "Prelude." She was delighted, and thanked me effusively, but her eyes burned with such a strange fire, and her manner became so languorous and swooning that I hastily invented some excuse and made my escape. Afterward I regretted this, fearing I might have offended her. But she took it all in good part. A few days later, Mr. W. wrote asking me to call on him on the following Saturday.

"The hares have taken effect," he said, smiling. "The chief has relented, and will take you into his office as substitute of the draughtsman, for the moment as a supernumerary. Tomorrow is New Year's Day; we shall all go together to wish him a Happy New Year (an official Russian custom), and you must come with us. For the sake of form you must ask him for the position —that is all arranged. Come about ten o'clock, and don't be late, as at noon he leaves for Warsaw. You must also thank your protectress—I have a letter for you, she sent it by the porter." He handed it to me with an enigmatic smile. I slipped the letter in my pocket. I was astounded by the news. The gates of Paradise opened before me. I seemed to be suddenly endowed with wings. I was dumb with joy ineffable. Ended, all my wanderings, my misery, my loneliness! Now I would be able to live like a human being. I was impatient to be alone with my dreams, but just as I was leaving my attention was arrested by a heap of books lying on a side-table.

"Sienkiewicz's Trilogy. It is only just out; I bought it for the library."

I BORROWED the books just to look through them, promising to return them on the morrow with all the leaves cut. I went to the lodging of one of my colleagues, where I hoped to be able to pass the night; he possessed a couch that was famous for its enormous size, and on which at all hours of the day or night somebody was always sleeping. But I happened on a party celebrating New Year's Eve. The low garret-rooms were dim with smoke; there was a tremendous clatter of glasses

and a most unearthly din. All the young officials connected with the post-office, the district administration and the administration of the Crown domains, were there, as well as a crowd of railway men and a few lady visitors. The party had been arranged by clubbing together, so each one amused himself as he pleased. Some were playing cards; the rest drank, ate and shouted. Somebody sounded a fanfare on a trumpet, somebody else thumped out a waltz on a horrible old piano. Now and then they all sang in chorus Ruthenian songs, very popular among the youth of that period.

Unperceived I left them, and went to a squalid little hotel. It was a beastly hole. Nevertheless I had to pay half a rouble for a tiny room. I ordered a lamp to be brought, also a samovar, a quantity of rolls, and half a roast goose. The clerk demanded immediate payment. I protested in my haughtiest manner, but to no purpose.

"Guests hurry off to the train and often forget to pay," he explained.

I paid, calling his attention to the beetles crawling on the walls.

"What does it matter, sir. They are on the walls, and you sleep on the bed. What a fuss!"

At last I was alone with my dreams of the near future.

Through the wall came the sound of discordant voices and drunken quarreling, and through the window I could see the glimmering, multitudinous lights of the station. The trains passed with a shriek, and a savage clatter that made the window shake. There was a sharp frost, and it was very cold. I began to read. I knew a little of the Trilogy from a few instalments I had read by chance in various cafés of Poland. I began with "With Fire and Sword."

My intention was to glance over a few pages in cutting the leaves, but with the first page I was under the charm. I read with breathless interest.

New worlds opened out before me. I heard the rustle of the steppes, grey with the morning dews. I frolicked with Zagloba, Podbipienta was my chosen comrade in arms! I was constantly making the most marvelous acquaintances. I was in a fever, enthusiasm, wonder, joy possessed me. My heart swelled with unknown rapture. The moment came when I forgot completely my surroundings, when I was no longer conscious of reality. I was living in those times, centuries ago, among those fearless knights. I remember the forest of waving banners, the flash of a thousand swords slashing the heads of the Cossacks, and all the tumult of war: the blare of the trumpets, the wild squealing of the horses, the roar of the muskets, the groans of the dying. I was there, and I was everything, I was everybody that was in the pages of this book.

I was overcome by a strange weakness. I wept. I confused the living with the dead, my own misfortunes were transformed into the misfortunes of my country. My bowels were rent with the immensity of our abasement. I was puffed up with pride, and at the same time devoured, stifled, martyred by shame. I had no knowledge of what was happening to me at that moment; I was brought to myself by the angry voice of the clerk:

"What do you make, sir? My guests they complain you stop them from sleeping! What is the matter, sir? You sing, you shout, you tumble about the room like you had the epilepsy! You think this is a street? This is a decent hotel. You are a little bit off your head, sir!"

I pacified him with a coin. Outside it was dark, snow was falling fast and there was a sound of sleigh-bells. I was now on the stormy waves of "The Deluge." Now and again I swallowed a little food or drank a little tea, and smoking cigarettes one after another I read on. The cold made itself felt so keenly that I ordered a fire to be lit in the stove, but it produced more smoke than warmth. So I wrapped myself in the quilt, put on my cap, covered my feet with the pillows, and continued. Some girl, I remember, opened the door as if by mistake, excused herself but drank tea from my glass, smoked some of my cigarettes and was very anxious to tidy up my room. I very discourteously turned her out.

I finished the book.

My head was swimming, and I could not have been quite conscious, for it was not clear to me what day it was that had just ended, nor what starlit night was looking through the window. I buried myself in "Pan Michael." I could not resist. Reflection came, but I drove it away angrily, as I would a vicious dog. What did I care about a position! What did I care about my chief, or all the railways in the world! Let them go to perdition so long as I might continue to read, so long as I might move among those enchanting visions, so long as I might breathe in an atmosphere of greatness, power and heroism. I threw myself into new battles, new adventures. I experienced the life of the camps that were scattered on the remotest borders of the Republic, the sweetness of winter evenings and of long tales told by comrades. I experienced also in no small degree the torment of love for Basia. I fought with Moscow, I fought the Turks, I fought the Swedes. My sword, my blood—all my life belonged to my country. And when, in the struggle for Krzemieniec, the fatal moment arrived, and conscience commanded, together with the castle I blew myself up with gunpowder rather than surrender to the enemy. *Usque ad finem.* Duty, that was the motto of that knight without fear and without reproach! Listen, every one of you: Duty!

I closed the book. There is an end, alas, to everything. Day was breaking.

"It's Tuesday morning!" timidly announced the hotel clerk, remaining near the door.

Good heavens! And the New Year, my chief, my position!

I took back the Trilogy to Mr. W. He gave me a very sour reception, and rated me soundly.

"You must be an idiot to sacrifice your whole career for the sake of a few books. It's all up. The chief waited for you, and you didn't come. He's furious. He took it as a personal insult. And your protectress sent to inquire about you."

"I clean forgot all about her letter!"

"Well, I congratulate you! You've lost your berth, and for that you may thank Mr. Sienkiewicz. To lose one's position for a few stupid tales!"

"You are right. I shall thank him for the indescribable happiness he has given me. I shall thank him for filling my heart with hope and faith, for these mighty songs of an unconquerable Poland."

A knowing smile was his only reply, and as I turned to go I overheard him say to his wife:

"He'll never come to anything—he's not quite all there."

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*Dignity is like a perfume: those who use it are scarcely conscious of it.*—QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

# Salomy Jane's Kiss

*Drawing by James Daugherty*

By BRET HARTE

ONLY one shot had been fired. It had gone wide of its mark —the ringleader of the Vigilantes—and had left Red Pete, who had fired it, covered by their rifles and at their mercy. For his hand had been cramped by hard riding, and his eye distracted by their sudden onset, and so the inevitable end had come. He submitted sullenly to his captors; his companion fugitive and horse-thief gave up the protracted struggle with a feeling not unlike relief. Even the hot and revengeful victors were content. They had taken their men alive. At any time during the long chase they could have brought them down by a rifle-shot, but it would have been unsportsmanlike, and have ended in a free fight, instead of an example. And, for the matter of that, their doom was already sealed. Their end, by a rope and a tree, although not sanctified by law, would have at least the deliberation of justice. It was the tribute paid by the Vigilantes to that order which they themselves disregarded in the pursuit and capture. Yet this strange logic of the frontier sufficed them, and gave a certain dignity to the climax.

"Ef you've got anything to say to your folks, say it *now*, and say it quick," said the ringleader.

Red Pete glanced around him. He had been run to earth at his own cabin in the clearance, whence a few relations

and friends, mostly women and children, non-combatants, had outflowed, gazing vacantly at the twenty Vigilantes who surrounded them. All were accustomed to scenes of violence, blood-feud, chase and hardship; it was only the suddenness of the onset and its quick result that had surprised them. They looked on with dazed curiosity and some disappointment; there had been no fight to speak of—no spectacle! A boy, nephew of Red Pete, got upon the rain-barrel to view the proceedings more comfortably; a tall, handsome, lazy Kentucky girl, a visiting neighbor, leaned against the doorpost, chewing gum. Only a yellow hound was actively perplexed. He could not make out if a hunt were just over or beginning, and ran eagerly backward and forward, leaping alternately upon the captives and the captors.

The ringleader repeated his challenge. Red Pete gave a reckless laugh and looked at his wife.

At which Mrs. Red Pete came forward. It seemed that she had much to say, incoherently, furiously, vindictively, to the ringleader. His soul would roast in hell for that day's work! He called himself a man, skunkin' in the open and afraid to show himself except with a crowd of other "Kiyi's" around a house of women and children. Heaping insult upon insult, inveighing against his low blood, his ancestors, his dubious origin, she at last flung out a wild taunt of his invalid wife, the insult of a woman to a woman, until his white face grew rigid, and only that Western-American fetish of the sanctity of sex kept his twitching fingers from the lock of his rifle. Even her husband noticed it, and with a half-authoritative "Let up on that, old gal," and a pat of his freed left hand on her back, took his last parting. The ringleader, still white under the lash of the woman's tongue, turned abruptly to the second captive. "And if *you've* got anybody to say 'good-by' to, now's your chance."

The man looked up. Nobody stirred or spoke. He was a stranger there, being a chance confederate picked up by Red Pete, and known to no one. Still young, but an outlaw from his abandoned boyhood, of which father and mother were only a forgotten dream, he loved horses and stole them, fully accepting the frontier penalty of life for the interference with that animal on which a man's life so often depended. But he understood the good points of a horse, as was shown by the one he bestrode — until a few days before the property of Judge Boompointer. This was his sole distinction.

The unexpected question stirred him for a moment out of the attitude of reckless indifference, for attitude it was, and a part of his profession. But it may have touched him that at that moment he was less than his companion and his virago wife. However, he only shook his head. As he did so his eye casually fell on the handsome girl by the doorpost, who was looking at him. The ringleader, too, may have been touched by his complete loneliness, for *he* hesitated. At the same moment he saw that the girl was looking at his friendless captive.

A GROTESQUE idea struck him. "Salomy Jane, ye might do worse than come yere and say 'good-by' to a dying man, and him a stranger," he said.

There seemed to be a subtle stroke of poetry and irony in this that equally struck the apathetic crowd. It was well known that Salomy Jane Clay thought no small potatoes of herself, and always held off the local swain with a lazy

nymph-like scorn. Nevertheless, she slowly disengaged herself from the door-post, and, to everybody's astonishment, lounged with languid grace and outstretched hand toward the prisoner. The color came into the gray reckless mask which the doomed man wore as her right hand grasped his left, just loosed by his captors. Then she paused; her shy, fawn-like eyes grew bold, and fixed themselves upon him. She took the chewing-gum from her mouth, wiped her red lips with the back of her hand, by a sudden lithe spring placed her foot on his stirrup, and, bounding to the saddle, threw her arms about his neck and pressed a kiss upon his lips.

They remained thus for a hushed moment—the man on the threshold of death, the young woman in the fullness of youth and beauty—linked together. Then the crowd laughed; in the audacious effrontery of the girl's act the ultimate fate of the two men was forgotten. She slipped languidly to the ground; *she* was the focus of all eyes—she only! The ringleader saw it and his opportunity. He shouted: "Time's up—Forward!" urged his horse beside his captives, and the next moment the whole cavalcade was sweeping over the clearing into the darkening woods.

Their destination was Sawyer's Crossing, the headquarters of the committee, where the council was still sitting, and where both culprits were to expiate the offense of which that council had already found them guilty. They rode in great and breathless haste—a haste in which, strangely enough, even the captives seemed to join. That haste possibly prevented them from noticing the singular change which had taken place in the second captive since the episode of the kiss. His high color remained, as if it had burned through his mask of indifference; his eyes were quick, alert and keen, his mouth half open as if the girl's kiss still lingered there. And that haste had made them careless, for the horse of the man who led him slipped in a gopher-hole, rolled over, unseated his rider, and even dragged the bound and helpless second captive from Judge Boompointer's favorite mare. In an instant they were all on their feet again, but in that supreme moment the second captive felt the cords which bound his arms had slipped to his wrists. By keeping his elbows to his sides, and obliging the others to help him mount, it escaped their notice. By riding close to his captors, and keeping in the crush of the throng, he further concealed the accident, slowly working his hands downward out of his bonds.

THEIR way lay through a sylvan wilderness, mid-leg deep in ferns, whose tall fronds brushed their horses' sides in their furious gallop and concealed the flapping of the captive's loosened cords. The peaceful vista, more suggestive of the offerings of nymph and shepherd than of human sacrifice, was in a strange contrast to this whirlwind rush of stern, armed men. The westering sun pierced the subdued light and the tremor of leaves with yellow lances; birds started into song on blue and dove-like wings, and on either side of the trail of this vengeful storm could be heard the murmur of hidden and tranquil waters. In a few moments they would be on the open ridge, whence sloped the common turnpike to "Sawyer's," a mile away. It was the custom of returning cavalcades to take this hill at headlong speed, with shouts and cries that heralded their coming. They withheld the latter that day, as inconsistent with their dignity; but, emerging from the wood, swept silently like an avalanche down the slope.

They were well under way, looking only to their horses, when the second captive slipped his right arm from the bonds and succeeded in grasping the reins that lay trailing on the horse's neck. A sudden *vaquero* jerk, which the well-trained animal understood, threw him on his haunches with his forelegs firmly planted on the slope. The rest of the cavalcade swept on; the man who was leading the captive's horse by the *riata,* thinking only of another accident, dropped the line to save himself from being dragged backward from his horse. The captive wheeled, and the next moment was galloping furiously up the slope.

It was the work of a moment; a trained horse and an experienced hand. The cavalcade had covered nearly fifty yards before they could pull up; the freed captive had covered half that distance uphill. The road was so narrow that only two shots could be fired, and these broke dust two yards ahead of the fugitive. They had not dared to fire low; the horse was the more valuable animal. The fugitive knew this in his extremity also, and would have gladly taken a shot in his own leg to spare that of his horse. Five men were detached to recapture or kill him. The latter seemed inevitable. But he had calculated his chances; before they could reload he had reached the woods again; winding in and out between the pillared tree trunks, he offered no mark. They knew his horse was superior to their own; at the end of two hours they returned, for he had disappeared without track or trail. The end was briefly told in the *Sierra Record*—

"Red Pete, the notorious horse-thief, who had so long eluded justice, was captured and hung by the Sawyer's Crossing Vigilantes last week; his confederate, unfortunately, escaped on a valuable horse belonging to Judge Boompointer. The judge had refused one thousand dollars for the horse only a week before. As the thief, who is still at large, would find it difficult to dispose of so valuable an animal without detection, the chances are against either of them turning up again."

Salomy Jane watched the cavalcade until it had disappeared. Then she became aware that her brief popularity had passed. Mrs. Red Pete, in stormy hysterics, had included her in a sweeping denunciation of the whole universe, possibly for stimulating an emotion in which she herself was deficient. The other women hated her for her momentary exaltation above them; only the children still admired her as one who had undoubtedly "canoodled" with a man "a-going to be hung"—a daring flight beyond their wildest ambition. Salomy Jane accepted the change with charming unconcern. She put on her yellow nankeen sunbonnet—a hideous affair that would have ruined any other woman, but which only enhanced the piquancy of her fresh brunette skin—tied the strings, letting the blue-black braids escape below its frilled curtain behind, jumped on her mustang with a casual display of agile ankles in shapely white stockings, whistled to the hound, and waving her hand with a "So long, sonny!" to the lately bereft but admiring nephew, flapped and fluttered away in her short brown holland gown.

Her father's house was four miles distant. Contrasted with the cabin she had just quitted, it was a superior dwelling, with a long "lean-to" at the rear, which brought the eaves almost to the ground and made it look like a low triangle. It had a long barn and cattle sheds, for Madison Clay was a great stock-raiser and the owner of a quarter section. It had a sitting-room

and a parlor organ, whose transportation thither had been a marvel of packing. These things were supposed to give Salomy Jane an undue importance, but the girl's reserve and inaccessibility to local advances were rather the result of a cool, lazy temperament and the preoccupation of a large, protecting admiration for her father, for some years a widower.

For Mr. Madison Clay's life had been threatened in one or two feuds—it was said, not without cause—and it is possible that the pathetic spectacle of her father doing his visiting with a shotgun may have touched her closely and somewhat prejudiced her against the neighboring masculinity. The thought that cattle, horses, and quarter section would one day be hers did not disturb her calm. As for Mr. Clay, he accepted her as housewifely, though somewhat interfering, and, being one of "his own womankind," therefore not without some degree of merit.

"Wot's this yer I'm hearin' of your doin's over at Red Pete's? Honeyfoglin' with a horsethief, eh?" said Mr. Clay two days later at breakfast.

"I reckon you heard about the straight thing, then," said Salomy Jane unconcernedly, without looking round.

"What do you kalkilate Rube will say to it? What are you goin' to tell *him?*" said Mr. Clay sarcastically.

Rube, or Reuben Waters, was a swain supposed to be favored particularly by Mr. Clay. Salomy Jane looked up.

"I'll tell him that when *he's* on his way to be hung, I'll kiss him—not till then," said the young lady brightly.

This delightful witticism suited the paternal humor, and Mr. Clay smiled; but, nevertheless, he frowned a moment afterward.

"But this yer hoss-thief got away arter all, and that's a hoss of a different color," he said grimly.

Salomy Jane put down her knife and fork. This was certainly a new and different phase of the situation. She had never thought of it before, and, strangely enough, for the first time she became interested in the man. "Got away?" she repeated. "Did they let him off?"

"Not much," said her father briefly. "Slipped his cords, and going down the grade pulled up short, just like a *vaquero* ag'in a lassoed bull, almost draggin' the man leadin' him off his hoss, and then skyuted up the grade. For that matter, on that hoss o' Judge Boompointer's he mout have dragged the whole posse of 'em down on their knees ef he liked! Sarved 'em right, too. Instead of stringin' him up afore the door, or shootin' him on sight, they must allow to take him down afore the hull committee for an example. Example be blowed! There's example enough when some stranger comes unbeknownst slap onter a man hanged to a tree and plugged full of holes. *That's* an example, and *he* knows what it means. Wot more do ye want? But then those Vigilantes is allus clingin' and hangin' onter some mere scrap o' the law they're pretendin' to despise. It makes me sick! Why, when Jake Myers shot your ole Aunt Viney's second husband, and I laid in wait for Jake afterward in the Butternut Hollow, did *I* tie him to his horse and fetch him down to your Aunt Viney's cabin for an example before I plugged him? No!" in deep disgust. "No! Why, I just meandered through the wood, careless-like, till he comes out, and I just rode up to him, and I said"—

But Salomy Jane had heard her father's story before. Even one's dearest relatives are apt to become tiresome in narration. "I know, dad," she inter-

rupted; "but this yer man—this hoss-thief—did *he* get clean away without gettin' hurt at all?"

"He did, and unless he's fool enough to sell the hoss he kin keep away, too. So ye see, ye can't ladle out purp stuff about a dyin' stranger to Rube. He won't swaller it."

"All the same, dad," returned the girl cheerfully, "I reckon to say it, and say *more;* I'll tell him that *ef* he manages to get away too, I'll marry him—there! But ye don't ketch Rube takin' any such risks in gettin' ketched, or in gettin' away arter!"

MADISON CLAY smiled grimly, pushed back his chair, rose, dropped a perfunctory kiss on his daughter's hair, and, taking his shot-gun from the corner, departed on a peaceful Samaritan mission to a cow who had dropped a calf in the far pasture. Inclined as he was to Reuben's wooing from his eligibility as to property, he was conscious that he was sadly deficient in certain qualities inherent in the Clay family. It certainly would be a kind of *mésalliance.*

Left to herself, Salomy Jane stared a long while at the coffee-pot, and then called the two squaws who assisted her in her household duties, to clear away the things while she went up to her own room to make her bed. Here she was confronted with a possible prospect of that proverbial bed she might be making in her wilfulness, and on which she must lie, in the photograph of a somewhat serious young man of refined features—Reuben Waters—stuck in her window-frame. Salomy Jane smiled over her last witticism regarding him and enjoyed it, like your true humorist, and then, catching sight of her own handsome face in the little mirror, smiled again. But wasn't it funny about that horse-thief getting off after all? Good Lordy! Fancy Reuben hearing he was alive and going around with that kiss of hers set on his lips! She laughed again, a little more abstractedly. And he had returned it like a man, holding her tight and almost breathless, and he going to be hung the next minute! Salomy Jane had been kissed at other times, by force, chance or stratagem. In a certain ingenuous forfeit game of the locality known as "I'm a-pinin'," many had "pined" for a "sweet kiss" from Salomy Jane, which she had yielded in a sense of honor and fair play. She had never been kissed like this before—she would never again; and yet the man was alive! And behold, she could see in the mirror that she was blushing!

She should hardly know him again. A young man with very bright eyes, a flushed and sunburnt cheek, a kind of fixed look in the face, and no beard; no, none that she could feel. Yet he was not at all like Reuben, not a bit. She took Reuben's picture from the window, and laid it on her workbox. And to think she did not even know this young man's name! That was queer. To be kissed by a man whom she might never know! Of course he knew hers. She wondered if he remembered it and her. But of course he was so glad to get off with his life that he never thought of anything else. Yet she did not give more than four or five minutes to these speculations, and, like a sensible girl, thought of something else. Once again, however, in opening the closet, she found the brown holland gown she had worn on the day before; thought it very unbecoming, and regretted that she had not worn her best gown on her visit to Red Pete's cottage. On such an occasion she really might have been more impressive.

When her father came home that night she asked him the news. No, they had *not* captured the second horse-thief, who was still at large. Judge Boompointer talked of invoking the aid of the despised law. It remained, then, to see whether the horse-thief was fool enough to try to get rid of the animal. Red Pete's body had been delivered to his widow. Perhaps it would only be neighborly for Salomy Jane to ride over to the funeral. But Salomy Jane did not take to the suggestion kindly, nor yet did she explain to her father that, as the other man was still living, she did not care to undergo a second disciplining at the widow's hands. Nevertheless, she contrasted her situation with that of the widow with a new and singular satisfaction. It might have been Red Pete who had escaped. But he had not the grit of the nameless one. She had already settled his heroic quality.

"Ye ain't harkenin' to me, Salomy."

Salomy Jane started.

"Here I'm askin' ye if ye've seen that hound Phil Larrabee sneaking by yer today?"

Salomy Jane had not. But she became interested and self-reproachful, for she knew that Phil Larrabee was one of her father's enemies. "He wouldn't dare to go by here unless he knew you were out," she said quickly.

"That's what gets me," he said, scratching his grizzled head. "I've been kind o' thinkin' o' him all day, and one of them Chinamen said he saw him at Sawyer's Crossing. He was a kind of friend o' Pete's wife. That's why I thought yer might find out ef he'd been there." Salomy Jane grew more self-reproachful at her father's self-interest in her neighborliness. "But that ain't all," continued Mr. Clay. "Thar was tracks over the far pasture that warn't mine. I followed them, and they went round and round the house two or three times, ez ef they mout hev bin prowlin', and then I lost 'em in the woods again. It's just like that sneakin' hound Larrabee to hev bin lyin' in wait for me and afraid to meet a man fair and square in the open."

"You just lie low, dad, for a day or two more, and let me do a little prowlin'," said the girl, with sympathetic indignation in her dark eyes. "Ef it's that skunk, I'll spot him soon enough and let you know whar he's hiding."

"You'll just stay where ye are, Salomy," said her father decisively. "This ain't no woman's work—though I ain't sayin' you haven't got more head for it than some men I know."

Nevertheless, that night, after her father had gone to bed, Salomy Jane sat by the open window of the sitting-room in an apparent attitude of languid contemplation, but alert and intent of eye and ear. It was a fine moonlit night. Two pines near the door, solitary pickets of the serried ranks of distant forest, cast long shadows like paths to the cottage, and sighed their spiced breath in the windows. For there was no frivolity of vine or flower round Salomy Jane's bower.

THE clearing was too recent, the life too practical for vanities like these. But the moon added a vague elusiveness to everything, softened the rigid outlines of the sheds, gave shadows to the lidless windows, and touched with merciful indirectness the hideous débris of refuse gravel and the gaunt scars of burnt vegetation before the door. Even Salomy Jane was affected by it, and exhaled something between a sigh and a yawn with the breath of the pines. Then she suddenly sat upright.

Her quick ear had caught a faint

"click, click," in the direction of the wood; her quicker instinct and rustic training enabled her to determine that it was the ring of a horse's shoe on flinty ground; her knowledge of the locality told her it came from the spot where the trail passed over an outcrop of flint scarcely a quarter of a mile from where she sat, and within the clearing. It was no errant "stock," for the foot was *shod* with iron; it was a mounted trespasser by night, and boded no good to a man like Clay.

She rose, threw her shawl over her head, more for disguise than shelter, and passed out of the door. A sudden impulse made her seize her father's shotgun from the corner where it stood—not that she feared any danger to herself, but that it was an excuse. She made directly for the wood, keeping in the shadow of the pines as long as she could. At the fringe she halted; whoever was there must pass her before reaching the house.

Then there seemed to be a suspense of all nature. Everything was deadly still—even the moonbeams appeared no longer tremulous; soon there was a rustle as of some stealthy animal among the ferns, and then a dismounted man stepped into the moonlight. It was the horse-thief—the man she had kissed!

For a wild moment a strange fancy seized her usually sane intellect and stirred her temperate blood. The news they had told her was *not* true; he had been hung, and this was his ghost! He looked as white and spirit-like in the moonlight, dressed in the same clothes, as when she saw him last. He had evidently seen her approaching, and moved quickly to meet her. But in his haste he stumbled slightly; she reflected suddenly that ghosts did not stumble, and a feeling of relief came over her. And it was no assassin of her father that had been prowling around—only this unhappy fugitive. A momentary color came into her cheek; her coolness and hardihood returned; it was with a tinge of sauciness in her voice that she said:

"I reckoned you were a ghost."

"I mout have been," he said, looking at her fixedly; "but I reckon I'd have come back here all the same."

"It's a little riskier comin' back alive," she said, with a levity that died on her lips, for a singular nervousness, half fear and half expectation, was beginning to take the place of her relief of a moment ago. "Then it was *you* who was prowlin' round and makin' tracks in the far pasture?"

"Yes; I came straight here when I got away."

She felt his eyes were burning her, but did not dare to raise her own. "Why," she began, hesitated, and ended vaguely. "*How* did you get here?"

"You helped me!"

"I?"

"Yes. That kiss you gave me put life into me—gave me strength to get away. I swore to myself I'd come back and thank you, alive or dead."

Every word he said she could have anticipated, so plain the situation seemed to her now. And every word he said she knew was the truth. Yet her cool common sense struggled against it.

"What's the use of your escaping, ef you're comin' back here to be ketched again?" she said pertly.

He drew a little nearer to her, but seemed to her the more awkward as she resumed her self-possession. His voice, too, was broken, as if by exhaustion, as he said, catching his breath at intervals:

"I'll tell you. You did more for me than you think. You made another man o' me. I never had a man, woman

or child do to me what you did. I never had a friend—only a pal like Red Pete, who picked me up on shares. I want to quit this yer—what I'm doin'. I want to begin by doin' the square thing to you"— He stopped, breathed hard, and then said brokenly, "My hoss is over thar, staked out. I want to give him to you. Judge Boompointer will give you a thousand dollars for him. I ain't lyin'; it's God's truth! I saw it on the handbill agin a tree. Take him, and I'll get away afoot. Take him. It's the only thing I can do for you, and I know it don't half pay for what you did. Take it; your father can get a reward for you, if you can't."

Such were the ethics of this strange locality that neither the man who made the offer nor the girl to whom it was made was struck by anything that seemed illogical or indelicate, or at all inconsistent with justice or the horse-thief's real conversion. Salomy Jane nevertheless dissented, from another and weaker reason.

"I don't want your hoss, though I reckon dad might; but you're just starvin'. I'll get suthin'." She turned toward the house.

"Say you'll take the hoss first," he said, grasping her hand. At the touch she felt herself coloring and struggled, expecting perhaps another kiss. But he dropped her hand. She turned again with a saucy gesture, said, "Hol' on; I'll come right back," and slipped away, the mere shadow of a coy and flying nymph in the moonlight, until she reached the house.

Here she not only procured food and whiskey, but added a long dust-coat and hat of her father's to her burden. They would serve as a disguise for him and hide that heroic figure, which she thought everybody must now know as she did. Then she rejoined him breathlessly. But he put the food and whiskey aside.

"Listen," he said; "I've turned the hoss into your corral. You'll find him there in the morning, and no one will know but that he got lost and joined the other hosses."

Then she burst out. "But you—*you*—what will become of you? You'll be ketched!"

"I'll manage to get away," he said in a low voice, "ef—ef"—

"Ef what?" she said tremblingly.

"Ef you'll put the heart in me again—as you did!" he gasped.

She tried to laugh—to move away. She could do neither. Suddenly he caught her in his arms, with a long kiss, which she returned again and again. Then they stood embraced as they had embraced two days before, but no longer the same. For the cool, lazy Salomy Jane had been transformed into another woman—a passionate, clinging savage. Perhaps something of her father's blood had surged within her at that supreme moment. The man stood erect and determined.

"Wot's yer name?" she whispered quickly. It was a woman's quickest way of defining her feelings.

"Dart."

"Yer first name?"

"Jack."

"Let me go now, Jack. Lie low in the woods till tomorrow sunup. I'll come again."

He released her. Yet she lingered a moment. "Put on those things," she said, with a sudden happy flash of eyes and teeth, "and lie close till I come." And then she sped away home.

But midway up the distance she felt her feet going slower, and something at her heartstrings seemed to be pulling her back. She stopped, turned, and

glanced to where he had been standing. Had she seen him then, she might have returned. But he had disappeared. She gave her first sigh, and then ran quickly again. It must be nearly ten o'clock! It was not very long to morning!

She was within a few steps of her own door, when the sleeping woods and silent air appeared to suddenly awake with a sharp crack!

She stopped, paralyzed. Another crack! followed, that echoed over to the far corral. She recalled herself instantly and dashed off wildly to the woods again.

As she ran she thought of one thing only. He had been dogged by one of his old pursuers and attacked. But there were two shots, and he was unarmed. Suddenly she remembered that she had left her father's gun standing against the tree where they were talking. Thank God! she may again have saved him. She ran to the tree; the gun was gone. She ran hither and thither, dreading at every step to fall upon his lifeless body. A new thought struck her; she ran to the corral. The horse was not there! He must have been able to regain it, and escaped, *after* the shots had been fired. She drew a long breath of relief, but it was caught up in an apprehension of alarm. Her father, awakened from his sleep by the shots, was hurriedly approaching her.

"What's up now, Salomy Jane?" he demanded excitedly.

"Nothin'," said the girl with an effort. "Nothin', at least, that *I* can find." She was usually truthful because fearless, and a lie stuck in her throat; but she was no longer fearless, thinking of *him*. "I wasn't abed; so I ran out as soon as I heard the shots fired," she answered in return to his curious gaze.

"And you've hid my gun somewhere where it can't be found," he said reproachfully. "Ef it was that sneak Larrabee, and he fired them shots to lure me out, he might have potted me, without a show, a dozen times in the last five minutes."

She had not thought since of her father's enemy! It might indeed have been he who had attacked Jack. But she made a quick point of the suggestion. "Run in, dad, run in and find the gun; you've got no show out here without it." She seized him by the shoulders from behind, shielding him from the woods, and hurried him, half expostulating, half struggling, to the house.

But there no gun was to be found. It was strange; it must have been mislaid in some corner! Was he sure he had not left it in the barn? But no matter now. The danger was over; the Larrabee trick had failed; he must go to bed now, and in the morning they would make a search together. At the same time she had inwardly resolved to rise before him and make another search of the wood, and perhaps—fearful joy as she recalled her promise!—find Jack alive and well, awaiting her!

Salomy Jane slept little that night, nor did her father. But toward morning he fell into a tired man's slumber until the sun was well up the horizon. Far different was it with his daughter: she lay with her face to the window, her head half tilted to catch every sound, from the creaking of the sun-warped shingles above her head to the far-off moan of the rising wind in the pine trees. Sometimes she fell into a breathless, half-ecstatic trance, living over every moment of the stolen interview; feeling the fugitive's arm still around her, his kisses on her lips; hearing his whispered voice in her ears—the birth of her new life! This was followed again by a period of agonizing dread—that he

might even then be lying, his life ebbing away, in the woods, with her name on his lips, and she resting here inactive, until she half started from her bed to go to his succor. And this went on until a pale opal glow came into the sky, followed by a still paler pink on the summit of the white Sierras, when she rose and hurriedly began to dress. Still so sanguine was her hope of meeting him, that she lingered yet a moment to select the brown holland skirt and yellow sunbonnet she had worn when she first saw him. And she had only seen him twice! Only *twice!* It would be cruel, too cruel, not to see him again!

She crept softly down the stairs, listening to the long-drawn breathing of her father in his bedroom, and then, by the light of a guttering candle, scrawled a note to him, begging him not to trust himself out of the house until she returned from her search, and leaving the note open on the table, swiftly ran out into the growing day.

Three hours afterward Mr. Madison Clay awoke to the sound of loud knocking. At first this forced itself upon his consciousness as his daughter's regular morning summons, and was responded to by a grunt of recognition and a nestling closer in the blankets. Then he awoke with a start and a muttered oath, remembering the events of last night, and his intention to get up early, and rolled out of bed. Becoming aware by this time that the knocking was at the outer door, and hearing the shout of a familiar voice, he hastily pulled on his boots, his jean trousers, and fastening a single suspender over his shoulder as he clattered downstairs, stood in the lower room. The door was open, and waiting upon the threshold was his kinsman, an old ally in many a blood-feud —Breckenridge Clay!

"You *are* a cool one, Mad!" said the latter in half-admiring indignation.

"What's up?" said the bewildered Madison.

"*You* ought to be, and scootin' out o' this," said Breckenridge grimly. "It's all very well to know nothin'; but here Phil Larrabee's friends hev just picked him up, drilled through with slugs and deader nor a crow, and now they're lettin' loose Larrabee's two half-brothers on you. And you must go like a derned fool and leave these yer things behind you in the bresh," he went on querulously, lifting Madison Clay's dust-coat, hat, and shotgun from his horse, which stood saddled at the door. "Luckily I picked them up in the woods comin' here. Ye ain't got more than time to get over the state line and among your folks thar afore they'll be down on you. Hustle, old man! What are you gawkin' and starin' at?"

Madison Clay had stared amazed and bewildered—horror-stricken. The incidents of the past night for the first time flashed upon him clearly—hopelessly! The shot; his finding Salomy Jane alone in the woods; her confusion and anxiety to rid herself of him; the disappearance of the shotgun; and now this new discovery of the taking of his hat and coat for a disguise! *She* had killed Phil Larrabee in that disguise, after provoking his first harmless shot! She, his own child, Salomy Jane, had disgraced herself by a man's crime; had disgraced him by usurping his right, and taking a mean advantage, by deceit, of a foe!

"Gimme that gun," he said hoarsely.

BRECKENRIDGE handed him the gun in wonder and slowly gathering suspicion. Madison examined nipple and muzzle; one barrel had been discharged. It was true! The gun dropped from his hand.

"Look here, old man," said Brecken-

ridge, with a darkening face, "there's bin no foul play here. Thar's bin no hiring of men, no deputy to do this job. *You* did it fair and square—yourself?"

"Yes, by God!" burst out Madison Clay in a hoarse voice. "Who says I didn't?"

Reassured, yet believing that Madison Clay had nerved himself for the act by an over-draught of whiskey, which had affected his memory, Breckenridge said curtly, "Then wake up and lite out, ef ye want me to stand by you."

"Go to the corral and pick me out a hoss," said Madison slowly, yet not without a certain dignity of manner. "I've suthin' to say to Salomy Jane afore I go." He was holding her scribbled note, which he had just discovered, in his shaking hand.

Struck by his kinsman's manner, and knowing the dependent relations of father and daughter, Breckenridge nodded and hurried away. Left to himself, Madison Clay ran his fingers through his hair, and straightened out the paper on which Salomy Jane had scrawled her note, turned it over and wrote on the back:

You might have told me you did it, and not leave your ole father to find it out how you disgraced yourself and him, too, by a low-down, underhanded, woman's trick! I've said I done it, and took the blame myself, and all the sneakiness of it that folks suspect. If I get away alive—and I don't care much which—you needn't foller. The house and stock are yours; but you ain't any longer the daughter of your disgraced father,

MADISON CLAY.

He had scarcely finished the note when, with a clatter of hoofs and a led horse, Breckenridge reappeared at the door elate and triumphant. "You're in nigger luck, Mad! I found that stole hoss of Judge Boompointer's had got away and strayed among your stock in the corral. Take him and you're safe; he can't be outrun this side of the state line."

"I ain't no hoss-thief," said Madison grimly.

"Nobody sez ye are, but you'd be wuss—a fool—ef you didn't take him. I'm testimony that you found him among your hosses; I'll tell Judge Boompointer you've got him, and ye kin send him back when you're safe. The judge will be mighty glad to get him back, and call it quits. So ef you've writ to Salomy Jane, come."

Madison Clay no longer hesitated. Salomy Jane might return at any moment—it would be part of her fool womanishness—and he was in no mood to see her before a third party. He laid the note on the table, gave a hurried glance around the house, which he grimly believed he was leaving forever, and, striding to the door, leaped on the stolen horse, and swept away with his kinsman.

But that note lay for a week undisturbed on the table in full view of the open door. The house was invaded by leaves, pine cones, birds, and squirrels during the hot silent empty days, and at night by shy, stealthy creatures, but never again, day or night, by any of the Clay family. It was known in the district that Clay had flown across the state line, his daughter was believed to have joined him the next day, and the house was supposed to be locked up. It lay off the main road, and few passed that way. The starving cattle in the corral at last broke bounds and spread over the woods. And one night a stronger blast than usual swept through the house, carried the note from the table

to the floor, where, whirled into a crack in the flooring, it slowly rotted.

But though the sting of her father's reproach was spared her, Salomy Jane had no need of the letter to know what had happened. For as she entered the woods in the dim light of that morning she saw the figure of Dart gliding from the shadow of a pine toward her. The unaffected cry of joy that rose from her lips died there as she caught sight of his face in the open light.

"You are hurt," she said, clutching his arm passionately.

"No," he said. "But I wouldn't mind that if"—

"You're thinkin' I was afeared to come back last night when I heard the shootin', but I *did* come," she went on feverishly. "I ran back here when I heard the two shots, but you were gone. I went to the corral, but your hoss wasn't there, and I thought you'd got away."

"I *did* get away," said Dart gloomily. "I killed the man, thinkin' he was huntin' me, and forgettin' that I was disguised. He thought I was your father."

"Yes," said the girl joyfully, "he was after dad, and *you*—you killed him." She again caught his hand admiringly.

But he did not respond. Possibly there were points of honor which this horse-thief felt vaguely with her father. "Listen," he said grimly. "Others think it was your father killed him. When *I* did it—for he fired at me first—I ran to the corral again and took my hoss, thinkin' I might be followed. I made a clear circuit of the house and when I found he was the only one, and no one was follerin', I come back here and took off my disguise. Then I heard his friends find him in the wood, and I know they suspected your father. And then another man come through the woods while I was hidin' and found the clothes and took them away." He stopped and stared at her gloomily.

But all this was unintelligible to the girl.

"Dad would have got the better of him ef you hadn't," she said eagerly, "so what's the difference?"

"All the same," he said gloomily, "I must take his place."

She did not understand, but turned her head to her master. "Then you'll go back with me and tell him *all?*" she said obediently.

"Yes," he said.

She put her hand in his, and they crept out of the wood together. She foresaw a thousand difficulties, but, chiefest of all, that he did not love as she did. *She* would not have taken these risks against their happiness.

But alas for ethics and heroism. As they were issuing from the wood they heard the sound of galloping hoofs, and had barely time to hide themselves before Madison Clay, on the stolen horse of Judge Boompointer, swept past them with his kinsman.

Salomy Jane turned to her lover.

And here I might, as a moral romancer, pause, leaving the guilty, passionate girl eloped with her disreputable lover, destined to lifelong shame and misery, misunderstood to the last by a criminal, fastidious parent.

But I am confronted by certain facts, on which this romance is based. A month later a handbill was posted on one of the sentinel pines, announcing that the property would be sold by auction to the highest bidder by Mrs. John Dart, daughter of Madison Clay, Esq., and it was sold accordingly. Still later —by ten years—the chronicler of these pages visited a certain stock or breeding farm, in the Blue Grass Country,

famous for the popular racers it has produced. He was told that the owner was the "best judge of horse-flesh in the country." "Small wonder," added his informant, "for they say as a young man out in California he was a horse-thief, and only saved himself by eloping with some rich farmer's daughter. But he's a straight-out and respectable man now, whose word about horses can't be bought; and as for his wife, *she's* a beauty; To see her at the Springs, rigged out in the latest fashion, you'd never think she had ever lived out of New York or wasn't the wife of one of its millionaires."

## Battle Cries

Caesar to his veterans at Pharsalia, August 9, 48 B.C.

"Soldiers, strike in the face!"

Henry of Navarre to his troops at the battle of Ivry, 1590.

"I am your king, you are Frenchmen, there are the enemy: let us charge."

Queen Elizabeth to troops at Tilbury awaiting the Invincible Armada, 1588.

"Let tyrants fear!"

La Rochejaquelein to his volunteers in the royalist revolt in La Vendée, 1793.

"If I advance, follow me! If I retreat, kill me! If I die, avenge me."

Lord Charles Hay to his battalion at the battle of Fontenoy, 1745.

"Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire?"

Arnaud, Abbot of Citeaux, at the siege of Beziers, where sixty thousand people were killed, 1209.

"Kill all: God will recognize his own."

Napoleon to his soldiers before the battle of the Pyramids, July, 1798.

"From the summit of the Pyramids forty centuries look down upon you."

General Bluecher when he rejoined the allied German Army, 1815.

"'Conquer or die?' *Vorwaerts! Sie Stinken etwas.* Now! Lads, behave well! Don't let the peacocks get the better of us again! *Vorwaerts*—in God's name—*Vorwaerts!*"

Lord Nelson, dying to his flag captain in the battle of Trafalgar, 1805.

"Oh, whip them now you've got 'em. Whip them as they've never been whipped before. You've got to teach a dog manners."

Lord Raglan to his cavalry at Balaclava, 1854.

"Attack, men! We want no favors from the Russians."

Oliver Cromwell to his troops, 1653.

"Put your trust in God, and be sure that your powder is dry."

# Is the Earth Inhabited?

**"No!" Thunders this German Philosopher, and — Beware of Logic — Proves It.**

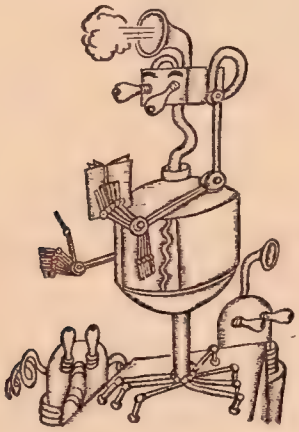
By ALFRED BASSANO

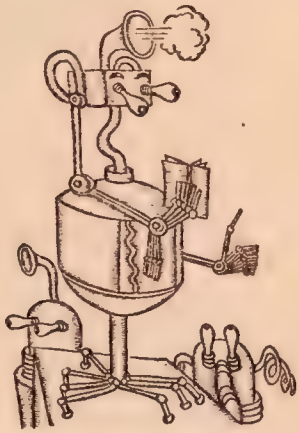
Translated by Jack Borut

It is not at all surprising that certain imaginative laymen should for years have wasted their time on this absurd question, and it is entirely logical that the Sunday sections of some of our more lurid newspapers devote space to fatuous speculations on the subject. We have, so far, proceeded on the unwarranted assumption that any part of the Earth presents physical conditions which would allow human life to exist. There is no reason for such belief. It is definitely proven, for instance, that the earth is entirely surrounded by a gas known as Oxygen. We know, of course, that oxygen spells death to all living things. It has been persuasively argued that the hypothetical inhabitants of the Earth might have certain physiological appendages which would make survival in this poisonous gas possible. We can only assert that the apparatus required for such a life would have to be so complex that the slightest derangement would throw the entire organism out of balance. Obviously this could hardly be a suitable equipment for creatures living in an unstable climate. The most important reason why the Earth cannot ever have been inhabited has been overlooked by our scientific sensationalists: namely, the almost complete absence of gravity. The inhabitants, if any, would be creatures so light and airy that they could move about with almost incredible speed. And since we know for certain, that nothing is more destructive to life than motion, the needless and rapid change of location would of necessity breed great psychological instability and bring about a destruction of the poise, concentration and thought which are the requisites of life. I have estimated

that a man living on the Earth could so easily change his place of location merely by shifting his center of gravity that he could reasonably achieve a speed of approximately two miles a day. The restlessness engendered by this fantastic capacity for meaningless movements would rob him of any right to be called Human.

There remains still the matter of the canal-like indentations or structures which have been observed on the foolish notions which the general public holds regarding this subject. Let us make plain that the Earth has always been a defunct and empty sphere where life could only have survived at a cost so great that no creatures entitled to be called man could possibly have survived there. I am willing to allow that perhaps some primitive organism outside the ken of our wildest imaginings may lead a low form of existence there. I am even prepared to grant that





*Drawings by Alexander King*

the Earth's surface and which seem to have originated according to some deliberate plan. All the reasons I have offered to prove that the planet is uninhabited can be applied to demonstrate that these so-called canals are, at best, the relics of a civilization which has completely disappeared. I am not prepared to grant even this, and I offer as a much more logical clue to their creation the simple explanation, that some extra-terrestrial force once planned to settle there but abandoned the idea because of the hazardous conditions which prevailed.

Let me state in conclusion that it is time for serious scientists to combat some of the insect-like creatures which are frequently observed near this moribund planet belong to some unknown biological species which is vainly attempting to leave for a more congenial abode. But this is as far as I am ready to go with my imaginative colleagues, and I defy any man who has examined the testimony dispassionately to challenge the evidence I have offered.

If man is, as we believe, the highest pinnacle of biological development, then the Earth can never have been his home. And if, as some of us maintain, he has in him the divine spark, it is sheerest blasphemy to connect him with this arid and meaningless cinder.

# Uriah's Son

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

CERTAIN stories have a way of repeating themselves: the transfer of Naboth's vineyard turns up in the real estate columns; the steel-and-concrete walls of a modern Jericho crumble at the blast of the strong man's trumpet; a businesslike Jacob in a battered derby tricks a hungry Esau into signing away his rightful inheritance on the dotted line. Life may have more possible permutations than a hand of cards, but certain combinations recur—only sometimes the sleight of circumstance provides a new and unexpected ending to an ancient gambit. It was so with David Davenant and Frances Jerome.

David, king over Israel, was a strong, cunning, diverse man. So was David Davenant—and a little king in the New York of his day, as well. As for Frances—no, the sumptuous beauty of Bathsheba, pale and burning, was hardly hers, though she *was* beautiful. She was kind, forgiving and gentle, with cool hands and a delicate gaiety when she was pleased—the kind of woman life seems to delight in forcing into traps that would break the strong.

Everybody expected her to marry badly—for she had what people considered a terrible weakness for taking care of crippled things. So everybody was disappointed—most favorably, of course—when she married Dicky Jerome.

Dicky was your fortunate youth, *par excellence*—you know the school legend—the life of the party, the man who can arrive as late as he pleases, anywhere, and always be more than forgiven. He was handsome in his youth, without a trace of slickness—the pleasantest of company—dogs adored him—success came rubbing against his legs like an affectionate cat. Life had no corners for him, as it had for David Davenant. Why he ever picked out Frances—but he did, to the temporary discomfiture of the prophets, who had to fall back upon the comment that poor Frances sometimes seemed a little dazed with her own good fortune. They had been married three years, and had

a son who looked absurdly like Dicky from the first—that Dicky's first child should be a son was as much to be expected as that it should be spoken of as Dicky's son—and everybody knew how well Dicky was doing with D. Davenant and Co.—when David Davenant came to the Jeromes' for dinner one night.

His coming was not quite as much of an individual triumph for Dicky's luck as it sounds. After all—David Davenant had known Frances' father—and David was famous for keeping rather uncanny track of the private affairs of his brilliant young men. But for all that, Frances must have been rather excited about that evening. As for Dicky, who never was nervous—the evening must have made him believe more firmly than ever in his peculiar star.

You can see Frances, shy and anxious—a gentle kitten being modestly polite to a king, whenever opportunity offered, which was seldom, for Dicky carried the brunt of the conversation with his usual aplomb. And David—looking at Frances—and looking again!

What could it have been in Frances that stirred such intense and ruthless purpose in the heart of a dour, self-sufficient man some twenty years older than herself? A gaunt lion, staring enchanted at a spray of spring cherry blossoms—a cold king, stung to the soul by beauty demure as a child's, unconscious as a child's. But it happened—and Frances, I think, did not even know it was happening, in spite of what people said later. The king came to dinner oftener—the other brilliant young men began to watch Dicky with wary eyes. One wonders if David of Israel ever went to dinner at the Uriah's—and if the captains of his host were envious and said that Uriah had all the luck.

Modern kings manage these affairs a little less crudely, perhaps, than their forbears did. The blue envelope has supplanted the executioner's sword. So David did not set Dicky in the forefront of the battle and bid his companions retire from him that he might die. Instead he raised Dicky's salary and sent him on a trip of investigation to Cholopan. White women with young children do not go to Cholopan if they want to live—or did not, then; and even the strictest living of white men used to come back shaken. As for the other white men, they did not last long. Dicky did not last long.

A year and a half after his death, Frances married David Davenant. Then the whispers began. The kindest said that he must have terrified her into it, and told tales of the implacable, bearish strength that had always got him the thing he desired. Or else, that of course it was for the child, poor thing, and they pitied her. Indeed, Dicky's death had left her in actual poverty; it is really astonishing how much it costs for even the most fortunate of pleasant young men to maintain a home in a properly agreeable way. As for what the more malicious agreed about the whole affair—but why bother with them? The one point on which all were agreed was that Frances certainly had no right to seem at all happy in her second marriage. And she did seem—not unhappy, at least—at first.

David must have reckoned that a king could crush such gossip like a snapping little animal under his heel, by mere strength. But gossip is fog that comes seeping in through the tiny cracks of existence—seeping in and in, no matter how firmly one tries to stuff the cracks.

As it was, he broke one twenty-year

friendship in the first months of his marriage—when Rufus Malone, who feared neither God nor David, greeted him one day with: "Well, David—and how is the fair Bathsheba today?" David turned on his heel and never spoke to the man again. The incident made more gossip—and after that, David may have thought, with some wisdom, that the best thing to do was to wait and let the gossip wear out with time. But Frances wore out first.

She died four years after her second marriage—taking leave of life as gently and civilly as she had always taken leave of her friends. And the friends who had thought her first apparent happiness unseemly were satisfied, for when she died, she had certainly not been what the world calls happy for a long time. The gossip had reached her and touched her—and some natures cannot endure a lifelong warfare with fog. Toward the last, I think, she lived wholly for her boy—but she must have trusted David, or she could not have borne it to leave the boy alone with him. He was seven or so when she died—a handsome, charming child, a little delicate, with his father's graces of manner.

So Frances' story ended—and the prophets of her world were satisfied—for their prophecies had been fulfilled at last.

As for David, who had grimly adored her and loaded her docile fragility with gifts so properly kingly, they weighed her down like golden armor—no one knew if or what he suffered, or with what private agony of iron tears he tried to buy off Death. Kings have no time for long grief, and he went on—only something seemed to shut up in his mind with a click of steel. If he had been grim before, he was grimmer now—the rare, odd, awkward tenderness he had sometimes shown with Frances, the strange occasional attempts at lightheartedness, as at the playing of an unaccustomed game—these disappeared. His hair whitened; he grew leaner—but his mind retained the relentless precision of a strong machine—and D. Davenant and Co. prospered till few competitors dared stand in its shadow.

After a while men began to say jokingly that he would never die—unless, they added, half-believing it, the Devil flew away with him. For even after Frances' death, he displayed no slightest sign of repentance for what he had done—though, by now, his story, and Frances', and Dicky Jerome's, had well nigh taken on the proportions of a legend—and people called him "King David," under their breath.

Then, as the boy grew up, there began to be talk about "King David" and "Uriah's son."

FRANK JEROME'S first real memory of his stepfather was one of fear. A gaunt figure stalking about the tiny apartment where Frances had gone to live after Dicky's death—a figure so tall and strange and with such a frightening air of power about it that Frank always felt that he and his mother and the apartment lived only on sufferance in its presence—that, if it wished, it could stamp with its foot like a lanky master magician and crumple the neat little rooms to pieces like a house of cards. A gaunt face coming close to him, the eyes staring at him unblinkingly, seeming to count and judge every childish mistake without mercy or comprehension—knotty, powerful hands, bestowing mysterious parcels of toys that were wonderful enough in themselves, but took a long time to get used to, because they, too, had an air of power and condescension from which he shrank.

The the house on Riverside Drive—vast and gloomy, dark curtains, soft funereal carpets—and the first terrors of finding the gaunt figure unexpectedly there, at meals, following his mother about like a tall, overpowering shadow, asking penetrating questions for which there were no right answers, horrifically seated, smoking a gaunt cigar in rooms that had begun to seem a little familiar—everywhere!

The child can really have seen very little of David those first years—but the presence of him obsessed his days. And when he was told about God, he made Him in David's image—a gaunt figure in white robes, spiky-crowned, appallingly just and omnipresent, striding the floors of heaven with a pitiless eye alert.

Then the memories grew brighter and clearer—his mother's death, the numb, uncomprehending shock, the gaunt figure with its face set and rigid, saying, "Frances! Frances!" in a harsh, dull voice—his mother, smiling tinily: "Take care of your father, Frank!" But David wasn't his father—and as for taking care of him—Frank would as soon have thought of trying to take care of God.

A STRANGE life, after that, for the two of them in the huge, melancholy house. Nurses and governesses—the servants—days and weeks when David hardly seemed to see the little boy who played in the corner. Did David hate him, or was it merely with bleak indifference that the deep eyes regarded him and his games? He didn't know. But he began to think that David hated him, after the incident of the closet under the stairs.

Frank hated the stairs and the black and cavernous hall. Sinister shadows lurked there in the long, gray winter afternoons—dark, faceless shapes of shadow, ready to catch at a little boy's feet. And the closet under the stairs was their most secret fastness.

Perhaps David noticed this aversion of Frank's, with those bleak eyes that seemed to see nothing and everything. At any rate, one afternoon, when they were alone, he spoke: "Frank."

"Yes, sir."

"I left a box of cigars in the closet under the stairs. Go and get it for me, please."

The request left Frank aghast. Why, even the lights in the hall were not on yet—not that they helped much! The hall was packed with shadows.

"Well, Frank? What's the matter?"

"N-nothing."

"What's the matter?"

"C-can't I ask Miss Tyler? I——"

"Frank, are you afraid? Afraid of the dark?" The gaunt face stiffened—the last words were a delicate lash of scorn.

"Y-yes!"—defiantly.

The set visage relaxed a trifle. "Why? There's nothing to be afraid of. Nothing will hurt you."

But he didn't know. How could he know? Even the shadows would be afraid of *him*.

"Frank, go and get that box."

Slowly, rebelliously, Frank turned to face the shadows. There were even more of them than he had feared. But he could feel David's eyes on his back, burning. He caught his breath and walked straight into the heart of the darkness.

"On the second shelf, Frank."

He wanted to grab with icy hands and run back, but he could not. If he did he would be ashamed in the sight of those hateful eyes. He found the box, and turned, trembling, to face the terrible shadows again. Why—they were only shadows! Just ordinary shadows! He gasped with astonishment—and walked back slowly—even dallying a

little, in fearful defiance.

After that, he could not afford to be afraid of the closet, for he never knew when David might send him there again. But at times he felt quite sure that David had hated him, and had been disappointed that he had not failed in the cruel adventure. That, more than anything else, helped him to conquer his fear. And then he felt more certain than ever that David hated him, for a month or so after the incident, David suddenly informed him that he was to be sent away to school.

He didn't want to go to school—it meant discomfort, change, a whole host of possible terrors. But being his father's son, when he got to school, he prospered—he had that indefinable engagingness that, in man or woman, makes the run of mankind follow the proverb and give to him that hath. He had his father's facility—his father's ease. And his school and college life could easily have been like his father's, a pleasant, triumphal passage through an admiring throng. But it was not—because of David.

David did not fit in at all with the admiring throng. Indeed, he seemed often to grudge what success his stepson had, and certainly never praised him. Coming back to David, on vacations, was like stepping from a warm room under the freezing needles of a shower-bath. After a while Frank learned to brace and inure himself against that shock. The fact that David certainly disliked him, very possibly hated him, became merely a fact—a weight to carry, but not a crushing weight, for, oddly enough, Frank could never find the flicker of meanness or spite in those deep and hostile eyes. He knew what some of his friends thought of David's attitude but he could not agree with them. The hate that was set against him was a superb hate. It had an iron quality. He strove against it as against a bar of iron—and grew strong.

David gave him a ridiculously tiny allowance, considering, but he lived within it rigidly, contracting none of the pleasant debts of some of his classmates. He would not give David the opportunity for easy scorn such debts might afford. He played football for four years on the scrub team, knowing perfectly well that he had no chance for a letter—but he would not give up the game and hear David's voice: "So you've given up football, Frank?" and see the thought in his mind: "I thought you couldn't stick it out."

It must not be understood that his youth was either doleful or priggishly self-centered—it was not. He enjoyed himself greatly and was well liked; but under the surface of his days lay a certain backbone of purpose, rare among his fellows. When he was graduated, he received no votes for "most popular man," but he had, without knowing it, the respect of his entire class.

The war came when he was twenty-one, in his last year of college. David wrote a characteristic letter. "So you intend to enlist in the Marines. Considering your training, and the scarcity of officer material, you would probably be rather more useful if you tried for an officers' training camp—but I realize that the job for which a man is best suited is seldom the one that appeals to him. Besides, as a private, you would have much less responsibility—which is always pleasanter." The unit Frank had intended to join went overseas without him. He went to camp and spent his war service training recruits in Texas. But the recruits were well trained—even David would have admitted that.

After the war he came back to the house on Riverside Drive, and David frigidly offered him a chance with D. Davenant and Co. "You realize that, though the other men may not think so at first, you will be treated exactly like any other employee. Your success, should you make it, you will have to make yourself. I have never played favorites."

Frank smiled. "Of course, sir." At last they were coming to grips.

"In fact," said David, doubtfully, "—don't grin at me, Frank!—it will probably be a little harder for you than the ordinary man. Your superiors will be informed that you need expect no private favors from me——"

"Very well, sir."

"Very well. You will report at the office in the morning. I shall, naturally, discontinue your allowance, but you may live here if you prefer it."

"I'll pay you rent."

"Don't be nonsensical," said David, contemptuously.

"Then I'll live somewhere else."

A gleam lighted David's eyes.

"As you please. However, in that case—if you wish to stay here—you may pay me the average rent my clerks pay." He named figures.

"Very well."

Frank had been working six months when he made the discovery. Gossip sleeps—but it does not die. He overheard the office whispers behind his back—the whispers that called him Uriah's son. So he came to know, at last.

When he was quite sure, and the first bitterness was still upon him, he went to David. It was after a dinner as silent as most of their meals together. The interview took place in the vast funereal room whence David had sent him out that time to look for the cigar box in the closet under the stairs. David had just lighted one of that same brand of cigars.

"I want to talk to you, sir."

"Well, Frank? Getting tired of the grind?"

"No. I want to ask you some things about my father."

The knotty fingers of David's hand clenched suddenly about his cigar. Then, gradually, they unclosed. "I've spoiled my cigar," he said, in a musing voice. He took another cigar from the box, clipped, lighted it. Then he turned to Frank.

"So? Well?"

Frank told him what he had heard. As David failed to reply, sitting stiff in his chair, the accusing voice grew more passionate. There was nothing young about that voice any longer—the heat in it was the heat of a deep, steady flame, too white-hot to sputter or roar.

When Frank was quite done, the composed figure stirred a little.

"Well? Is that all?"

"You don't deny it?"

"No," said the quiet image, "I don't deny it."

Frank passed his hand over his forehead with an odd, mechanical gesture. He had expected raging denial—mountainous anger—lies that stuck in the throat—anything but this quietude. He could hardly believe his own accusation, even now. There had been hate between them before—strong hate—but nothing like this, nothing crawling. He looked at David as a child might look at a monster. A sudden horror seized him—a horror that, if he looked long enough, he might see blood upon David's hands—and he shook.

"You don't deny it?" he repeated, stupidly.

"No," came the quiet answer again. "I don't deny it. Your father was worthless and useless——"

"You liar! Oh, I've heard. He was—"

"Worthless and useless. He crossed me—I put him out of my way. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to kill you, I think," said Frank; and he believed it—then.

"Well," said the figure, with a certain horrible mockery, "as you will. I've lived a long time."

The hands that were almost at David's throat dropped away.

"No," said Frank, in a cracking voice, "that wouldn't be enough. I'd rather have everybody know what you are—and they will. I'll put you in jail for my father's murder, if it takes me——"

"It would be like your father's son," said David, "to dirty your mother's memory—if he could."

"You devil!" said Frank, half sobbing. He pressed his hands against his eyes.

David carefully extinguished his cigar.

"If you are quite through——" he said.

"No," said Frank, and this time the eyes that looked into David's eyes were calm as his own. "I can't kill you—I can't disgrace you—but I *can* break you. You don't care about God or death or disgrace—but you care about D. Davenant and Company! And I'll break D. Davenant and Company! I think that would hurt you more than anything else."

"Try it," said David Davenant, and rose to his feet. He laughed. "If you were *my* son—perhaps. But not the son of your father. He was worthless and useless—and you are too much like him. It would take a strong man to break me, Frank—not you."

"You lie," said Frank, steadily. "You were afraid of my father. You murdered him because you were afraid. You could because he trusted you. But I know you—and you sha'n't murder me—and I'll break you."

"Try it," said David Davenant again, and walked out of the room.

Hot resolutions cool between night and morning, as a rule. The next morning Frank's resolution had not cooled, but he began to realize the enormous difficulty of his task.

He realized it even more in the next few months. But when a man is willing to work twenty-four hours a day for a purpose, and subordinate everything else in life to that purpose, he either breaks himself or accomplishes his task.

The first step took him two hard and discouraging years. But the time had long been ripe in the trade for an organized fight of the independents against D. Davenant and Company, and Frank found himself at last a small but growingly important figure in the forces preparing for that fight.

Luck helped him somewhat, but not more than it generally helps the man who bullies rather than beseeches it. And the fires of his purpose never had time to grow cold, for whenever they sank down a little, his path and David's would cross. After a time he began to suspect that David, in his kingly way, was keeping very close track of him, and the suspicion tightened his grip on his weapons. David was watching for a slip—he must make no slips.

There was the incident of Mrs. Dixon, for instance. Mrs. Dixon was, to the eye, merely a comely, rather flirtatious young widow with a certain quite pleasant foolishness about her. Frank liked her. They told stories about her, of

course—and some not very nice ones; but they told stories about everyone. She had never been actually touched by scandal; and if she lived rather expensively and maintained a discreet silence about the presumably defunct Mr. Dixon—that was her own affair.

Frank's friendship with her was progressing very pleasantly when, one evening as they were dining together in a restaurant whose reputation leaned toward the indiscreet, David came in, alone, and sat down at the table opposite them.

It spoiled an agreeable dinner party; Mrs. Dixon's sallies began to seem vapid or a little too eager. Frank kept looking at David, who did not seem to observe him. But Frank knew he did. He could hear David's voice—"like your father—worthless—useless——" Frank and David exchanged no words, but the dinner ended in unacknowledged discord. Nor did Frank accept Mrs. Dixon's carefully casual invitation to stop in at her apartment for a last cigarette before he went home. After that, their friendship lapsed, in spite of Mrs. Dixon's letters. When the Harcourt scandal broke next year, Frank was just as glad that he had not answered those letters. If David had not come that evening—David might have triumphed. So David's wariness had done him a bad turn, for once. But that wariness kept on.

THERE were other incidents like that of Mrs. Dixon—other unexpected meetings with David in the flesh, a dour figure watching with terrible persistence for Frank to stumble and fall. And David in the spirit was always watching. "Just like your father," the phantom said—and Frank buckled to and disproved him—or rather proved him wrong in a different way—for it came to seem to him as if every mistake he made counted doubly, against himself, and against his father in his grave. So the pitfalls that lie in wait for the fool and the rogue were evaded—and every day they were evaded brought Frank nearer to his goal.

Sometimes he had the fear that David might die before he was able to break him—but David seemed as unchanging and perdurable as his hate. And then, in the beginning of the fourth year of his purpose, Frank fell in love with Shirley Free.

He was lucky. Shirleys are infrequent. She was everything he had wanted rather dumbly and never had. They were very happy. But he did not tell her the whole of his purpose, for he knew her to be forgiving. Perhaps it was as well; for, abruptly, the invisible persecution tightened its net, and David appeared anew.

A glimpse of David, passing them in an automobile as Shirley and he were walking a country road; on another occasion looking out of the window and seeing a gaunt observant figure on the other side of the street—an ominous coincidence, too often repeated to be accidental.

The wedding was to be in October. The plans of the independents were coming to a head—and only the certainty of Shirley and Shirley's devotion kept Frank up through the straining summer months. As it was, he grew nervous and edgy—and David walked through his dreams.

When Frank discovered, a month before the date of the wedding, that David had actually seen and talked with Shirley—it was the last straw.

"But, Frank," said Shirley, puzzled, "after all—I'll admit I was a little scared at first, he *is* rather scary. But he didn't say anything that——"

"H'm," said Frank, "did he try to—bully——"

"Why—no, dear. I don't see quite why he came—except——"

"Yes?"

"Well—I had a vague sort of feeling that he was—well—looking me over—like a judge—only I don't know what he thought. He said he was coming again."

"Well, he won't," said Frank, briefly. "This has to stop. I can stand his spying on me, but he sha'n't touch *you*. I'll stop it, I tell you—I'll stop it——" His voice rose harshly. "Oh, I know him, Shirley—God knows what he's up to now; but he's a devil, I tell you—a devil——"

SHIRLEY managed to quiet him for a time. But when he left her, he went straight to David's house. He walked there—it was a long way—but he felt no fatigue. The consuming rage that burned in him was too intense. It made his body feel light as pith and very strong—he was quite calm, but he felt as if, this time, he could take David and break him in his hands like a crust.

He noticed with strange detachment, as he sat there, waiting for David, that the gloomy living-room had not changed since the last time he had seen it, years before. There was David's cigar box on the table, and the picture of Frances above the fireplace. The room was terribly full of David's presence. For an instant Frank was a haunted small boy again, looking round the room with scared eyes, listening for the majestic footfalls of a great, gaunt figure that stalked over gloomy carpets with the terrifying pride of a damned archangel. Then his courage and rage returned—for David came in.

David had not altered in the years. The deep eyes still burned; the grim, imperious face kept its lean and haughty repose. His walk was not quite so certain—that was all.

He carried a bundle of papers in his hand. "Well, Frank," he said, without surprise, "sit down."

He sat down himself and began to look through the papers, now and then making a little correction with a fountain pen. The sudden assurance of triumph flared up in Frank's mind. The papers were a shield—and an ineffective shield. David was afraid of him, at last.

Frank began to speak, and his voice had the intense composure of a man who has finally mastered his bitterest enemy. David heard him out, toward the end his pen moving slowly over a fresh sheet of paper as he listened. His attitude seemed to acknowledge defeat.

"I told you I'd break you," Frank ended, "and I'm going to. You'll be broken within six months, no matter what happens. This is the end."

"Broken—by you?" said David rather quietly.

Frank smiled. "Not entirely—but you couldn't have been broken without me—yet. You need some sort of a string to tie the loose sticks together into a club. I've been the string. It's taken four years, but I've tied the sticks together—in spite of your spying and watching—in spite of all you could do——"

"So you noticed my—spying," said David, and smiled.

"But now," said Frank, unheeding, "the spying must stop. Stop—do you understand? You can spy on me all you like—but you'll leave Shirley alone! I don't know what your idea was in spying on her—but this is the end of it! Do you hear?"

"Yes," said David, going on with his writing. "This is the end of it. I sha'n't bother her any more."

"Very well," said Frank. "Then——"

And suddenly, in spite of the conclusiveness of his victory, he was irritated by the other's calm. "What are you writing?" he ended, illogically.

"A letter." David smiled. He came to the end of a paragraph, hesitated, and carefully signed his name. "Here," he said, and passed the papers over to Frank.

"What on——" said Frank, amazed.

"Read it," said David, and sank back in his chair.

FRANK took the pages gingerly. He glanced at the heading of the letter. It began "My dear son." He looked at David, astounded, but David gave no sign. Frank settled himself to read.

"MY DEAR SON:

"I had at one time hoped to make this explanation of certain matters to you in a different manner—but I am a sick old man, now, and talk tires me. Besides, there are other reasons. So you will receive this letter in the approved manner—either after my death, or when I am so near it that there need be no hesitancy on your part in believing what I say. The doctors give me a little while now—if I live piddlingly—which I do not intend to do.

"You may, perhaps, have wondered at many things in my attitude toward you, before you discovered what seemed to you the logical explanation of that attitude. The real explanation goes back into the past, to the days when I first knew your mother and your father.

"There is no need of telling you what your mother was. She was an incomparable creature—a saint without pretense—the kindest and gentlest of women. Your mother gave me what happiness I have had, except the brief happiness that comes from crushing an obstacle; and if I have been able to live through these last years, it has been by remembering her. I do not demand that you believe this—but it is true.

"Your father was one of the most charming men that I have ever known—and one of the worst. He was one of those rare people whom life rots with too much sun—with too great good-fortune—and who spoil the lives closest to them with the careless cruelty of a pampered child. With every facility, with every opportunity, he was profligate, cowardly, eaten with mean little sins. I do not ask you to accept this statement on hearsay; I offer letters of his own—of your mother's—of his friends—other testimony .

"He was breaking your mother's heart when he died—and she did not know the worst—he had great skill in concealment. And now the worst is long dead and will not rise—I have seen to that. Here is the evidence, my son."

Frank, white to the lips, examined the attached sheaf of papers. He did not have to read them to the end—the damnation of a soul was written too plainly across the mildest of them. They could not have been forged; every line had the accent of truth; he knew three of the handwritings at least; he knew his mother's way of putting a thing. He sucked in a sobbing breath through tight lips, and went on reading:

"You will destroy these papers, of course.

"You must remember that I had known your mother from a child—slightly enough, but enough to know what she was. I know the men who work for me—I knew your father, too. And knowing that—I knew what the end would be, unless Chance intervened. Your mother was fatally loyal.

"Well, I took upon myself the prerogative of Chance—the prerogative of God. I was a younger man then, and I knew my strength. I made a resolve—if Chance did not intervene within a certain space of time, I would.

"Yes, I was in love with your mother. But I gave him his chance—I stuck to my bargain. I had him in and talked to him, with some frankness. I had the right, con-

sidering his position in the company. He was as sneering as he dared—what business was it of mine? What he did in private—his private life was his own affair. He as much as boasted of your mother's forgiveness of him—he seemed to think it a little absurd. That was hard for me to bear—but I gave him his chance.

"If he had been anything but appetites and grace, the place where I sent him might have made a man of him. But he was not—I had thought he would not be. He died there as I had thought he would die. I killed him—if you like. Deliberately! Those who assume God's prerogative of mortal justice have their own punishment. Your mother married me—and we were happy, for a time. Yes, she was happy. Then the people began to whisper—and she died. I had not calculated upon the strength of whispers. She died. That was my punishment. But in spite of everything, I cannot regret what I did—for if it were to do over again, I would do the same.

"At least your mother trusted me till the end. If she had not, she would not have left you in my charge.

"You may never have seen your father's picture as a child. Your physical likeness to him was startling—and it went to more than externals. You have some of his tricks of manner, even now. And, when you were a boy, you were almost entirely his.

"You could have been spoiled and petted as he was spoiled. You could have been trained in his precise likeness, body and mind—a child is impressionable, and you were very like him from the start. Sometimes it frightened me to see how like him you were. But I had a charge from your mother. I could not see you grow and become like him while I had my strength.

"You may often have thought your training a rigorous one. It was. I made it so. You may have thought me unfriendly, scornful, hateful. I was. I choose to be your enemy rather than your friend, because it is by wrestling with an enemy almost too much for one that one gets courage and endurance and fortitude. I chose to make life hard and difficult for you, where it might have been smooth and easy, so that you would not drown in stale honey, as your father drowned. I do not repent.

"I do not repent, for with test after test, you got hardier, and surer, and less afraid of anything, even of me. I made you my worthy enemy. I bound the difficult habit of years upon you like an honorable chain—and hardened, hardened it, till at last your father lay dead in you, and you had an armor not even success could pierce.

"Then, when you were a man, I let you find out, as you thought. You took it as I hoped you would take it—and the night you said you would break me, I looked at you and knew that between us we had made a man. But you were very young, and I was not quite certain.

"I made it my business to be entirely certain, though my time was growing short. But I could not face your mother and not be certain. So once again I took upon myself a certain prerogative, and where you went, I spied upon you like a ghost. In all ways I left you free to make your own decisions—and if you had fallen in the mire deliberately, I would not have raised you—or I might have raised you scornfully, and given you the petty damnation of easy riches, and died. But you did not fall. A strong man does not lie down before his enemy. You prospered instead, till now you are ready to break me, and I can go.

"I can go, for your marriage was my last concern, and I have seen you with the girl you are to marry, and seen her alone and heard her talk of you. You do not lie to women, as your father did, and you have chosen as I hoped you would choose. Your mother would like her, my son.

"Well, it has been a long task, and it is finished. I could have been kinder to you easily, though you may doubt that. I have had no son of my body. You have been my son. Sometimes, indeed more frequently than you might suppose, it was somewhat difficult not to be too kind.

"Do not think, by the way, that your present success is in any way due to me. I fought your business combinations with all my skill. But you have been too strong and adroit for me there. That is all.

"As for my material fortune, such as it is, it will go not to you but to charity, except for a certain portion, justly yours. You do not need the rest now. You would only have needed it if you had failed. There are certain things of your mother's you will probably wish to keep. I have made arrangements for that. Of course" (*a line of erasure*) "you are welcome to any of my personal effects, should you desire them.

"I wish you good fortune, my son, with a free mind, now. Perhaps it is nothing to you that when I die, I shall be able to rest, now, but it is something to me. Perhaps you have a—— (*the line was unfinished*). Very sincerely,

Your father,
"David Davenant."

Frank stared up from the last page. Strange, difficult tears stung at his eyes.

"Father," he said, gently.

There was no answer.

He sprang up. "Father—Father," he called over and over; but the figure in the other chair did not stir.

# Family Trees

*All my best thoughts were stolen by the ancients*—R. W. Emerson.

The original of Poe's "Raven" was "The Fu-niao, or Bird of Fate," written by the Chinese poet Kia Yi, an exiled minister of state, in the second century B. C.

"The Merchant of Venice" is taken from oriental tales called "The Bond" and "The Casket."

"Robinson Crusoe" is based on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk who was found on the island of Juan Fernandez by the pirates Woodes Rogers and Edward Cooke. Richard Steele published in the *Englishman* an interview with them in 1773.

Parson Weems attributed to George Washington the cherry tree story, which he had found in the works of an English minister who told the anecdote about a boy named John who cut down an apple tree.

Cervantes used as a model for "Don Quixote" "Amadis de Gaul," a medieval Spanish romance of chivalry.

"Romeo and Juliet" is modeled after "Marioto and Giannoza," written by Massuccio Salernitano in 1515. The story is much the same, except that in the Italian story the lady committed suicide by holding her breath.

Boccaccio learned Greek for the express purpose of reading certain untranslated stories which he afterward transplanted into "The Decameron."

# "La Bibi"

## A Not So Gentle Satire on the Gentle Art of Biography

By NOEL COWARD

HORTENSE POISSONS—"La Bibi." What memories that name conjures up! The incomparable—the lightsome—the effervescent—her life a rose-colored smear across the history of France—her smile—tier upon tier of sparkling teeth—her heart, that delicate organ for which kings fought in the streets like common dukes—but enough; let us trace her to her obscure parentage. You all know the Place de la Concorde—she was not born there. You have all visited the Champs Elysées—she was not born there. And there's probably no one who doesn't know of the Faubourg St. Honoré—but she was not born there. Sufficient to say that she was born. Her mother, poor, honest, *gauche,* an unpretentious seamstress; she seamed and seamed until her death in 1682 or 1683: Bibi, at the age of ten, flung on to the world homeless, motherless, with nothing but her amazing beauty between her and starvation or worse. Who can blame her for what she did—who can question or condemn her motives? She was alone. Then Armand Brochet (who shall be nameless) entered the panorama of her career. What was she to do—refuse the roof he offered her? This waif (later on to be the glory of France), this leaf blown hither and thither by the winds of Destiny—what was she to do? Enough that she did.

Paris, a city of seething vice and corruption—her home, the place wherein she danced her first catoucha, that catoucha which was so soon to be followed by her famous Japanese schottische, and later still by her celebrated Peruvian minuet. Voltaire wrote a lot, but he didn't mention her; Jean Jacques Rousseau scribbled hours, but never so much as referred to her; even Molière was so reticent on the subject of her undoubted charms that no single word about her can be found in any of his works.

Her life with Armand Brochet (who

shall still be nameless) three years before she stepped on to the boards—how well we all know it! Her famous epigram at the breakfast table: "Armand, my friend, this egg is not only soft—but damn soft." How that remark convulsed Europe!

HER first appearance on the stage was in Paris, 1690, at the Opera. Bovine writes of her: "This airy, fairy thing danced into our hearts; her movements are those of a gossamer gadfly—she is the embodiment of spring, summer, autumn and winter." By this one can clearly see that in a trice she had Paris at her feet—and what feet! Pierre Dugaz, the celebrated chiropodist, describes them for us. "They were ordinary flesh color," he tells us, "with blue veins, and toe-nails which, had they not been cut in time, would have grown several yards long and thus interfered with her dancing."

What a sidelight on her character! —gay, bohemian, care-free as a child, not even heeding her feet, her means of livelihood. Oh, Bibi—"Bibi Coeur d'Or," as she was called so frequently by her multitudinous adorers—would that in these mundane days you could revisit us with your girlish laugh and supple dancing form! Look at the portrait of her, painted by Coddle at the height of her amazing beauty: note the sensitive nostrils, the delicate little mouth, and those eyes—the gayest, merriest eyes that ever charmed a king's heart; and her hair—that "mass of waving corn," as Bloodworthy describes it in his celebrated book of "International Beauties." But we must follow her through her wonderful life—destined, if not to alter the whole history of France, why not?

After her appearance in Paris she journeyed to Vienna, where she met Herman Veigel: you all know the story of that meeting, so I will not enlarge upon it—enough that they met. It was, of course, before he wrote his "Ode to an Unknown Flower" and "My Gretchen has Large Flat Ears," poems which were destined to live almost forever. Bibi left Vienna and journeyed to London —London, so cold and grim after Paris the Gay and Vienna the Wicked. In her letter to Madame Perrier she says, "My dear—London's awful;" and "Ludgate Circus—I ask you!" But still, despite her dislike of the city itself, she stayed for eight years, her whole being warmed by the love and adulation of the populace. She appeared in the ballet after the opera. "Her dancing," writes Follygob, "is unbelievable, incredible; she takes one completely by surprise—her butterfly dance was a revelation." This from Follygob. Then Henry Pidd wrote of her, "She is a woman." This from H. Pidd!

Then back to Paris—home, the place of her birth. Fresh conquests. In November, 1701, she introduced her world-famed Bavarian fandango, which literally took Paris by storm—it was in her dressing-room afterward that she made her celebrated remark to Maria Pippello (her only rival). Maria came ostensibly to congratulate her on her success, but in reality to insult her. *"Ma petite,"* she said, sneering, *"l'hibou est-il sur le haie?"* Quick as thought Bibi turned round and replied with a gay toss of her curls, *"Non, mais j'ai la plume de ma tante!"* Oh, witty, sharp-tongued Bibi!

A word must be said of the glorious ballets she originated which charmed France for nearly thirty years. There were "Life of a Rain Drop," "Hope Triumphant," and "Angels Visiting Ruined Monastery at Night." This last was an amazing creation for one so

uneducated and uncultured as La Jolie Bibi; people flocked to the Opera again and again in order to see it and applaud the ravishing originator. Then came her meeting with the King in his private box. We are told she curtsied low, and, glancing up at him coyly from between her bent knees, gave forth her world-renowned epigram, *"Comment va, Papa?"* Louis was charmed by this exquisite exhibition of drollery and *diablerie*, and three weeks later she was brought to dance at Versailles. This was a triumph indeed—La Belle Bibi was certainly not one to miss opportunities.

A month later she found herself installed at Court—the King's Right Hand. Then began that amazing reign of hers—short lived, but oh, how triumphant, dukes, duchesses, countesses, even princes, paying homage at the feet of La Bibi the dancer, now Hortense, Duchess de Mal-Moulle! Did she abuse her power? Some say she did, some say she didn't; some say she might have, some say she might not have; but there is no denying that her beauty and gaiety won every heart that was brought into contact with her. Every afternoon regularly Louis was wont to visit her by the private staircase to her apartments; together they would pore over the maps and campaigns of war drawn up and submitted by the various generals. Then when Louis was weary Bibi would put the maps in the drawer, draw his head onto her breast, and sing to him songs of her youth, in the attractive cracked voice that was the bequest of her mother who used to sing daily whilst she seamed and seamed.

Meanwhile, intrigue was placing its evil fingers upon the strings of her fate. Lampoons were launched against her, pasquinades were written of her; when she went out driving, fruit and vegetables were often hurled at her. Thus were the fickle hearts of the people she loved turned against their Bibi by the poisonous tongues of those jealous courtiers who so ardently sought her downfall.

You all know the pitiful story of her fall from favor—how the King, enraged by the stories he had heard of her, came to her room just as she was going to bed.

"You've got to go," he said.

"Why?" she answered.

History writes that this ingenuous remark so unmanned him that his eyes filled with tears, and he dashed from the room, closing the door after him in order that her appealing eyes might not cause him to deflect from his purpose.

Poor Bibi—your rose path has come to an end, your day is nearly done. Back to Paris, back to the squalor and dirt of your early life. Bibi, now in her forty-seventh year, with the memories of her recent splendors still in her heart, decided to return to the stage, to the public who had loved and fêted her. Alas! she had returned too late. Something was missing—the audience laughed every time she came on, and applauded her only when she went off. Oh, Bibi, Bibi Coeur d'Or, even now in this cold age our hearts ache for you. Volauvent writes in the *Journal* of the period: "Bibi can dance no longer." Veaux caps it by saying "She never could," while S. Kayrille, well known for his wit and kindly humor, reviewed her in the Berlin *Gazette* of the period by remarking, in his customarily brilliant manner, "She is very plain and no longer in her first youth." This subtle criticism of her dancing, though convulsing the Teutonic capital, was in reality the cause of her leaving the

stage and retiring with her one maid to a small house in Montmartre, where history has it she petered out the last years of her eventful career.

Absinthe was her one consolation, together with a miniature of Louis in full regalia. Who is this haggard wretch with still the vestiges of her wondrous beauty discernible in her perfectly moulded features—not La Belle Bibi! Oh, Fate—Destiny—how cruel are you who guided her straying feet through the mazes of life! Why could she not have died at her zenith—when her portrait was painted?

But still her gay humor was with her to the end. As she lay on her crazy bed, surrounded by priests, she made the supreme and crowning *bon mot* of her brilliant life. Stretching out her wasted arm to the nearly empty absinthe bottle by her bed, she made a slightly resentful *moue* and murmured *"Encore une!"*

Oh, brave, witty Bibi!

◆ ◆

## A Poet Breaks the News to Mother

*Dear Mother—* *June, 1821*

I hasten to send you the melancholy intelligence of what has lately happened to me.

Early on the evening of the eleventh day of the present month I was at a neighboring house in this village. Several people of both sexes were assembled in one of the apartments, and three or four others, with myself, were in another. At last came in a little elderly gentleman, pale, thin, with a solemn countenance, pleuritic voice, hooked nose, and hollow eyes. It was not long before we were summoned to attend in the apartment where he and the rest of the company were gathered. We went in and took our seats; the little elderly gentleman with the hooked nose prayed, and we all stood up. When he had finished, most of us sat down. The gentleman with the hooked nose then muttered certain cabalistical expressions which I was too much frightened to remember, but I recollect that at the conclusion I was given to understand that I was married to a young lady of the name of Frances Fairchild, whom I perceived standing by my side, and I hope in the course of a few months to have the pleasure of introducing to you as your daughter-in-law, which is a matter of some interest to the poor girl, who has neither father nor mother in the world.

I have not "played the fool and married an Ethiop for the jewel in her ear." I looked only for goodness of heart, an ingenuous and affectionate disposition, a good understanding, etc., and the character of my wife is too frank and single-hearted to suffer me to fear that I may be disappointed. I do myself wrong; I did not look for these nor any other qualities, but they trapped me before I was aware, and now I am married in spite of myself.

Thus the current of destiny carries us along. None but a madman would swim against the stream, and none but a fool would exert himself to swim with it. The best way is to float quietly with the tide. So much for philosophy—now to business. . . .

*Your affectionate son, William.*

[William Cullen Bryant.]

*Drawings by Alexander King*

# Rappaccini's Daughter

## A Curious Blend of Science and Fantasy

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

A YOUNG man, named Giovanni Guasconti, came, very long ago, from the more southern region of Italy, to pursue his studies at the University of Padua. Giovanni, who had but a scanty supply of gold ducats in his pocket, took lodgings in a high and gloomy chamber of an old edifice which looked not unworthy to have been the palace of a Paduan noble, and which, in fact, exhibited over its entrance the armorial bearings of a family long since extinct. The young stranger, who was not unstudied in the great poem of his country, recollected that one of the ancestors of this family, and perhaps an occupant of this very mansion, had been pictured by Dante as a partaker of the immortal agonies of his Inferno. These reminiscences and associations, together with the tendency to heartbreak natural to a young man for the first time out of his native sphere, caused Giovanni to sigh heavily as he looked around the desolate and ill-furnished apartment.

"Holy Virgin, signor!" cried old Dame Lisabetta, who, won by the youth's remarkable beauty of person, was kindly endeavoring to give the chamber a habitable air, "what a sigh was that to come out of a young man's heart! Do you find this old mansion gloomy? For the love of Heaven, then, put your head out of the window, and you will see as bright sunshine as you have left in Naples."

Guasconti mechanically did as the old woman advised, but could not quite agree with her that the Paduan sunshine

was as cheerful as that of Southern Italy. Such as it was, however, it fell upon a garden beneath the window and expended its fostering influences on a variety of plants, which seemed to have been cultivated with exceeding care.

"Does this garden belong to the house?" asked Giovanni.

"Heaven forbid, signor, unless it were fruitful of better potherbs than any that grow there now," answered old Lisabetta. "No; that garden is cultivated by the own hands of Signor Giacomo Rappaccini, the famous doctor, who, I warrant him, has been heard of as far as Naples. It is said that he distils these plants into medicines that are as potent as a charm. Oftentimes you may see the signor doctor at work, and perchance the signora, his daughter, too, gathering the strange flowers that grow in the garden."

THE old woman had now done what she could for the aspect of the chamber; and, commending the young man to the protection of the saints, took her departure.

Giovanni still found no better occupation than to look down into the garden beneath his window. From its appearance, he judged it to be one of those botanic gardens which were of earlier date in Padua than elsewhere in Italy or in the world. Or, not improbably, it might once have been the pleasure-place of an opulent family; for there was the ruin of a marble fountain in the center, sculptured with rare art, but so woefully shattered that it was impossible to trace the original design from the chaos of remaining fragments. The water, however, continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever. A little gurgling sound ascended to the young man's window and made him feel as if the fountain were an immortal spirit, that sung its song unceasingly and without heeding the vicissitudes around it, while one century embodied it in marble and another scattered the perishable garniture on the soil. All about the pool into which the water subsided grew various plants, that seemed to require a plentiful supply of moisture for the nourishment of gigantic leaves, and, in some instances, flowers gorgeously magnificent. There was one shrub in particular, set in a marble vase in the midst of the pool, that bore a profusion of purple blossoms, each of which had the luster and richness of a gem; and the whole together made a show so resplendent, that it seemed enough to illuminate the garden, even had there been no sunshine. Every portion of the soil was peopled with plants and herbs, which, if less beautiful, still bore tokens of assiduous care, as if all had their individual virtues, known to the scientific mind that fostered them. Some were placed in urns, rich with old carving, and others in common garden-pots; some crept serpent-like along the ground or climbed on high, using whatever means of ascent was offered them. One plant had wreathed itself round a statue of Vertumnus, which was thus quite veiled and shrouded in a drapery of hanging foliage, so happily arranged that it might have served a sculptor for a study.

While Giovanni stood at the window he heard a rustling behind a screen of leaves, and became aware that a person was at work in the garden. His figure soon emerged into view, and showed itself to be that of no common laborer, but a tall, emaciated, sallow, and sickly-looking man, dressed in a scholar's garb of black. He was beyond the middle term of life, with grey hair, a thin, grey beard, and a face singularly

marked with intellect and cultivation, but which could never, even in his more youthful days, have expressed much warmth of heart.

Nothing could exceed the intentness with which this scientific gardener examined every shrub which grew in his path: it seemed as if he was looking into their inmost nature, making observations in regard to their creative essence, and discovering why one leaf grew in this shape and another in that, and wherefore such and such flowers differed among themselves in hue and perfume. Nevertheless, in spite of this deep intelligence on his part, there was no approach to intimacy between himself and these vegetable existences. On the contrary, he avoided their actual touch or the direct inhaling of their odors with a caution that impressed Giovanni most disagreeably; for the man's demeanor was that of one walking among malignant influences, such as savage beasts, or deadly snakes, or evil spirits, which should he allow them one moment of license, would wreak upon him some terrible fatality. It was strangely frightful to the young man's imagination to see this air of insecurity in a person cultivating a garden, that most simple and innocent of human toils, and which had been alike the joy and labor of the unfallen parents of the race. Was this garden, then, the Eden of the present world? And this man, with such a perception of harm in what his own hands caused to grow—was he the Adam?

The distrustful gardener, while plucking away the dead leaves or pruning the too luxuriant growth of the shrubs, defended his hands with a pair of thick gloves. Nor were these his only armor. When, in his walk through the garden, he came to the magnificent plant that hung its purple gems beside the marble fountain, he placed a kind of mask over his mouth and nostrils, as if this beauty did but conceal a deadlier malice; but, finding his task still too dangerous, he drew back, removed the mask, and called loudly, but in the infirm voice of a person affected with inward disease—

"Beatrice! Beatrice!"

"Here am I, my father. What would you?" cried a rich and youthful voice from the window of the opposite house—a voice as rich as a tropical sunset, and which made Giovanni, though he knew not why, think of deep hues of purple or crimson and of perfumes heavily delectable. "Are you in the garden?"

"Yes, Beatrice," answered the gardener; "and I need your help."

Soon there emerged from under a sculptured portal the figure of a young girl, arrayed with as much richness of taste as the most splendid of the flowers, beautiful as the day, and with a bloom so deep and vivid that one shade more would have been too much. She looked redundant with life, health, and energy; all of which attributes were bound down and compressed, as it were, and girdled tensely, in their luxuriance, by her virgin zone. Yet Giovanni's fancy must have grown morbid while he looked down into the garden; for the impression which the fair stranger made upon him was as if here were another flower, the human sister of those vegetable ones, as beautiful as they, more beautiful than the richest of them, but still to be touched only with a glove, nor to be approached without a mask.

As Beatrice came down the garden path, it was observable that she handled and inhaled the odor of several of the plants which her father had most sedulously avoided.

"Here, Beatrice," said the latter, "see

how many needful offices require to be done to our chief treasure. Yet, shattered as I am, my life might pay the penalty of approaching it so closely as circumstances demand. Henceforth, I fear, this plant must be consigned to your sole charge."

"And gladly will I undertake it," cried again the rich tones of the young lady, as she bent toward the magnificent plant and opened her arms as if to embrace it. "Yes, my sister, my splendor, it shall be Beatrice's task to nurse and serve thee; and thou shalt reward her with thy kisses and perfumed breath, which to her is as the breath of life."

Then, with all the tenderness in her manner that was so strikingly expressed in her words, she busied herself with such attentions as the plant seemed to require; and Giovanni, at his lofty window, rubbed his eyes, and almost doubted whether it were a girl tending her favorite flower, or one sister performing the duties of affection to another. The scene soon terminated.

WHETHER Dr. Rappaccini had finished his labors in the garden, or that his watchful eye had caught the stranger's face, he now took his daughter's arm and retired. Night was already closing in; oppressive exhalations seemed to proceed from the plants and steal upward past the open window; and Giovanni, closing the lattice, went to his couch and dreamed of a rich flower and beautiful girl. Flower and maiden were different, and yet the same, and fraught with some strange peril in either shape.

But there is an influence in the light of morning that tends to rectify whatever errors of fancy, or even of judgment, we may have incurred during the sun's decline, or among the shadows of the night, or in the less wholesome glow of moonshine. Giovanni's first movement, on starting from sleep, was to throw open the window and gaze down into the garden which his dreams had made so fertile of mysteries. He was surprised, and a little ashamed, to find how real and matter-of-fact an affair it proved to be, in the first rays of the sun which gilded the dewdrops that hung upon leaf and blossom, and, while giving a brighter beauty to each rare flower, brought everything within the limits of ordinary experience. The young man rejoiced that, in the heart of the barren city, he had the privilege of overlooking this spot of lovely and luxuriant vegetation. It would serve, he said to himself, as a symbolic language to keep him in communion with nature. Neither the sickly and thought-worn Dr. Diacomo Rappaccini, it is true, nor his brilliant daughter, were now visible; so that Giovanni could not determine how much of the singularity which he attributed to both was due to their own qualities and how much to his wonder-working fancy; but he was inclined to take a most rational view of the whole matter.

In the course of the day he paid his respects to Signor Pietro Baglioni, professor of medicine in the university, a physician of eminent repute, to whom Giovanni had brought a letter of introduction. The professor was an elderly personage, apparently of genial nature and habits that might almost be called jovial. He kept the young man to dinner, and made himself very agreeable by the freedom and liveliness of his conversation, especially when warmed by a flask or two of Tuscan wine. Giovanni, conceiving that men of science, inhabitants of the same city, must needs be on familiar terms with one another, took an opportunity to mention the

name of Dr. Rappaccini. But the professor did not respond with so much cordiality as he had anticipated.

"Ill would it become a teacher of the divine art of medicine," said Baglioni, in answer to a question of Giovanni, "to withhold due and well-considered praise of a physician so eminently skilled as Rappaccini; but, on the other hand, I should answer it but scantily to my conscience were I to permit a worthy youth like yourself, Signor Giovanni, the son of an ancient friend, to imbibe erroneous ideas respecting a man who might hereafter chance to hold your life and death in his hands. The truth is, our worshipful Dr. Rappaccini has as much science as any member of the faculty—with perhaps one single exception—in Padua, or all Italy; but there are certain grave objections to his professional character."

"And what are they?" asked the young man.

"Has my friend Giovanni any disease of body or heart, that he is so inquisitive about physicians?" said the professor, with a smile. "But as for Rappaccini, it is said of him—and I, who know the man well, can answer for its truth —that he cares infinitely more for science than for mankind. His patients are interesting to him only as subjects for some new experiment. He would sacrifice human life, his own among the rest, or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard seed to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge."

"Methinks he is an awful man indeed;" remarked Guasconti, mentally recalling the cold and purely intellectual aspect of Rappaccini. "And yet, worshipful professor, is it not a noble spirit? Are there many men capable of so spiritual a love of science?"

"God forbid," answered the professor, somewhat testily; "at least, unless they take sounder views of the healing art than those adopted by Rappaccini. It is his theory that all medicinal virtues are comprised within those substances which we term vegetable poisons. These he cultivates with his own hands, and is said even to have produced new varieties of poison more horribly deleterious than nature, without the assistance of this learned person, would ever have plagued the world withal. That the signor doctor does less mischief than might be expected with such dangerous substances is undeniable. Now and then, it must be owned, he has effected, or seemed to effect, a marvelous cure; but, to tell you my private mind, Signor Giovanni, he should receive little credit for such instances of success—they being probably the work of chance—but should be held strictly accountable for his failures, which might justly be considered his own work."

The youth might have taken Baglioni's opinions with many grains of allowance had he known that there was a professional warfare of long continuance between him and Dr. Rappaccini, in which the latter was generally thought to have gained the advantage. If the reader be inclined to judge for himself, we refer him to certain black-letter tracts on both sides, preserved in the medical department of the University of Padua.

"I know not, most learned professor," returned Giovanni, after musing on what had been said of Rappaccini's exclusive zeal for science—"I know not how dearly this physician may love his art; but surely there is one object more dear to him. He has a daughter."

"Aha!" cried the professor, with a laugh. "So now our friend Giovanni's

secret is out. You have heard of this daughter, whom all the young men in Padua are wild about, though not half a dozen have ever had the good hap to see her face. I know little of the Signora Beatrice save that Rappaccini is said to have instructed her deeply in his science, and that, young and beautiful as fame reports her, she is already qualified to fill a professor's chair. Perchance her father destines her for mine! Other absurd rumors there be, not worth talking about or listening to. So now, Signor Giovanni, drink off your glass of lachryma."

GUASCONTI returned to his lodgings somewhat heated with the wine he had quaffed, and which caused his brain to swim with strange fantasies in reference to Dr. Rappaccini and the beautiful Beatrice. On his way, happening to pass by a florist's, he bought a fresh bouquet of flowers.

Ascending to his chamber, he seated himself near the window, but within the shadow thrown by the depth of the wall, so that he could look down into the garden with little risk of being discovered. All beneath his eye was a solitude. The strange plants were basking in the sunshine, and now and then nodding gently to one another, as if in acknowledgment of sympathy and kindred. In the midst, by the shattered fountain, grew the magnificent shrub, with its purple gems clustering all over it; they glowed in the air, and gleamed back again out of the depths of the pool, which thus seemed to overflow with colored radiance from the rich reflection that was steeped in it. At first, as we have said, the garden was a solitude. Soon, however—as Giovanni had half hoped, half feared, would be the case—a figure appeared beneath the antique sculptured portal, and came down between the rows of plants, inhaling their various perfumes as if she were one of those beings of old classic fable that lived upon sweet odors. On again beholding Beatrice, the young man was even startled to perceive how much her beauty exceeded his recollection of it; so brilliant, so vivid, was its character, that she glowed amid the sunlight, and, as Giovanni whispered to himself, positively illuminated the more shadowy intervals of the garden path. Her face being now more revealed than on the former occasion, he was struck by its expression of simplicity and sweetness—qualities that had not entered into his idea of her character, and which made him ask anew what manner of mortal she might be. Nor did he fail again to observe, or imagine, an analogy between the beautiful girl and the gorgeous shrub that hung its gem-like flowers over the fountain—a resemblance which Beatrice seemed to have indulged a fantastic humor in heightening, both by the arrangement of her dress and the selection of its hues.

Approaching the shrub, she threw open her arms, as with a passionate ardor, and drew its branches into an intimate embrace—so intimate that her features were hidden in its leafy bosom and her glistening ringlets all intermingled with the flowers.

"Give me thy breath, my sister," exclaimed Beatrice; "for I am faint with common air. And give me this flower of thine, which I separate with gentlest fingers from the stem and place it close beside my heart."

With these words the beautiful daughter of Rappaccini plucked one of the richest blossoms of the shrub, and was about to fasten it in her bosom. But now, unless Giovanni's draughts of wine had bewildered his senses, a singular incident occurred. A small orange-

colored reptile, of the lizard or chameleon species, chanced to be creeping along the path, just at the feet of Beatrice. It appeared to Giovanni—but, at the distance from which he gazed, he could scarcely have seen anything so minute—it appeared to him, however, that a drop or two of moisture from the broken stem of the flower descended upon the lizard's head. For an instant the reptile contorted itself violently, and then lay motionless in the sunshine. Beatrice observed this remarkable phenomenon, and crossed herself, sadly, but without surprise; nor did she therefore hesitate to arrange the fatal flower in her bosom. There it blushed, and almost glimmered with the dazzling effect of a precious stone, adding to her dress and aspect the one appropriate charm which nothing else in the world could have supplied. But Giovanni, out of the shadow of his window, bent forward and shrank back, and murmured and trembled.

"Am I awake? Have I my senses?" said he to himself. "What is this being? Beautiful shall I call her, or inexpressibly terrible?"

Beatrice now strayed carelessly through the garden, approaching closer beneath Giovanni's window, so that he was compelled to thrust his head quite out of its concealment in order to gratify the intense and painful curiosity which she excited. At this moment there came a beautiful insect over the garden wall: it had, perhaps, wandered through the city, and found no flowers or verdure among those antique haunts of men until the heavy perfumes of Dr. Rappaccini's shrubs had lured it from afar. Without alighting on the flowers, this winged brightness seemed to be attracted by Beatrice, and lingered in the air and fluttered about her head. Now, here it could not be but that Giovanni Guasconti's eyes deceived him. Be that as it might, he fancied that, while Beatrice was gazing at the insect with childish delight, it grew faint and fell at her feet; its bright wings shivered; it was dead—from no cause that he could discern, unless it were the atmosphere of her breath. Again Beatrice crossed herself and sighed heavily as she bent over the dead insect.

An impulsive movement of Giovanni drew her eyes to the window. There she beheld the beautiful head of the young man—rather a Grecian than an Italian head, with fair, regular features, and a glistening of gold among his ringlets—gazing down upon her like a being that hovered in mid-air. Scarcely knowing what he did, Giovanni threw down the bouquet which he had hitherto held in his hand.

"Signora," said he, "they are pure and healthful flowers. Wear them for the sake of Giovanni Guasconti."

"Thanks, signor," replied Beatrice, with her rich voice, that came forth as it were like a gush of music, and with a mirthful expression half childish and half woman-like. "I accept your gift, and would fain recompense it with this precious purple flower; but, if I toss it into the air, it will not reach you. So Signor Guasconti must even content himself with my thanks."

She lifted the bouquet from the ground, and then, as if inwardly ashamed at having stepped aside from her maidenly reserve to respond to a stranger's greeting, passed swiftly homeward through the garden. But, few as the moments were, it seemed to Giovanni, when she was on the point of vanishing beneath the sculptured portal, that his beautiful bouquet was already beginning to wither in her grasp. It was an idle thought; there could be no pos-

sibility of distinguishing a faded flower from a fresh one at so great a distance.

For many days after this incident the young man avoided the window that looked into Dr. Rappaccini's garden, as if something ugly and monstrous would have blasted his eyesight had he been betrayed into a glance. He felt conscious of having put himself, to a certain extent, within the influence of an unintelligible power by the communication which he had opened with Beatrice. The wisest course would have been, if his heart were in any real danger, to quit his lodgings and Padua itself at once; the next wiser, to have accustomed himself, as far as possible, to the familiar and daylight view of Beatrice —thus bringing her rigidly and systematically within the limits of ordinary experience. Least of all, while avoiding her sight, ought Giovanni to have remained so near this extraordinary being that the proximity and possibility even of intercourse should give a kind of substance and reality to the wild vagaries which his imagination ran riot continually in producing? Guasconti had not a deep heart—or, at all events, its depths were not sounded now; but he had a quick fancy, and an ardent Southern temperament, which rose every instant to a higher fever pitch.

WHETHER or no Beatrice possessed those terrible attributes, that fatal breath, the affinity with those so beautiful and deadly flowers, which were indicated by what Giovanni had witnessed, she had at least instilled a fierce and subtle poison into his system. It was not love, although her rich beauty was a madness to him; nor horror, even while he fancied her spirit to be imbued with the same baneful essence that seemed to pervade her physical frame; but a wild offspring of both love and horror that had each parent in it, and burned like one and shivered like the other. Giovanni knew not what to dread; still less did he know what to hope; yet hope and dread kept a continual warfare in his breast, alternately vanquishing one another and starting up afresh to renew the contest. Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions.

Sometimes he endeavored to assuage the fever of his spirit by a rapid walk through the streets of Padua or beyond its gates: his footsteps kept time with the throbbings of his brain, so that the walk was apt to accelerate itself to a race. One day he found himself arrested; his arm was seized by a portly personage, who had turned back on recognizing the young man and expended much breath in overtaking him.

"Signor Giovanni! Stay, my young friend!" cried he. "Have you forgotten me? That might well be the case if I were as much altered as yourself."

It was Baglioni, whom Giovanni had avoided ever since their first meeting, from a doubt that the professor's sagacity would look too deeply into his secrets. Endeavoring to recover himself, he stared forth wildly from his inner world into the outer one and spoke like a man in a dream.

"Yes; I am Giovanni Guasconti. You are Professor Pietro Baglioni. Now let me pass!"

"Not yet, not yet, Signor Giovanni Guasconti," said the professor, smiling, but at the same time scrutinizing the youth with an earnest glance. "What! did I grow up side by side with your father? and shall his son pass me like a stranger in these old streets of Padua? Stand still, Signor Giovanni; for we

must have a word or two before we part."

"SPEEDILY, then, most worshipful professor, speedily," said Giovanni, with feverish impatience. "Does not your worship see that I am in haste?"

Now, while he was speaking there came a man in black along the street, stooping and moving feebly, like a person in inferior health. His face was all overspread with a most sickly and sallow hue, but yet so pervaded with an expression of piercing and active intellect that an observer might easily have overlooked the merely physical attributes and have seen only this wonderful energy. As he passed, this person exchanged a cold and distant salutation with Baglioni, but fixed his eyes upon Giovanni with an intentness that seemed to bring out whatever was within him worthy of notice. Nevertheless, there was a peculiar quietness in the look, as if taking merely a speculative, not a human, interest in the young man.

"It is Dr. Rappaccini!" whispered the professor when the stranger had passed. "Has he ever seen your face before?"

"Not that I know," answered Giovanni, starting at the name.

"He *has* seen you! he must have seen you!" said Baglioni, hastily. "For some purpose or other, this man of science is making a study of you. I know that look of his! It is the same that coldly illuminates his face as he bends over a bird, a mouse, or a butterfly; which, in pursuance of some experiment, he has killed by the perfume of a flower; a look as deep as nature itself, but without nature's warmth of love. Signor Giovanni, I will stake my life upon it, you are the subject of one of Rappaccini's experiments!"

"Will you make a fool of me?" cried Giovanni, passionately. "*That,* signor professor, were an untoward experiment."

"Patience! patience!" replied the imperturbable professor. "I tell thee, my poor Giovanni, that Rappaccini has a scientific interest in thee. Thou hast fallen into fearful hands! And the Signora Beatrice—what part does she act in this mystery?"

But Guasconti, finding Baglioni's pertinacity intolerable, here broke away, and was gone before the professor could again seize his arm. He looked after the young man intently and shook his head.

"This must not be," said Baglioni to himself. "The youth is the son of my old friend, and shall not come to any harm from which the arcana of medical science can preserve him. Besides, it is too insufferable an impertinence in Rappaccini thus to snatch the lad out of my own hands, as I may say, and make use of him for his infernal experiments. This daughter of his! It shall be looked to. Perchance, most learned Rappaccini, I may foil you where you little dream of it!"

Meanwhile Giovanni had pursued a circuitous route, and at length found himself at the door of his lodgings. As he crossed the threshold he was met by old Lisabetta, who smirked and smiled, and was evidently desirous to attract his attention; vainly, however, as the ebullition of his feelings had momentarily subsided into a cold and dull vacuity. He turned his eyes full upon the withered face that was puckering itself into a smile, but seemed to behold it not. The old dame, therefore, laid her grasp upon his cloak.

"Signor! signor!" whispered she, still with a smile over the whole breadth of her visage, so that it looked not unlike a grotesque carving in wood, darkened

by centuries. "Listen, signor! There is a private entrance into the garden!"

"What do you say?" exclaimed Giovanni, turning quickly about, as if an inanimate thing should start into feverish life. "A private entrance into Dr. Rappaccini's garden?"

"Hush! hush! not so loud!" whispered Lisabetta, putting her hand over his mouth. "Yes; into the worshipful doctor's garden, where you may see all his fine shrubbery. Many a young man in Padua would give gold to be admitted among those flowers."

Giovanni put a piece of gold into her hand.

"Show me the way," said he.

A surmise, probably excited by his conversation with Baglioni, crossed his mind, that this interposition of old Lisabetta might perchance be connected with the intrigue, whatever were its nature, in which the professor seemed to suppose that Dr. Rappaccini was involving him. But such a suspicion, though it disturbed Giovanni, was inadequate to restrain him. The instant that he was aware of the possibility of approaching Beatrice, it seemed an absolute necessity of his existence to do so. It mattered not whether she were angel or demon; he was irrevocably within her sphere, and must obey the law that whirled him onward, in ever-lessening circles, towards a result which he did not attempt to foreshadow; and yet, strange to say, there came across him a sudden doubt whether this intense interest on his part was not delusory; whether it were really of so deep and positive a nature as to justify him in now thrusting himself into an incalculable position; whether it were not merely the fantasy of a young man's brain, only slightly or not at all connected with his heart.

He paused, hesitated, turned half about, but again went on. His withered guide led him along several obscure passages, and finally undid a door, through which, as it was opened, there came the sight and sound of rustling leaves, with the broken sunshine glimmering among them. Giovanni stepped forth, and, forcing himself through the entanglement of a shrub that wreathed its tendrils over the hidden entrance, stood beneath his own window in the open area of Dr. Rappaccini's garden.

How often is it the case that, when impossibilities have come to pass, and dreams have condensed their misty substance into tangible realities, we find ourselves calm, and even coldly self-possessed, amid circumstances which it would have been a delirium of joy or agony to anticipate! Fate delights to thwart us thus. Passion will choose his own time to rush upon the scene, and lingers sluggishly behind when an appropriate adjustment of events would seem to summon his appearance. So was it now with Giovanni. Day after day his pulses had throbbed with feverish blood at the improbable idea of an interview with Beatrice, and of standing with her, face to face, in this very garden, basking in the Oriental sunshine of her beauty, and snatching from her full gaze the mystery which he deemed the riddle of his own existence. But now there was a singular and untimely equanimity within his breast. He threw a glance around the garden to discover if Beatrice or her father were present, and, perceiving that he was alone, began a critical observation of the plants.

The aspect of one and all of them dissatisfied him; their gorgeousness seemed fierce, passionate, and even unnatural. There was hardly an individual shrub which a wanderer, straying by himself through a forest, would not

have been startled to find growing wild, as if an unearthly face had glared at him out of the thicket. Several also would have shocked a delicate instinct by an appearance of artificialness indicating that there had been such commixture, and, as it were, adultery of various vegetable species, that the production was no longer of God's making, but the monstrous offspring of man's depraved fancy, glowing with only an evil mockery of beauty. They were probably the result of experiment, which in one or two cases had succeeded in mingling plants individually lovely into a compound possessing the questionable and ominous character that distinguished the whole growth of the garden. In fine, Giovanni recognized but two or three plants in the collection, and those of a kind that he well knew to be poisonous. While busy with these contemplations he heard the rustling of a silken garment, and, turning, beheld Beatrice emerging from beneath the sculptured portal.

Giovanni had not considered with himself what should be his deportment; whether he should apologize for his intrusion into the garden, or assume that he was there with the privity at least, if not by the desire, of Dr. Rappaccini or his daughter; but Beatrice's manner placed him at his ease, though leaving him still in doubt by what agency he had gained admittance. She came lightly along the path, and met him near the broken fountain. There was surprise in her face, but brightened by a simple and kind expression of pleasure.

"You are a connoisseur in flowers, signor," said Beatrice, with a smile, alluding to the bouquet which he had flung her from the window. "It is no marvel, therefore, if the sight of my father's rare collection has tempted you to take a nearer view. If he were here he could tell you many strange and interesting facts as to the nature and habits of these shrubs; for he has spent a lifetime in such studies, and this garden is his world."

"And yourself, lady," observed Giovanni, "if fame says true, you likewise are deeply skilled in the virtues indicated by these rich blossoms and these spicy perfumes. Would you deign to be my instructress, I should prove an apter scholar than if taught by Signor Rappaccini himself."

"Are there such idle rumors?" asked Beatrice, with the music of a pleasant laugh. "Do people say that I am skilled in my father's science of plants? What a jest is there! No; though I have grown up among these flowers, I know no more of them than their hues and perfumes; and sometimes methinks I would fain rid myself of even that small knowledge. There are many flowers here, and those not the least brilliant, that shock and offend me when they meet my eye. But pray, signor, do not believe these stories about my science. Believe nothing of me save what you see with your own eyes."

"And must I believe all that I have seen with my own eyes?" asked Giovanni, pointedly, while the recollection of former scenes made him shrink. "No, signora; you demand too little of me. Bid me believe nothing save what comes from your own lips."

It would appear that Beatrice understood him. There came a deep flush to her cheek; but she looked full into Giovanni's eyes, and responded to his gaze of uneasy suspicion with a queen-like haughtiness.

"I do so bid you, signor," she replied. "Forget whatever you may have fancied in regard to me. If true to the

outward senses, still it may be false in its essence; but the words of Beatrice Rappaccini's lips are true from the depths of the heart outward. Those you may believe."

A fervor glowed in her whole aspect, and beamed upon Giovanni's consciousness like the light of truth itself; but while she spoke there was a fragrance in the atmosphere around her, rich and delightful, though evanescent, yet which the young man, from an indefinable reluctance, scarcely dared to draw into his lungs. It might be the odor of the flowers. Could it be Beatrice's breath which thus embalmed her words with a strange richness, as if by steeping them in her heart? A faintness passed like a shadow over Giovanni and flitted away; he seemed to gaze through the beautiful girl's eyes into her transparent soul, and felt no more doubt or fear.

THE tinge of passion that had colored Beatrice's manner vanished; she became gay, and appeared to derive a pure delight from her communion with the youth not unlike what the maiden of a lonely island might have felt conversing with a voyager from the civilized world. Evidently her experience of life had been confined within the limits of that garden. She talked now about matters as simple as the daylight or summer clouds, and now asked questions in reference to the city, or Giovanni's distant home, his friends, his mother, and his sisters—questions indicating such seclusion, and such lack of familiarity with modes and forms, that Giovanni responded as if to an infant. Her spirit gushed out before him like a fresh rill that was just catching its first glimpse of the sunlight and wondering at the reflections of earth and sky which were flung into its bosom. There came thoughts, too, from a deep source, and fantasies of a gem-like brilliancy, as if diamonds and rubies sparkled upward among the bubbles of the fountain. Ever and anon there gleamed across the young man's mind a sense of wonder that he should be walking side by side with the being who had so wrought upon his imagination, whom he had idealized in such hues of terror, in whom he had positively witnessed such manifestations of dreadful attributes—that he should be conversing with Beatrice like a brother, and should find her so human and so maiden-like. But such reflections were only momentary; the effect of her character was too real not to make itself familiar at once.

In this free intercourse they had strayed through the garden, and now, after many turns among its avenues, were come to the shattered fountain, beside which grew the magnificent shrub, with its treasury of glowing blossoms. A fragrance was diffused from it which Giovanni recognized as identical with that which he had attributed to Beatrice's breath, but incomparably more powerful. As her eyes fell upon it, Giovanni beheld her press her hand to her bosom as if her heart were throbbing suddenly and painfully.

"For the first time in my life," murmured she, addressing the shrub, "I had forgotten thee."

"I remember, signora," said Giovanni, "that you once promised to reward me with one of these living gems for the bouquet which I had the happy boldness to fling at your feet. Permit me now to pluck it as a memorial of this interview."

He made a step toward the shrub with extended hand; but Beatrice darted forward, uttering a shriek that went through his heart like a dagger.

She caught his hand and drew it back with the whole force of her slender figure. Giovanni felt her touch thrilling through his fibres.

"Touch it not!" exclaimed she, in a voice of agony. "Not for thy life! It is fatal!"

Then, hiding her face, she fled from him and vanished beneath the sculptured portal. As Giovanni followed her with his eyes, he beheld the emaciated figure and pale intelligence of Dr. Rappaccini, who had been watching the scene, he knew not how long, within the shadow of the entrance.

No sooner was Guasconti alone in his chamber than the image of Beatrice came back to his passionate musings, invested with all the witchery that had been gathering around it ever since his first glimpse of her, and now likewise imbued with a tender warmth of girlish womanhood. She was human; her nature was endowed with all gentle and feminine qualities; she was worthiest to be worshiped; she was capable, surely, on her part, of the height and heroism of love. Those tokens which he had hitherto considered as proofs of a frightful peculiarity in her physical and moral system were now either forgotten or by the subtle sophistry of passion transmitted into a golden crown of enchantment, rendering Beatrice the more admirable by so much as she was the more unique. Whatever had looked ugly was now beautiful; or, if incapable of such a change, it stole away and hid itself among those shapeless half-ideas which throng the dim region beyond the daylight of our perfect consciousness. Thus did he spend the night, nor fell asleep until the dawn had begun to awake the slumbering flowers in Dr. Rappaccini's garden, whither Giovanni's dreams doubtless led him. Up rose the sun in his due season, and, flinging his beams upon the young man's eyelids, awoke him to a sense of pain. When thoroughly aroused, he became sensible of a burning and tingling agony in his hand—in his right hand—the very hand which Beatrice had grasped in her own when he was on the point of plucking one of the gem-like flowers. On the back of that hand there was now a purple print like that of four small fingers, and the likeness of a slender thumb upon his wrist.

Oh, how stubbornly does love—or even that cunning semblance of love which flourishes in the imagination, but strikes no depth of root into the heart —how stubbornly does it hold its faith until the moment comes when it is doomed to vanish into thin mist! Giovanni wrapped a handkerchief about his hand and wondered what evil thing had stung him, and soon forgot his pain in a reverie of Beatrice.

After the first interview, a second was in the inevitable course of what we call fate. A third; a fourth; and a meeting with Beatrice in the garden was no longer an incident in Giovanni's daily life, but the whole space in which he might be said to live; or the anticipation and memory of that ecstatic hour made up the remainder. Nor was it otherwise with the daughter of Rappaccini. She watched for the youth's appearance and flew to his side with confidence as unreserved as if they had been playmates from early infancy—as if they were such playmates still. If, by any unwonted chance, he failed to come at the appointed moment, she stood beneath the window and sent up the rich sweetness of her tones to float around him in his chamber and echo and reverberate throughout his heart: "Giovanni! Giovanni! Why tarriest

thou? Come down!" And down he hastened into that Eden of poisonous flowers.

But, with all this intimate familiarity, there was still a reserve in Beatrice's demeanor, so rigidly and invariably sustained, that the idea of infringing it scarcely occurred to his imagination. By all appreciable signs, they loved; they had looked love with eyes that conveyed the holy secret from the depths of one soul into the depths of the other, as if it were too sacred to be whispered by the way; they had even spoken love in those gushes of passion when their spirits darted forth in articulated breath like tongues of long-hidden flame; and yet there had been no seal of lips, no clasp of hands, nor any slightest caress such as love claims and hallows. He had never touched one of the gleaming ringlets of her hair; her garment—so marked was the physical barrier between them—had never been waved against him by a breeze. On the few occasions when Giovanni had seemed tempted to overstep the limit, Beatrice grew so sad, so stern, and withal wore such a look of desolate separation, shuddering at itself, that not a spoken word was requisite to repel him. At such times he was startled at the horrible suspicions that rose, monster-like, out of the caverns of his heart and stared him in the face; his love grew thin and faint as the morning mist; his doubts alone had substance. But, when Beatrice's face brightened again after the momentary shadow, she was transformed at once from the mysterious, questionable being whom he had watched with so much awe and horror; she was now the beautiful and unsophisticated girl whom he felt that his spirit knew with a certainty beyond all other knowledge.

A considerable time had now passed since Giovanni's last meeting with Baglioni. One morning, however, he was disagreeably surprised by a visit from the professor, whom he had scarcely thought of for whole weeks, and would willingly have forgotten still longer. Given up as he had long been to a pervading excitement, he could tolerate no companions except upon condition of their perfect sympathy with his present state of feeling. Such sympathy was not to be expected from Professor Baglioni.

The visitor chatted carelessly for a few moments about the gossip of the city and the university, and then took up another topic.

"I have been reading an old classic author lately," he said, "and met with a story that strangely interested me. Possibly you may remember it. It is of an Indian prince, who sent a beautiful woman as a present to Alexander the Great. She was as lovely as the dawn and gorgeous as the sunset; but what especially distinguished her was a certain rich perfume in her breath—richer than a garden of Persian roses. Alexander, as was natural to a youthful conqueror, fell in love at first sight with this magnificent stranger; but a certain sage physician, happening to be present, discovered a terrible secret in regard to her."

"And what was that?" asked Giovanni, turning his eyes downward, to avoid those of the professor.

"That this lovely woman," continued Baglioni, with emphasis, "had been nourished with poisons from her birth upward, until her whole nature was so imbued with them that she herself had become the deadliest poison in existence. Poison was her element of life. With that rich perfume of her breath she

blasted the very air. Her love would have been poison—her embrace death. Is not this a marvelous tale?"

"A childish fable," answered Giovanni, nervously starting from his chair. "I marvel how your worship finds time to read such nonsense among your graver studies."

"By the by," said the professor, looking uneasily about him, "what singular fragrance is this in your apartment? Is it the perfume of your gloves? It is faint, but delicious; and yet, after all, by no means agreeable. Were I to breathe it long, methinks it would make me ill. It is like the breath of a flower; but I see no flowers in the chamber."

"Nor are there any," replied Giovanni, who had turned pale as the professor spoke; "nor, I think, is there any fragrance, except in your worship's imagination. Odors, being a sort of element combined of the sensual and the spiritual, are apt to deceive us in this manner. The recollection of a perfume, the bare idea of it, may easily be mistaken for a present reality."

"Ay; but my sober imagination does not often play such tricks," said Baglioni; "and, were I to fancy any kind of odor, it would be that of some vile apothecary drug, wherewith my fingers are likely enough to be imbued. Our worshipful friend Rappaccini, as I have heard, tinctures his medicaments with odors richer than those of Araby. Doubtless, likewise, the fair and learned Signora Beatrice would minister to her patients with draughts as sweet as a maiden's breath; but woe to him that sips them!"

Giovanni's face evinced many contending emotions. The tone in which the professor alluded to the pure and lovely daughter of Rappaccini was a torture to his soul; and yet the intimation of a view of her character, opposite to his own, gave instantaneous distinctness to a thousand dim suspicions, which now grinned at him like so many demons. But he strove hard to quell them and to respond to Baglioni with a true lover's perfect faith.

"Signor professor," said he, "you were my father's friend; perchance, too, it is your purpose to act a friendly part toward his son. I would fain feel nothing toward you save respect and deference; but I pray you to observe, signor, that there is one subject on which we must not speak. You know not the Signora Beatrice. You cannot, therefore, estimate the wrong — the blasphemy, I may say—that is offered to her character by a light or injurious word."

"Giovanni! my poor Giovanni!" answered the professor, with a calm expression of pity, "I know this wretched girl far better than yourself. You shall hear the truth in respect to the poisoner Rappaccini and his poisonous daughter; yes, poisonous as she is beautiful. Listen; for, even should you do violence to my grey hairs, it shall not silence me. That old fable of the Indian woman has become a truth by the deep and deadly science of Rappaccini and in the person of the lovely Beatrice."

Giovanni groaned and hid his face.

"Her father," continued Baglioni, "was not restrained by affection from offering up his child in this horrible manner as the victim of his insane zeal for science; for, let us do him justice, he

is as true a man of science as ever distilled his own heart in an alembic. What, then, will be your fate? Beyond a doubt you are selected as the material of some new experiment. Perhaps the result is to be death; perhaps a fate more awful still. Rappaccini, with what he calls the interest of science before his eyes, will hesitate at nothing."

"It is a dream," muttered Giovanni to himself; "surely it is a dream."

"But," resumed the professor, "be of good cheer, son of my friend. It is not yet too late for the rescue. Possibly we may even succeed in bringing back this miserable child within the limits of ordinary nature, from which her father's madness has estranged her. Behold this little silver vase! It was wrought by the hands of the renowned Benvenuto Cellini, and is well worthy to be a love-gift to the fairest dame in Italy. But its contents are invaluable. One little sip of this antidote would have rendered the most virulent poisons of the Borgias innocuous. Doubt not that it will be as efficacious against those of Rappaccini. Bestow the vase, and the precious liquid within it, on your Beatrice, and hopefully await the result."

Baglioni laid a small, exquisitely wrought silver vial on the table and withdrew, leaving what he had said to produce its effect upon the young man's mind.

"We will thwart Rappaccini yet," thought he, chuckling to himself as he descended the stairs; "but, let us confess the truth of him, he is a wonderful man—a wonderful man indeed; a vile empiric, however, in his practice, and therefore not to be tolerated by those who respect the good old rules of the medical profession."

Throughout Giovanni's whole acquaintance with Beatrice, he had occasionally, as we have said, been haunted by dark surmises as to her character; yet so thoroughly had she made herself felt by him as a simple, natural, most affectionate, and guileless creature, that the image now held up by Professor Baglioni looked as strange and incredible as if it were not in accordance with his own original conception. True, there were ugly recollections connected with his first glimpses of the beautiful girl; he could not quite forget the bouquet that withered in her grasp, and the insect that perished amid the sunny air.

But there is something more real than what we can see with the eyes and touch with the finger. On such better evidence had Giovanni founded his confidence in Beatrice, though rather by the necessary force of her high attributes than by any deep and generous faith on his part. But now his spirit was incapable of sustaining itself at the height to which the early enthusiasm of passion had exalted it; he fell down, groveling among earthly doubts, and defiled therewith the pure whiteness of Beatrice's image. He resolved to institute some decisive test that should satisfy him, once for all, whether there were those dreadful peculiarities in her physical nature which could not be supposed to exist without some corresponding monstrosity of soul. His eyes, gazing down afar, might have deceived him as to the lizard, the insect, and the flowers; but if he could witness, at the distance of a few paces, the sudden blight of one fresh and healthful flower in Beatrice's hand, there would be room for no further question. With this idea he hastened to the florist's and purchased a bouquet that was still gemmed with the morning dewdrops.

It was now the customary hour of his daily interview with Beatrice. Be-

fore descending into the garden, Giovanni failed not to look at his figure in the mirror—a vanity to be expected in a beautiful young man, yet, as displaying itself at that troubled and feverish moment, the token of a certain shallowness of feeling and insincerity of character. He did gaze, however, and said to himself that his features had never before possessed so rich a grace, nor his eyes such vivacity, nor his cheeks so warm a hue of superabundant life.

"At least," thought he, "her poison has not yet insinuated itself into my system. I am no flower to perish in her grasp."

With that thought he turned his eyes on the bouquet, which he had never once laid aside from his hand. A thrill of indefinable horror shot through his frame on perceiving that these dewy flowers were already beginning to droop; they wore the aspect of things that had been fresh and lovely yesterday. Giovanni grew white as marble, and stood motionless before the mirror, staring at his own reflection there as at the likeness of something frightful. He remembered Baglioni's remark about the fragrance that seemed to pervade the chamber. It must have been the poison in his breath! Then he shuddered—shuddered at himself. Recovering from his stupor, he began to watch with curious eye a spider that was busily at work hanging its web from the antique cornice of the apartment, crossing and recrossing the artful system of interwoven lines—as vigorous and active a spider as ever dangled from an old ceiling. Giovanni bent towards the insect, and emitted a deep, long breath. The spider suddenly ceased its toil; the web vibrated with a tremor originating in the body of the small artisan. Again Giovanni sent forth a breath, deeper, longer, and imbued with a venomous feeling out of his heart: he knew not whether he were wicked, or only desperate. The spider made a convulsive grip with his limbs and hung dead across the window.

"Accursed! accursed!" muttered Giovanni, addressing himself. "Hast thou grown so poisonous that this deadly insect perishes by thy breath?"

At that moment a rich, sweet voice came floating up from the garden.

"Giovanni! Giovanni! It is past the hour! Why tarriest thou? Come down!"

"Yes," muttered Giovanni again. "She is the only being whom my breath may not slay! Would that it might!"

He rushed down, and in an instant was standing before the bright and loving eyes of Beatrice. A moment ago his wrath and despair had been so fierce that he could have desired nothing so much as to wither her by a glance; but with her actual presence there came influences which had too real an existence to be at once shaken off; recollections of the delicate and benign power of her feminine nature, which had so often enveloped him in a religious calm; recollections of many a holy and passionate outgush of her heart, when the pure fountain had been unsealed from its depths and made visible in its transparency to his mental eye; recollections which, had Giovanni known how to estimate them, would have assured him that all this ugly mystery was but an earthly illusion, and that, whatever mist of evil might seem to have gathered over her, the real Beatrice was a heavenly angel. Incapable as he was of such high faith, still her presence had not utterly lost its magic. Giovanni's rage was quelled into an aspect of sullen insensibility. Beatrice, with a quick spiritual sense, immediately felt that there was a gulf of

blackness between them which neither he nor she could pass. They walked on together, sad and silent, and came thus to the marble fountain and to its pool of water on the ground, in the midst of which grew the shrub that bore gem-like blossoms. Giovanni was affrighted at the eager enjoyment—the appetite, as it were—with which he found himself inhaling the fragrance of the flowers.

"Beatrice," asked he, abruptly, "whence came this shrub?"

"My father created it," answered she, with simplicity.

"Created it! created it!" repeated Giovanni. "What mean you, Beatrice?"

"He is a man fearfully acquainted with the secrets of nature," replied Beatrice; "and, at the hour when I first drew breath, this plant sprang from the soil, the offspring of his science, of his intellect, while I was but his earthly child. Approach it not!" continued she, observing with terror that Giovanni was drawing nearer to the shrub. "It has qualities that you little dream of. But I, dearest Giovanni—I grew up and blossomed with the plant and was nourished with its breath. It was my sister, and I loved it with a human affection, for, alas!—hast thou not suspected it?—there was an awful doom."

Here Giovanni frowned so darkly upon her that Beatrice paused and trembled. But her faith in his tenderness reassured her, and made her blush that she had doubted for an instant.

"There was an awful doom," she continued, "the effect of my father's fatal love of science, which estranged me from all society of my kind. Until Heaven sent thee, dearest Giovanni, oh, how lonely was thy poor Beatrice!"

"Was it a hard doom?" asked Giovanni, fixing his eyes upon her.

"Only of late have I known how hard it was," answered she, tenderly. "Oh yes; but my heart was torpid, and therefore quiet."

Giovanni's rage broke forth from his sullen gloom like a lightning flash out of a dark cloud.

"Accursed one!" cried he, with venomous scorn and anger. "And, finding thy solitude wearisome, thou hast severed me likewise from all the warmth of life and enticed me into thy region of unspeakable horror!"

"Giovanni!" exclaimed Beatrice, turning her large bright eyes upon his face. The force of his words had not found its way into her mind; she was merely thunderstruck.

"Yes, poisonous thing!" repeated Giovanni, beside himself with passion. "Thou hast done it! Thou hast blasted me! Thou hast filled my veins with poison! Thou hast made me as hateful, as ugly, as loathsome and deadly a creature as thyself—a world's wonder of hideous monstrosity! Now, if our breath be happily as fatal to ourselves as to all others, let us join our lips in one kiss of unutterable hatred, and so die!"

"What has befallen me?" murmured Beatrice, with a low moan out of her heart. "Holy Virgin, pity me, a poor heart-broken child!"

"Thou—dost thou pray?" cried Giovanni, still with the same fiendish scorn. "Thy very prayers, as they come from thy lips, taint the atmosphere with death. Yes, yes; let us pray! Let us to church and dip our fingers in the holy water at the portal! They that come after us will perish as by a pestilence! Let us sign crosses in the air! It will be scattering curses abroad in the likeness of holy symbols!"

"Giovanni," said Beatrice, calmly, for her grief was beyond passion, "why dost

thou join thyself with me thus in those terrible words? I, it is true, am the horrible thing thou namest me. But thou—what hast thou to do, save with one other shudder at my hideous misery to go forth out of the garden and mingle with thy race, and forget that there ever crawled on earth such a monster as poor Beatrice?"

"Dost thou pretend ignorance?" asked Giovanni, scowling upon her. "Behold! this power have I gained from the pure daughter of Rappaccini."

There was a swarm of summer insects flitting through the air in search of the food promised by the flower-odors of the fatal garden. They circled round Giovanni's head, and were evidently attracted toward him by the same influence which had drawn them for an instant within the sphere of several of the shrubs. He sent forth a breath among them, and smiled bitterly at Beatrice as at least a score of the insects fell dead upon the ground.

"I see it! I see it!" shrieked Beatrice. "It is my father's fatal science! No, no, Giovanni; it was not I! Never! never! I dreamed only to love thee and be with thee a little time, and so to let thee pass away, leaving but thine image in mine heart; for, Giovanni, believe it, though my body be nourished with poison, my spirit is God's creature, and craves love as its daily food. But my father—he has united us in this fearful sympathy. Yes; spurn me, tread upon me, kill me! Oh, what is death after such words as thine? But it was not I. Not for a world of bliss would I have done it."

Giovanni's passion had exhausted itself in its outburst from his lips. There now came across him a sense, mournful, and not without tenderness, of the intimate and peculiar relationship between Beatrice and himself. They stood, as it were, in an utter solitude, which would be made none the less solitary by the densest throng of human life. Ought not, then, the desert of humanity around them to press this insulated pair closer together? If they should be cruel to one another, who was there to be kind to them? Besides, thought Giovanni, might there not still be a hope of his returning within the limits of ordinary nature, and leading Beatrice, the redeemed Beatrice, by the hand? O weak and selfish and unworthy spirit, that could dream of an earthly union and earthly happiness as possible, after such deep love had been so bitterly wronged as was Beatrice's love by Giovanni's blighting words! No, no; there could be no such hope. She must pass heavily, with that broken heart, across the borders of Time; she must bathe her hurts in some fount of paradise, and forget her grief in the light of immortality, and *there* be well.

But Giovanni did not know it.

"Dear Beatrice," said he, approaching her, while she shrank away as always at his approach, but now with a different impulse—"dearest Beatrice, our fate is not yet so desperate. Behold! there is a medicine, potent, as a wise physician has assured me, and almost divine in its efficacy. It is composed of ingredients the most opposite to those by which thy awful father has brought this calamity upon thee and me. It is distilled of blessed herbs. Shall we not quaff it together, and thus be purified from evil?"

"Give it me!" said Beatrice, extending her hand to receive the little silver vial which Giovanni took from his bosom. She added, with a peculiar emphasis, "I will drink; but do thou await the result."

She put Baglioni's antidote to her

lips; and, at the same moment, the figure of Rappaccini emerged from the portal and came slowly toward the marble fountain. As he drew near, the pale man of science seemed to gaze with a triumphant expression at the beautiful youth and maiden, as might an artist who should spend his life in achieving a picture or a group of statuary and finally be satisfied with his success. He paused; his bent form grew erect with conscious power; he spread out his hands over them in the attitude of a father imploring a blessing upon his children; but those were the same hands that had thrown poison into the stream of their lives. Giovanni trembled. Beatrice shuddered nervously, and pressed her hand upon her heart.

"My daughter," said Rappaccini, "thou art no longer lonely in the world. Pluck one of those precious gems from thy sister shrub and bid thy bridegroom wear it in his bosom. It will not harm him now. My science and the sympathy between thee and him have so wrought within his system that he now stands apart from common men, as thou dost, daughter of my pride and triumph, from ordinary women. Pass on, then, through the world, most dear to one another and dreadful to all besides!"

"My father," said Beatrice, feebly—and still as she spoke she kept her hand upon her heart—"wherefore didst thou inflict this miserable doom upon thy child?"

"Miserable!" exclaimed Rappaccini. "What mean you, foolish girl? Dost thou deem it misery to be endowed with marvelous gifts against which no power nor strength could avail an enemy—misery, to be able to quell the mightiest with a breath—misery, to be as terrible as thou art beautiful? Wouldst thou, then, have preferred the condition of a weak woman, exposed to all evil and capable of none?"

"I would fain have been loved, not feared," murmured Beatrice, sinking down upon the ground. "But now it matters not. I am going, father, where the evil which thou hast striven to mingle with my being will pass away like a dream—like the fragrance of these poisonous flowers, which will no longer taint my breath among the flowers of Eden. Farewell, Giovanni! Thy words of hatred are like lead within my heart; but they, too, will fall away as I ascend. Oh, was there not more poison in thy nature than in mine?"

To Beatrice—so radically had her earthly part been wrought upon by Rappaccini's skill—as poison had been life, so the powerful antidote was death; and thus the poor victim of man's ingenuity and of thwarted nature, and of the fatality that attends all such efforts of perverted wisdom, perished there, at the feet of her father and Giovanni. Just at that moment Professor Pietro Baglioni looked forth from the window, and called loudly, in a tone of triumph mixed with horror, to the thunderstricken man of science—

"Rappaccini! Rappaccini! and is *this* the upshot of your experiment?"

## Two Great Couplets

No truer word, save God's, was ever spoken,
Than that the largest heart is soonest broken.

—Walter Savage Landor

Treason doth prosper; what's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

—John Harington

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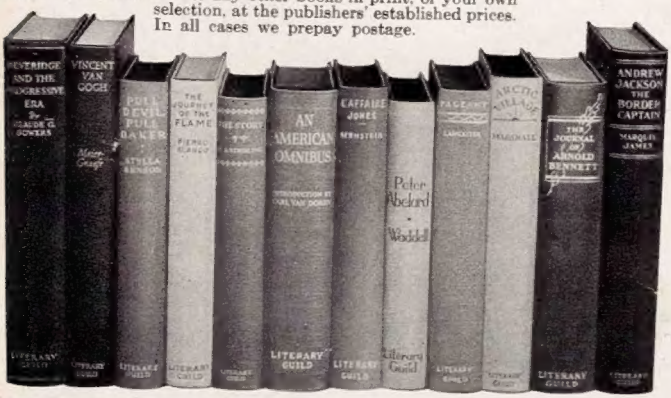


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